A

NEW VERSION

OF THE WHOLE

Book of PSALMS in Metre.

To which is added,

A Supplement of DIVINE HYMNS, or SCRIPTURE SONGS. All fitted to the common Pſalm Tunes; and adapted to the preſent State of the Chriſtian Church.

There is alſo prefixed,

An humble ADDRESS to all the Miniſters of the Church of *Scotland*, relative to this Undertaking.

By JAMES MAXWELL, S. D. P.

—*I will ſing with the Spirit, and I will ſing with the underſtanding alſo.* 1 COR. xiv. 15.

GLASGOW:

Printed by WILLIAM SMITH,

For the AUTHOR; and Sold by W. SMITH and J. TAIT, Bookſellers in Glaſgow; and by the other Bookſellers in Town and Country.

MDCCLXXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

MINISTERS

OF THE

CHURCH of SCOTLAND.

REVEREND GENTLEMEN,

I ESTEEM you as the miniſters of Chriſt, and ſtewards of the myſteries of God: I mean not to flatter you; but as ſuch I do the more chearfully addreſs myſelf to you; hoping that both you, in your public miniſtrations, and I, in this following eſſay, have one end in view, *viz.* the glory of God, and the edification of his church.

And though I am ſatisfied that this is the pureſt National Church at this day in the world; yet, I think, there is one thing ſtill wants amendment amongſt us; namely, our PSALMODY.

The Pſalms of David (as they are uſually called) were in their original, no doubt, a good ſyſtem of Pſalmody, under the Jewiſh diſpenſation: And were we ſtill under that œconomy, a fair metre verſion of them would do very

well ſtill. But if we are no more required to offer brutal and vegetable ſacrifices, directing our faith to a promiſed Meſſiah to come, why are we ſtill exhorted hereunto, in this moſt ſolemn part of our religious worſhip?—And even though we were ſtill under the Jewiſh diſpenſation; yet two objections would occur againſt our old metre verſion of their Pſalms, *viz.* the language and poetry; which I doubt not but every impartial, learned, and judicious perſon will allow.

But ſince the Jewiſh ſhadows are now diſpelled, by the radiant beams of Goſpel light; this brings on a more material objection againſt our preſent verſion, *viz.* their want of evangelical clearneſs.—Yet, far be it from me to wiſh, that the book of Pſalms were wholly laid aſide in our Chriſtian Pſalmody, ſeeing they breathe ſuch an excellent ſpirit of true devotion; and many of them very evangelical too, as appears by the light of the New Teſtament: But why ſhould a metre verſion of them, wrapt up in the thickeſt clouds of Jewiſh rites and ceremonies (and ſuch

is ours) become the whole ſyſtem of Pſalmody in a Chriſtian Church? It may, perhaps, be replied, Is ours worſe than others? I anſwer, By no means: For, though I have ſeen twenty, or more verſions of the Pſalms in metre; yet, upon the whole, they are no better than our own, in ſome reſpect or other.

The conſideration of theſe things has prompted me to employ my ſpare hours, for ſome years bygone, to attempt a new one; which I would now humbly lay at your feet: In peruſal whereof, if you will take the trouble, I hope you will find, that I have avoided thoſe rocks whereon others have ſplit, or foundered.

At my entry upon this work, I laid down a certain plan to myſelf, which I have endeavoured to keep in view thro' the whole.

Firſt, I have kept as near the ſenſe of the proſe text as the matter could well admit, with due connexion: And where I have been obliged, to deviate, at any time, therefrom, I have always kept

within the bounds of ſcripture authority; not admitting wild enthuſiaſtical notions in the place of ſacred truths.

Secondly, I have endeavoured to elucidate the whole book of Pſalms, ſo as to render them plain and perſpicuous to the meaneſt capacity: eſpecially thoſe prophetical paſſages which relate to Chriſt. But I have purpoſely changed two things which frequently occur in the book of Pſalms, viz. *brutal ſacrifice*, and *inſtrumental muſic:* Both of which, I think, were peculiar to the Jews; and, inſtead thereof, have ſubſtituted in place of *brutal ſacrifices* the *ſacrifice of Chriſt*, once offered for all: And, inſtead of *inſtrumental muſic*, I have put *ſinging with grace in the heart*, &c. I have alſo, in ſome places, ſoftened, or explained the *imprecatory phraſes*, as not being ſo agreeable to the New-Teſtament diſpenſation. Such deviations I flatter myſelf, will not give offence to any candid and judicious Chriſtians: Nor will they find fault with me, I hope, for expreſſing ſome things in the language of the New Teſtament, inſtead of Jewiſh phraſes.—I muſt alſo beg to be

excuſed, for putting in a ſtanza in ſome places, by way of explanation or illuſtration. This may be eaſily diſpenſed with, becauſe I have always diſtinguiſhed them by the Italic type, and alſo included them in a parentheſis; ſo that they may be taken in, or left out, at diſcretion. But though I have been obliged to uſe ſome ſupplement in general, I have not diſtinguiſhed it, to avoid confuſion.

Thirdly, In order that the Pſalms may be ſung with the ſpirit, and with the underſtanding alſo, I have divided the long ones into ſeveral parts, having always regard to the connexion; ſo as not to have one part end, without a proper concluſion; nor another begin, without ſome ſuitable introduction; yet ſo as they may be ſung well enough without ſuch diviſions. And where theſe parts run too long for common occaſions, I have, where the matter would admit, included ſome verſes in crotchets, thus [ ], which may be either taken in, or left out, at pleaſure. Other methods of abridging the length, I leave to the judicious.

Thus have I given my reaſons for attempting this New Verſion of the Pſalms in a few words; together with my whole plan.

There is however, ſuch a deep-rooted prejudice in the mind of moſt people here, againſt an attempt of this kind, and in favour of the old verſion of the Pſalms, as cannot be expected ſoon to evaniſh. But when the Spirit of God ſhall further enlighten their minds to diſcover the truths contained in their Bibles, eſpecially thoſe in the New Teſtament, undoubtedly this prejudice will no more find room there; but they will weigh things in an even balance, and diſcover between truth and error, and give preference to laudable attempts according to their merit.

And now, Reverend Gentlemen, I humbly ſubmit the whole to your candid judgments, begging that you will carefully peruſe it. And if it be found worthy of your approbation, I hope you will encourage it: But if fault be found in it, for what human performance is without faults? I am open to conviction; and ready to receive correction and

aſſiſtance, with thankfulneſs, from any judicious hand; for I have had none as yet.

I might have uſed many more arguments, in my own vindication, were it not ſuperfluous, ſeeing you yourſelves, under whoſe patronage I have preſumed to ſhelter this *New Verſion of the Pſalms* and *Scripture Hymns*, are very competent judges.

It is alſo humbly and earneſtly recommended to all the reverend miniſters of the Seceding Party, to examine this book carefully; and, after a candid peruſal of the whole, if fault be found in the whole, or in part, their obſervations and objections ſhall be thankfully received, and duly attended to by the Author.

It only now remains, Reverend Sirs, that I acquaint you, that the manuſcript, before it was put to the preſs, was carefully peruſed, by ſeveral eminent divines of this Church, who were pleaſed to expreſs their approbation of it; and earneſtly begged it might be made public, for the inſpection of others. Their judgment had a conſiderable influence

with the Author, to permit the whole to come abroad, for the peruſal of miniſters, elders, and other judicious Chriſtians.

I therefore conclude, at preſent, heartily wiſhing that the Goſpel may be made the power of God unto ſalvation to you, and to all that hear you. And that the Church of Scotland may ſhine more and more with truth and purity, of doctrine, worſhip, and diſcipline, with peace and unity to the end of time, is the fervent prayer of,

Reverend Gentlemen,

Your moſt Obedient, and

very Humble Servant,

JAMES MAXWELL.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

Song		Page
1	*The Work of Creation,*	357
2	*The Inſtitution of Marriage,*	363
3	*The Fall of Man,* —	ibid.
4	*The Song of Hannah,*	366
5	*Faith in the Reſurrection,*	368
6	*Wiſdom's Advice to Sinners,*	ibid.
7	*Obſtinate Sinners threatened,*	369
8	*The Excellent Counſels of Wiſdom,*	370
9	*The Excellency of Wiſdom,*	372
10	*Rules of Equity, Piety, and Charity,*	373
11	*A Caution againſt unlawful Luſts,*	375
12	*Chriſt, the wiſdom of God,* &c.	ibid.
13	*Agur's Prayer,* &c.	377
14	*A Check to youthful Vanities,*	378
15	*The Glory of the Latter Days,*	379
16	*The Kingdom of Chriſt,*	380
17	*The glorious Qualifications of Chriſt, and his peaceful Kingdom,*	381
18	*A general Thankſgiving for Goſpel Salvation,*	383
19	*A Song inciting to Confidence in God,*	385
20	*God's gracious and righteous Dealings acknowledged and praiſed,*	387
21	*Chriſt's humiliation, death, and reward,*	388
22	*The glorious Victory of Chriſt over all his, and his Church's enemies,*	392
23	*The Triumph of Faith,*	393
24	*The Beatitudes,*	394
25	*The Lord's Prayer,*	395
26	*Chriſt's call to the weary and heavy laden,*	396

Song		Page
27	*Chriſt's Caution againſt Covetouſneſs,*	396
28	*The laſt Judgment,*	397
29	*The Sufferings of Chriſt,*	400
30	*The Reſurrection of Chriſt,*	404
31	*The Song of the Virgin Mary*	406
32	*The Nativity of Chriſt,*	407
33	*The Song of Simeon,*	409
34	*The Folly and Madneſs of Man by Nature exemplified in the Parable of the Prodigal Son,*	ibid.
35	*The Phariſee and Publican,*	413
36	*The Brazen Serpent,*	414
37	*The true Character of a Diſciple of Chriſt,*	415
38	*Apoſtolic Admonition,*	416
39	*The unchangeable Love of Chriſt,*	417
40	*The Lord's Supper inſtituted,*	418
41	*The Believer's Choice,*	419
42	*Chriſt's Humiliation,*	421
43	*Believer's being raiſed with Chriſt, are bound to live above the World,*	422
44	*Chriſt the laſt and beſt Revealer of God's will,*	423
45	*The Danger of neglecting the great Salvation purchaſed by Chriſt,*	424
46	*The Apoſtolick Benediction,*	425
47	*Chriſt's Reſurrection, the ſure Pledge of theirs who believe on him,*	ibid.
48	*The amazing Love of Chriſt diſplayed in our Adoption,*	426
49	*The Worſhip of Heaven,*	427
50	*The angelick Hoſt praiſing Chriſt, the Lamb of God,*	428
51	*John's Viſion of the laſt Judgment.*	429

A

NEW VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS.

New Verſion of the PSALMS.

PSALM I.

BLESS'D is the man who keeps his feet
With care from ſinners ways:
Who with th' ungodly ſhuns to meet,
Nor with the ſcorner ſtays.

2 But in the law of God the Lord
Hath plac'd his chief delight:
By day with pleaſure reads the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He like a tree of heav'nly root,
By rivers planted near,
Shall thrive, and with abundant fruit
In ſeaſon ſhall appear.

Whoſe never-fading leaf ſhall ſtand
Bedeck with lovely green:
And ev'ry labour of his hand
Succeſsful ſhall be ſeen.

4 But, lo! the wicked and their race
Shall no ſuch bleſſings find;
But they ſhall flee with foul diſgrace,
Like chaff before the wind.

5 While God the Judge on his right hand,
His humble ſaints ſhall place;
The wicked on his left ſhall ſtand,
With horror and diſgrace.

6 For God the way of righteous men
Knows and approves right well:
But ways that ſinners chuſe ſhall then
Be found the road to hell.

PSALM II.

WITH rage why did the Gentiles join,
And Jews with one accord,
Attempt a fruitleſs vain deſign,
To plot againſt the Lord?

2 The kings and rulers of the earth,
And people were combin'd,
Againſt the child of heav'nly birth,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 Said they, Come let us break their bands,
And caſt their cords away:
We will not yield to their commands,
Nor Chriſt as Lord obey.

4 The Lord on high beholds and ſmiles
At all their weak deſigns;
And through their couſels and their wiles,
How bright his wiſdom ſhines!

5 Then ſhall he ſpeak to them in wrath,
And vex them in his ire:
And moſt inglorioufly in death
Shall all his foes expire.

6 Though men reſiſt my righteous will,
My King I here ordain,
And fix his throne on Zion's hill,
Where he ſhall ever reign.

PART II.

7 God's firm decree I will diſplay,
The Lord hath ſaid to me,
Thou art my only Son, this day
I have begotten thee.

8 Aſk thou of me and I will give
The heathen to thine hand:
The nations all ſhall bow and live
At thy divine command.

9 But whoſo ſcorns thy gentle yoke,
They by thine iron rod,
Like potters veſſels ſhall be broke,
And by thy feet be trode.

10 O then, ye kings, be wiſe and learn,
Ye judges of the earth;
Serve God with fear, and with concern
Join trembling with your mirth.

12 Kiſs ye the Son with humble fear,
And bow ev'n to the duſt;
For if his wrath but once appear,
They're bleſs'd who in him truſt.

PSALM III.

LORD, how increaſed are my foes?
Againſt me many riſe,
Who ſtrive my peace to diſcompoſe,
And ſtill my hurt deviſe.

2 Many inſultingly upbraid,
And ſay, O Lord, of thee,
That thou wilt ne'er afford them aid,
Nor deign to ſuccour me.

3 But, Lord, thou art the ſure defence,
Whereon my hopes rely;
And thou my glory doſt advance,
And lift my head on high.

PART II.

4 To God I cried in deep diſtreſs,
And from his holy hill
He heard, and did my woes redreſs,
And bid me fear no ill.

5 I laid me down, and quietly ſlept,
And chearfully aroſe,
Becauſe God's watchful eye me kept,
In ſpite of all my foes.

6 Now, ſhould ten thouſand me ſurround,
I will not yield to fear,
Since God my helper ſtrong is found,
And that for ever near.

[7 Ariſe to ſave me; Lord, ariſe;
For thou the jaws haſt broke,
And teeth of all mine enemies,
By one vindictive ſtroke.]

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His people he ſhall bleſs;
And they his praiſe, in thankful ſongs,
For ever ſhall expreſs.

PSALM IV.

HEAR me, O Lord; to thee I call,
God of my righteouſneſs:
Thou haſt enlarg'd me when in thrall,
And rais'd me from diſtreſs.
O let thine antient mercy ſtill
Attend my humble pray'r;
And from thine high and holy hill,
Bow down thy gracious ear.

2 But, O ye ſons of men, how long
My glory will ye ſhame?
How long with ſlanders fill your tongue,
And me with lies defame?

3 But know that for himſelf the Lord
The godly man hath choſe:
He therefore will his ear afford
To my complaints and woes.

4 Then ſtand in awe; with humble dread
Shun ev'ry thing that's ill:
Commune with your own hearts on bed,
And in God's ſight be ſtill.

5 Offer a ſpotleſs ſacrifice
Of righteouſneſs to God;
But know that nothing will ſuffice
But Chriſt's atoning blood.

PART II.

6 Many unthinking people ſay,
Who will ſome good beſtow?
But, Lord, thy light on us diſplay,
None other good we know.

7 For thus thou haſt with joys divine,
Our ſouls more amply bleſt,
Than worldlings when their corn and wine,
And all their ſtores increaſt.

8 In peace I lay me down and ſleep,
Fearleſs of death and hell:
For thou who doſt thine Iſr'el keep,
Mak'ſt me in ſafety dwell.

PSALM V.

GIVE ear unto my words, O Lord,
My meditation weigh:
2 My King, my God, thy grace afford,
For I to thee will pray.
3 Lord, in the morning thou ſhalt hear
My voice aſcending high:
Early will I accoaſt thine ear
With humble filial cry.
4 And looking up, my God, to thee,
Who takeſt no delight
In wickedneſs; nor ſhall it be
Admitted in thy ſight.
5 Nor fools ſhall in thy preſence ſtand,
Who work iniquity:
For, Lord, thy ſin-avenging hand
Shall drive them far from thee.
6 The liar thou doſt alſo ſcan,
Nor ſhall he 'ſcape thy ſword:
The bloody and deceitful man
Is in thy ſight abhor'd.
7 But as for me I will draw near,
With thy rich mercies bleſt,
And in thy temple I'll appear,
With gratitude impreſt.

Part II.

8 Lord, by thy Spirit lead thou me,
In ways of righteouſneſs;
Becauſe my foes would gladly ſee,
Should I thy laws tranſgreſs.

9 For, Lord, thou knowſt the very heart
Of theſe my faithleſs foes;
How throat and mouth and every part,
With wickedneſs o'erflows.

10 Deſtroy them, Lord, and let them fall,
By their own counſels caſt;
And in their bold rebellions all,
Let them be holden faſt.

11 But, Lord, let all who truſt in thee,
Eternally rejoice;
Let them thy great ſalvation ſee,
And lift their joyful voice.

12 For all who walk in righteous ways,
And on thy mercy build;
Thou wilt encompaſs with thy grace,
And favour as a ſhield.

PSALM VI. *Long Metre.*

IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Nor in thy hot diſpleaſure chide;
But pity my afflicted lot,
With griefs beſet on ev'ry ſide,

2 Have mercy on my ſoul, O Lord,
And heal my ſore afflicted bones;
And let me be by grace reſtor'd,
From all my heavy ſighs and groans.

3 My ſoul is alſo vexed ſore,
But thou, O Lord my God, how long
Ere thou my comforts wilt reſtore.
And change my mourning to a ſong?

4 Return, Lord, for thy mercy's ſake;
From gates of death my ſoul up-raiſe:
5 The dead of thee no mention make;
The grave to thee no thanks repays.
6 I'm weary with my groans and fears,
All night I make my bed to ſwim:
My couch I water with my tears;
7 With grief my eyes wax old and dim.
Becauſe of all mine enemies,
Both thoſe without and thoſe within:
My tears diſtil, my ſorrows riſe,
At the remembrance of my ſin.

PART II.

8 But hence depart, ye foes and fears,
And all who work iniquity;
The Lord hath ſeen my flowing tears,
The Lord hath heard my humble cry.
9 The ſupplication of my grief,
He hath in mercy deign'd to hear;
Pardon'd my ſins, vouchſaf'd relief,
My broken heart to heal and chear.
10 Now let my foes be all aſham'd,
Who laugh'd at my calamity;
And who the grace of God blaſphem'd,
Quick let them all confounded be.

PSALM VI. *Second Verſion.*

IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Nor in diſpleaſure chide;
But pity my afflicted lot,
Perplex'd on every ſide.

2 Shew mercy, Lord, for I am weak;
Sore vexed are my bones:
3 How long, O Lord, ere thou wilt take
Compaſſion on my groans?
4 Return, O Lord, I thee implore,
Some pity on me take;
And from death's gates my ſoul reſtore,
For thine own mercy's ſake.
5 For, Lord, in death thou art forgot;
The grave no thanks repays:
6 I'm wearied with my painful lot,
In groaning nights and days.
My couch I water with my tears;
I make my bed to ſwim:
7 Becauſe of foes, and griefs, and fears,
Mine eyes wax old and dim.

PART II.

8 But hence depart, ye wicked race,
Who at my woes rejoice;
The Lord hath magnify'd his grace,
And heard my mournful voice.
9 He hath my ſupplication heard,
And will receive my pray'r:
My ſorrows he'll not diſregard,
Nor leave me to deſpair.
10 Now, let my foes be all aſham'd,
Who have reproached me;
And who the grace of God blaſphem'd,
Confounded let them be.

PSALM VII.

O LORD my God, in whom I truſt,
Save me from ev'ry foe,
Who perſecute me, and in duſt
Would lay mine honour low.

[2 Leſt Satan, that malignant one,
My ſoul in pieces tear,
As lions do their prey, when none
To reſcue them are near.]

3 But, O my God, thou knowſt my heart,
Lord I appeal to thee;
4 If I did ill to him impart,
Who was at peace with me:
If I have render'd ill for good,
And made my friends my foes;
5 Then let them glut them with my blood,
And triumph at my woes.
But, Lord, thou knowſt my friendly arm
Appear'd in his defence,
Who now contrives my greateſt harm,
Upon a falſe pretence.

[6 Ariſe, O Lord, and in thy wrath
Judge theſe thy cruel foes,
Who perſecute thy ſaints to death,
Exulting in their woes.
Awake to judgment, O my God!
Deliverance now command;
And let thoſe wolves who ſeek my blood
Feel thy avenging hand.

7 Then ſhall thy people compaſs thee
With chearful hearts and tongues,
When from on high thou ſet'ſt them free,
From all their num'rous wrongs.]

PART II.

8 The Lord ſhall judge the people all,
Oppreſſor and oppreſt:
He'll let his wrath on ſinners fall,
And give his people reſt.

[9 O let the cruel wickedneſs
Of ſinners have an end!
But ſtill, O Lord, thy people bleſs,
And all their rights defend!

For thou art righteous, O my God,
Thou try'ſt the heart and reins:
Thou judgeſt righteouſly: thy rod
The cauſe of truth maintains.]

PART III.

10 My ſure defence is of the Lord,
Who ſaveth the upright:
11 Judgeth the righteous by his word,
And brings the truth to light:

But at the wicked day by day,
His hot diſpleaſure burns;
And if they ſtill hold on their way
His hand againſt them turns.

12 Yea, if they turn not to repent,
He whets his glitt'ring ſword;
And lo, his bow is ready bent,
To execute his word.

13 He alſo hath for them prepar'd
The inſtruments of death:
And perſecutors he'll reward
With his unmixed wrath.

14 They travail with iniquity,
And are with miſchief great:
They bring forth falſhood and a lie;
Their heart is all deceit.

15 Their lab'ring hands have dig'd a pit,
And there themſelves are caſt:
16 The Lord makes all their miſchiefs light
On their own heads at laſt.

17 Lord, I thy praiſes will expreſs;
Thou haſt done wond'rouſly:
I'll glory in thy righteouſneſs,
O Lord of hoſts moſt high.

PSALM VIII.

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent
On earth is thy great name!
And through the ſpacious firmament,
Above the ſtarry frame!

2 Out of the mouths of babes didſt thou
Amazing ſtrength ordain;
Which made the ſtouteſt rebels bow,
And own their ſtrength was vain.

3 Lord, when I view thy works on high,
So glorious, pure, and bright;
Sun, moon, and ſtars that deck the ſky
With dazling flames of light;

4 Then ſay I, what is man, O Lord,
That thou ſhould'ſt love him ſo?
That thou ſhould'ſt grace to him afford,
Or any favour ſhow?

5 Yet haſt thou him ſo highly grac'd,
And dignify'd him ſo,
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.

6 Thou giveſt him the ſole command
Of ev'ry earthly thing:
7 All ſheep and oxen to his hand,
Thou doſt ſubjective bring.

" [But, O what condeſcending love
That thine eternal Son,
Should leave his glorious throne above
To put man's nature on!

Thus lower than thine angels was
Their great Creator made;
But, O what honours now doth grace,
And crown his glorious head!]"

8 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent
Is thine eternal name!
Let heav'n and earth with one conſent,
Thine endleſs praiſe proclaim.

PSALM IX.

WITH all my pow'rs to thee, my God,
A grateful ſong I'll raiſe:
I'll ſhew thy wond'rous works abroad,
And celebrate thy praiſe.

2 I will exult in thy great name,
O thou my God moſt high:
When thy ſalvation is my theme,
I'll raiſe my voice with joy.

[3 Soon as my foes are turned back,
They ſhall before me fall:
Whene'er thou giv'ſt a humbling check,
Lo, they ſhall periſh all.]

4 For thou maintain'ſt the righteous cauſe,
And mak'ſt thy judgments known:
Righteous and good are all the laws
That iſſue from thy throne.

PART II.

5 The heathen, Lord, at thy rebuke
Are dreadfully diſmay'd:
The wicked, blotted from thy book,
For ever void are laid.

[6 O thou proud boaſting enemy,
Thy threat'nings ceaſe to vend:
Though waſte by thee fair cities lie,
Thy pow'r is at an end.]

7 The Lord, upon his glorious throne,
Eternally ſhall reign;
And till the wicked are o'erthrown,
The righteous cauſe maintain.

8 The world conven'd before his bar,
Shall one great day appear:
His ſaints he'll gather from afar,
And all the righteous clear.

9 Then will the Lord a refuge prove
To all the poor oppreſt:
Secure the children of his love,
And give the weary reſt.

10 Lord, all who know thy gracious name,
In thee will put their truſt:
Nor ſhall they be expos'd to ſhame,
Who ſeek thee in the duſt.

PART III.

11 Sing praiſes to the Lord whoſe throne
Is fix'd on Zion's hill:
His deeds throughout the world make known,
And ſhew his wonders ſtill.

12 When he makes ſearch for precious blood,
By perſecutors ſpilt;
He, with his ſin avenging rod,
Will recompenſe their guilt.

For lo, he ne'er forgets his ſaints,
But hears their humble cry;
And anſwers all their ſore complaints
Who in contrition lie.

13 Have mercy then, O Lord, on me:
My ſoul from troubles ſave;
O thou who ſet'ſt the priſ'ners free,
When bord'ring on the grave:

14 That I may ſhew forth all thy praiſe,
Amidſt thy ſacred throng:
In Zion's gates my voice I'll raiſe
With joyful heart and tongue.

PART IV.

[15 Our foes are fall'n into the pit
Which they for us had made;
Their net hath taken their own feet
Which they for us had ſpread.]

16 The Lord is by his judgments known;
His deeds his truth declare:
He caſts the haughty ſinners down,
By their own hidden ſnare.

17 The wicked ſhall be turn'd to hell,
According to his word,
With all the nations that rebel,
And that forget the Lord.

17 The needy ſhall not always be
Forgotten of the Lord;
Nor ſhall the poor deſpair to ſee
Their happineſs reſtor'd.

19 Ariſe, O Lord; thy pow'r command;
Let not proud man prevail:
Now let the heathen feel thy hand,
Who dare thy ſaints aſſail.

20 The nations put in fear that they
May dread thine angry rod;
May own themſelves but feeble clay,
And thou th' almighty God.

PSALM X.

WHY, Lord, doſt thou ſtand off afar?
And why conceal thy face,
While thus diſtreſt thy people are,
And filled with diſgrace?

2 Behold how wicked men deride,
And perſecute thy poor:
Let them be taken in their pride,
That they may boaſt no more.

3 They bleſs the covetous and proud,
Whom thou doſt moſt abhor;
And haughtily they boaſt aloud,
While they thy ſaints devour.

PART II.

4 The wicked, through his haughty pride,
Will not ſeek after God:
His thoughts the ſacred name deride,
While he withholds his rod.

5 In cruel ways he proſpers ſtill;
He puffeth at his foes:
God's righteous judgments, and his will,
He neither fears nor knows.

6 He ſays within his faithleſs heart,
I ne'er ſhall moved be:
Nor of adverſity have part,
Nor rueful changes ſee.

7 With curſing, blaſphemy, and lies,
His wicked mouth is fill'd;
Yet would his purpoſes diſguiſe
By craft, in which he's ſkill'd.

8 Near fenceleſs villages he ſtays,
In lurking holes obſcure;
And there the innocent he ſlays,
And watches for the poor.

9 No lion lurking in his den
More craftily is ſet,
Than he to draw the ſons of men
Into his fatal net.

10 He croucheth in the duſt to hide
His purpoſes withal,
That by his ſtrong ones on his ſide,
The poor he may make fall.

11 Such is the language of his heart,
The Lord doth hide his face;
He hath forgot, nor will take part
With them in any caſe.

PART III.

12 Ariſe, O Lord, our God ariſe,
And make our foes to flee;
Lift up thine hand, nor let our cries
Forgotten be by thee.

13 Why ſhould ſuch wretched worms deride
Thy great tremend'ous name?
And why ſhould inſolence and pride,
Thine attributes blaſpheme?

14 Lord, thou haſt ſeen, and doſt behold
Their cruelty and ſpite:
And thou theſe proud blaſphemers bold
With vengeance wilt requite.

The poor and fatherleſs to thee
Their humble cauſe commit;
And thou their num'rous wrongs doſt ſee,
And mak'ſt their foes ſubmit.

15 Break thou the arms of ev'ry one
Who take in ſin delight;
And ſearch their wickedneſs till none
Remain before thy ſight.

PART IV.

16 The Lord is King: his glorious throne
Eternally ſhall ſtand,
When all his enemies are gone,
And baniſh'd from the land.

17 Lord, thou haſt bow'd thy gracious ear,
And heard thy humble ſaints:
Their hearts with grace thou wilt prepare,
And anſwer their complaints.

18 To judge the fatherleſs and poor
In thine own righteouſneſs,
That earthly tyrants may no more
Thy humble ones oppreſs.

PSALM XI.

IN God I have repos'd my truſt,
Why ſay ye then to me,
Fly as a bird forlorn and loſt,
To diſtant mountains flee;

[2 Behold, the wicked bend their bow,
Their ſhafts they ready make,
And privily their darts they throw,
The upright heart to take.]

3 If the foundations be deſtroy'd
What can the righteous do?
If violence make juſtice void,
Who then will mercy ſhew?

4 God in his holy temple dwells,
And juſtice ſhall take place;
His hand all rebel pow'r repels,
And manifeſts his grace.

His throne is fixt in heav'n on high,
Where he ſhall ever reign:
His eyes behold, his eye-lids try
The num'rous ſons of men.

5 The righteous too he ſtrictly tries,
Corrects, and them reſtores;
But men of violence and lies
His very ſoul abhors.

[6 Snares, fire, and brimſtone God ſhall rain
On ſinners from above:
This is the cup that doth pertain
To all who ſlight his love.]

7 The righteous Lord loves righteouſneſs,
And ſuch as righteous are:
His countenance their ſouls ſhall bleſs
Who his own image bear.

PSALM XII.

HELP, Lord, for godly men decay,
Few faithful now remain:
Thy mighty pow'r, O God, diſplay,
And thine own cauſe maintain.

2 Men utter vanity and lies,
Yet flatter with their tongue;
While they with double heart deviſe
To do their neighbours wrong.

3 God ſhall all flatt'ring lips remove,
Whoſe tongues thus proudly ſpeak,
4 Our tongues are ours, who dare reprove,
Or once our freedom check?

5 Now for th' oppreſſion of the poor,
And for the needy's ſighs,
Thus ſaith the Lord, them to reſtore,
I will with pow'r ariſe.

Thy words, O Lord, though often try'd
For ever are moſt ſure:
Nor ſilver ſeven times purify'd
From droſs appears ſo pure.

7 Thou ſhalt thy ſaints preſerve, O Lord,
In everlaſting peace:
8 Though when the wicked bear the ſword,
The vileſt men have place.

PSALM XIII.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
How long conceal thy face?
When wilt thou ſpeak a chearing word
To my afflicted caſe?

2 How long within my troubled breaſt
Shall doubts and fears remain;
While ſinners at my ſorrows jeſt
To aggravate my pain?

3 Conſider, Lord, and hear my cries:
Reſtore my flutt'ring breath;
Leſt I in darkneſs cloſe mine eyes,
And ſleep the ſleep of death.

4 O how the enemy would boaſt,
Should I become his prey!
The fiends of hell, with all their hoſt,
Long for the expected day.

5 But I have truſted in thy grace,
For mercy is with thee,
Hoping I ſhall thy bleſsful face,
And thy ſalvation ſee.

6 Now will I ſing to thee, O Lord,
And all my pow'rs employ:
I'll praiſe thy name, thy ways, thy word,
With gratitude and joy.

PSALM XIV.

THE fool within his heart hath ſaid,
There is no righteous God;
Becauſe, by luſts and paſſions ſway'd,
He feareth not his rod.

Hence vain corrupt diſcourſe proceeds,
From hearts and tongues ſo rude;
They work abominable deeds,
Not one of them doth good.

2 The Lord look'd down from heav'n, his throne,
And view'd the earth around,
To find a righteous man, but none
On all the earth was found.

3 All are by nature gone aſide;
Sin doth them all defile:
None will the teſt of truth abide,
For all are fill'd with guile.

PART II.

4 Are ſinners grown ſo void of ſenſe,
And knowledge of the Lord,
That they deny his providence,
And diſregard his word?
For, lo! his people they devour
As when they eat their bread;
Call not on God; fear not his pow'r,
Nor his juſt vengeance dread.

5 Yet were they ſtruck with dreadful fear,
When they with terror ſaw
His preſence with his people near,
And vengeance guard his law.

[6 In vain the counſel of the poor
And godly ye contemn;
For God a refuge is moſt ſure,
And hiding-place for them.]

7 Haſten, O Lord, the joyful day,
O let it quickly come,
When thou thy glory wilt diſplay,
And take thy people home!
Then Jacob ſhall rejoice in thee,
And Iſr'el ſhall be glad:
Thy ſaints ſhall thy ſalvation ſee,
With Jeſus at their head.

PSALM XV.

LORD, who within thy houſe ſhall ſtill
A welcome dweller be?
And who upon thy holy hill
Obtain a place with thee?

2 The man who walks in paths of truth,
And worketh righteouſneſs;
Nor lies nor flatters with his mouth,
But doth his mind expreſs.

3 Who never ſlanders with his tongue,
His neighbour to defame;
And neither friend nor foe would wrong,
In body, goods, or name.

4 In whoſe pure eyes a perſon vile,
Tho' rich, is ſtill deſpis'd;
But ſaints, tho' poor, when void of guile,
Are honour'd, lov'd, and priz'd.

And tho' he ſwear to his own hurt,
He changeth not his word;
For ſtill he hopes to find ſupport,
And ſuccour from the Lord.

5 No gripping us'ry fills his hand
Nor brib'ry blinds his eyes;
But by the innocent will ſtand,
And ne'er their cauſe deſpiſe.

Such are the fruits of faith in thoſe
Whom God doth well approve:
And ſuch the people he hath choſe
To dwell with him above.

PSALM XVI.

PRESERVE me, Lord, for in thy name
I have repos'd my truſt:
Let me not be expos'd to ſhame,
Nor trodden in the duſt.

2 Thou art my Lord, but unto thee
No profit can accrue,
By any righteouſneſs in me,
Or ought that I can do.

3 Yet I thy ſaints, the excellent
On earth, whom thou haſt choſe,
With cordial, kind, and good intent
Will love and honour thoſe.

[4 How faſt their ſorrows multiply,
Who other gods adore!
I from their idols turn mine eye;
Their off'rings I abhor.]

5 God is my portion, and the cup,
And lot he doth maintain
Of mine inheritance: my hope,
He ever ſhall remain.

PART II.

6 For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
The lines to me are thrown,
Where he reveals his ſaving word,
And where his name is known.

7 God will I bleſs with all my might,
For daily counſels giv'n,
And for inſtructions in the night,
Which guide my ſteps to heav'n.

8 I've ſet the Lord before mine eyes,
Becauſe at my right hand
He ever is, and from ſurprize
He makes me firmly ſtand.

9 Therefore, O Lord, my heart is glad;
My fleſh ſhall reſt in hope;
For though I ſlumber with the dead,
Thy pow'r ſhall raiſe me up.

10 My ſoul in hell thou wilt not leave,
Becauſe thy holy One
Saw no corruption in the grave,
Thy beſt beloved Son.

11 Thro' him the path of life to me,
Thou wilt in mercy ſhew:
And I at thy right hand ſhall ſee
Pleaſures for ever new.

PSALM XVII.

HEAR me, O Lord; attend the right,
Thou ſov'reign Judge on high:
Conſcious I am, before thy ſight
All ſecrets open lie.

2 Juſt as thy pure impartial eye
Beholds my good intent,
So let my ſentence ſpeedily
From thee, my God be ſent.

3 For thou haſt ſearch'd and prov'd each part,
And watch'd me day and night;
And thou haſt ſeen my tongue and heart
Have aim'd at what was right.

4 Concerning all the works of men,
Thou know'ſt my heart, O Lord,
How true and faithful I have been
According to thy word.

5 Hold up my goings in thy path,
Nor let my footſteps ſlide:
O Lord, my God, ev'n unto death
Be thou my conſtant guide.

PART II.

6 I've call'd on thee, for thou art near,
O Lord, thine ear incline:
My ſpeech and ſupplication hear,
And ſhew thy grace divine.

7 Thy matchleſs loving-kindneſs ſhew,
O thou, whoſe ſtrong right-hand
Doth all thy people's foes ſubdue,
Throughout thy fav'rite land.

8 Lord, as the apple of thine eye,
My ſoul in ſecret hide:
Beneath thy covert let me lie,
Secure on ev'ry ſide.

9 From wicked men, who me oppreſs,
And from my bloody foes,
Who compaſs me in my diſtreſs,
My goings to encloſe.

10 Fed to a groſs luxurious growth,
Clos'd in their fat they lie:
Againſt the heav'ns they ſet their mouth,
And God himſelf defy.

[11 They now have compas'd us about;
Our ſteps they cloſe around:
They watch our goings in and out,
With eyes bow'd to the ground.

12 As greedy lions watch their prey,
And as when young ones roar;
Ev'n ſo intent, O Lord, are they
Thy people to devour.]

13 Ariſe, and diſappoint them, Lord,
And all their rage controul:
From wicked men, who are thy ſword,
O Lord, preſerve my ſoul.

PART III.

14 From men who are thy hand and rod,
Thy children to chaſtize;
In mercy ſave me, O my God,
From all their cruelties!

From men whoſe portion lies below,
Whom thou ſupply'ſt with food;
And all the heav'n they ſeek or know,
Is only earthly good.

With wealth and children they are bleſs'd,
And here they take their ſhares;
Then cloſe their eyes and leave the reſt
Among their wretched heirs.

15 But as for me I ſhall behold
Thy face in righteouſneſs;
And in thine image joys untold,
Eternally poſſeſs.

PSALM XVIII.

THEE will I love, O Lord, my ſtrength;
2 My rock of confidence:
Whoſe boundleſs pow'r, for breadth and length,
Is my ſecure defence.

My ſtrong deliv'rer, Lord, art thou;
My guard amidſt the field:
The horn of my ſalvation too,
And my almighty ſhield.

3 On God I'll call when troubles riſe,
Who worthy is of praiſe;
So I from all mine enemies,
In peace ſhall end my days.

4 When threat'ning death around me ſtood,
And hell its gloom diſplay'd:
5 And wicked men roſe like a flood,
To make my ſoul afraid:

6 In my diſtreſs to God I cry'd,
My words ſoon reach'd his ears:
From Zion he my wants ſupply'd,
And baniſh'd all my fears.

PART II.

7 The earth ſuſtain'd a dreadful ſhock
When God unveil'd his face:
The hills, when he in anger ſpoke,
Were moved from their place.

8 His noſtrils breath'd out fiery ſtreams,
And from his mouth forth ſprung
Devouring fire in dreadful flames,
And tempeſt roar'd along.

9 He bow'd the heav'ns, and from on high
He on a cherub rode;
10 On wings of mighty winds did fly
The all tremend'ous God!

11 Darkneſs he made his ſecret place,
And his pavilion round:
To veil the brightneſs of his face
Thick watry clouds were found.

12 But light broke thro' the awful gloom,
And did the clouds tranſpire:
Then did fierce ſtorms of hail-ſtones come,
With dreadful flames of fire.

13 He alſo thunder'd with his voice,
And made his terrors known;
Then coals of fire, and lumps of ice
Were iſſu'd from his throne.

14 His arrows were diſpers'd abroad,
And lightnings in the air:
Fear ſeiz'd the enemies of God,
And ſunk them in deſpair.

PART III.

16 The Lord beheld me from above,
In floods of woe diſtreſt:
He ſent, my ſorrows to remove,
And all my griefs redreſt.

17 He ſaw mine enemies too ſtrong
For me, whoſe ſpite was great:
Then by his pow'r aveng'd my wrong,
And made them all retreat.

18 Me they prevented in the day
Of my calamity;
But then the Lord became a ſtay,
And ſure defence for me.

19 When cloſe inviron'd I was,
By bloody foes of might,
The Lord enlarg'd my feet becauſe
In me he took delight.

20 The Lord beheld my righteouſneſs
Amongſt the ſons of men;
And gave me the reward of grace,
Becauſe my hands were clean.

Yea, he did all my foes requite,
And ſav'd me from their hands;
Becauſe he ſaw the cauſeleſs ſpite
Of their malignant bands.

21 For I the holy ways of God,
Have kept before mine eyes:
And never have perverſly trode
The paths of guile and lies:

22 But all his ſtatutes and commands,
Have carefully obſerv'd;
And ne'er with wilful heart or hands
From his juſt judgments ſwerv'd.

23 I upright was before the Lord,
And ſecret ſins refrain'd;
24 So he, according to his word,
My righteous cauſe maintain'd.

PART IV.

25 God to the merciful will ſhew
His mercy, truth, and love;
With upright men he's upright too,
And doth their ways approve.

26 The pure in heart ſhall ſee his face,
In ſpotleſs purity;
But froward men ſhall not his grace,
Nor his ſalvation ſee.

27 To ſave th' afflicted, and bring down
High looks is his delight:
28 The Lord will me with glory crown,
And give me day for night.

29 By him I thro' a troop have run,
And o'er my foes prevail'd:
By him I have the victʼry won,
And their proud fortreſs ſcal'd.

PART V.

30 The Lord is perfect in his way,
His word when try'd proves juſt:
He is a buckler, ſhield, and ſtay,
To all who in him truſt.

31 Who is a God beſide the Lord?
Or who a rock for ſhade
Save he, who by his powerful word,
Both heav'n and earth hath made?

32 'Tis God that girdeth me with ſtrength,
And perfect makes my way.
33 My feet, like hinds, he makes at length
Surmount the hills of prey.

34 He teacheth me the art of war:
I fear no foe's alarms:
Their bows of ſteel now broken are
By my victorious arms.

PART VI.

35 Thou giveſt me the glorious ſhield
Of thy ſalvation, Lord:
By thy right hand am I upheld,
By grace am I reſtor'd.

36 My ſteps thou haſt enlarg'd, O God,
When cloſe environ'd in:
In all the ſlip'ry paths I've trod,
Thou haſt my helper been.

37 By him have I my foes purſu'd,
And all their troops annoy'd;
Nor turn'd I back till I ſubdu'd,
And all their pow'rs deſtroy'd.

38 I ſmote them ſo they could not ſtand,
Nor rear again their head.
The Lord gave them unto my hand,
Upon their necks to tread.

[39 The Lord hath girded me with ſtrength,
And courage for the field:
He hath ſubdu'd my foes at length,
And forc'd them all to yield.]

40 The Lord hath given me the necks
Of all my ſpiteful foes;
Subdu'd them all who did me vex,
Or would my rights oppoſe.

41 To all around for help they cry'd,
But found no helpers near:
At laſt they to the Lord apply'd,
But he refus'd to hear.

42 Then did I beat them ſmall as duſt,
And gave them to the wind:
As dirt amidſt the ſtreets their hoſt
My feet their necks did grind.

PART VII.

[43 From people's ſtrife thou haſt, O Lord,
Deliver'd me this day:
The heathen fell beneath my ſword,
And lands unknown obey.

44 Soon as remoteſt nations hear
My trumpet's loud alarms,
All ſhall ſubmit, thro' love or fear,
To my victorious arms.

45 Strangers that now in ſecret hide,
Shall come forth and obey;
Or thoſe who in their caves abide,
With grief ſhall pine away.]

46 The Lord for ever lives, and bleſs'd
Be his moſt holy name:
He is the rock whereon I reſt,
And I'll his praiſe proclaim.

47 'Tis God avenges and ſubdues
The people under me:
48 And over all my haughty foes,
Lord, I am rais'd by thee.

49 I therefore will give thanks, O Lord,
To thy moſt holy name:
Among the heathen I thy word,
And wonders will proclaim.

50 Thy great ſalvation I will ſing,
And everlaſting grace,
To David thine anointed king,
And his ſucceeding race.

PSALM XIX.

THE heav'ns the glory of the Lord,
Shew forth in letters fair:
And all the ſtars, with one accord,
His handy works declare.

2 While day and night in courſe go on
They ſtill new ſermons preach;
3 And ſhew the wonders he hath done
Beyond the pow'r of ſpeech.

4 Their line thro' all the earth is gone,
And thro' the ſtarry ſky:
A tabernacle for the ſun,
He hath prepar'd on high.

[5 Which from the chambers of the eaſt,
His chearful race begins;
And like a bridegroom richly dreſt
Round all the world he ſhines.]

6 From heav'ns remoteſt end his race
He day by day performs:
From eaſt to weſt he ſhews his face,
And ev'ry creature warms.

7 But ſtill God's pure and perfect law,
Diviner light diſplays:
The ſoul it doth convert and draw
To his moſt holy ways.

PART II.

8 The fear of God refines the heart,
And makes the conſcience pure:
His judgments heav'nly truths impart,
Which without end endure.

9 Far more to be deſir'd are they
Than heaps of choiceſt gold;
And richer beauties they diſplay
Than ought our eyes behold.

10 Yea, they are ſweeter to the taſte
Than honey from the comb:
By them I'm alſo warn'd to haſte,
And flee the wrathful doom.

11 In keeping them there's great reward,
12 But who can underſtand
His num'rous errors? Who can guard
From faults his heart and hand?
Lord, purge my ſoul from ſecret ſins,
And from preſumpt'ous crimes!

13 From all my filthineſs me cleanſe,
And make me wiſe betimes.

14 Let now the words my lips impart
Come to thy gracious ear:
The meditations of my heart
Thro' my Redeemer hear.

PSALM XX.

A Prayer for the King.

LORD, hear thy people's humble cry
For thine anointed King:
In time of trouble from on high
Thy great ſalvation bring.

The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than walls and tow'rs;
2 When from his ſanct'ury he ſends
His bright angelic pow'rs.

3 Remember, Lord, the ſacrifice
Of thy beloved Son:
Through him receive our humble cries,
Who pleads before thy throne.

4 Grant to the King his heart's deſire,
According to thy will:
His heart with wiſdom, Lord, inſpire;
His counſels all fulfil.

5 We will rejoice in thy great name;
Of thy ſalvation boaſt:
For thou haſt brought our foes to ſhame;
Our pray'rs have not been loſt.

PART II.

6 Now are we ſure the Lord alone,
His own anointed ſaves:
Grants him freſh ſuccours from his throne,
Whate'er he needs or craves.

7 Some truſt in chariots, ſome upon
Strong warlike horſes ride;
But we will truſt in God alone,
And in his name confide.

8 Our foes are fill'd with ſhame of face,
In ruins low they ly!
But we who truſted in thy grace,
O Lord, are rais'd on high.

9 Save us, O Lord, great King of kings,
And hear us when we call:
Our truſt is in thy ſhelt'ring wings,
For thou art all in all.

PSALM XXI.

THE King ſhall in thy ſtrength rejoice,
O Lord, and in thy name
Shall he lift up his joyful voice,
Thy wonders to proclaim.

2 For thou haſt granted his requeſt,
And his whole heart's deſire;
Whate'er thy wiſdom ſaw was beſt,
More than he could require.

3 Thy bleſſings are ſo largely ſhed,
They never can be told:
For thou haſt ſet upon his head
A crown of precious gold.

4 He aſk'd for life, and thou did'ſt give
Not only length of days
To him on this frail earth to live,
But life that ne'er decays.

5 His glory is exceeding great
In thy ſalvation, Lord:
Honour and majeſty and ſtate,
Thou doſt to him afford.

6 Thou mad'ſt him too the glorious root
Of an illuſtrious line,
That the Meſſiah thence ſhould ſprout
With majeſty divine.

[*Thus David ſaw and did rejoice,*
And was exceeding glad,
Becauſe the Lord of him made choice,
Whereat his foes were mad.]

PART II.

7 Becauſe the King on God alone
With confidence relies;
Mercy ſhall ſtill uphold his throne,
And give him freſh ſupplies.

8 The Lord ſhall give unto his hand
All his rebellious foes:
Yea, he ſhall find, throughout the land,
All who his rights oppoſe.

9 As in a fiery ov'n ſhall all
His enemies expire:
The anger of the Lord ſhall fall
On them like dreadful fire.

10 Nor ſhall their puniſhment thus ceaſe
Nor with their lives ſhall end;
But on them and their curſed race
Shall endleſs wrath deſcend.

11 For they intended only ill;
And ſtill on miſchief thought;
Which they, unable to fulfil,
On their own heads have brought.

12 And tho' they turn their backs to make
Eſcape by haſty flight,
Thine arrows, Lord, ſhall overtake,
And quickly on them light.

13 Be thou exalted, glorious Lord,
In thine own ſtrength alone;
So ſhall thy ſaints, with one accord,
With ſongs addreſs thy throne.

PSALM XXII.

MY God! my God! why haſt thou me
Forſaken in my pain?
And why not help me when to thee
I thus in grief complain?

2 O God! my God! I cry by day,
But I no anſwer have;
And in the night to thee I pray,
But thou refrain'ſt to ſave.

[*Thus David once in anguiſh ſpake,*
With ſore lamenting tongue;
And thus our Lord complaint did make,
While on the croſs he hung.]

3 But thou art holy thou that doſt
Thine Iſr'els praiſes love:
4 In thee our fathers put their truſt,
And thou their rock didſt prove.

5 They cry'd to thee when in diſtreſs
And thou deliver'dſt them;
They truſted in thy righteouſneſs,
Nor were they put to ſhame.

6 But I'm accounted as a worm;
The ſcorn of men am I:
7 All that me ſee deſpiſe my form,
And laugh who paſs me by.

8 He truſted in the Lord, they cry,
That he would him defend;
Now let him help him from on high,
And timely ſuccour ſend.

PART II.

[9 Lord, thou art he who did'ſt me take
Both from the womb and breaſt.
10 Nor did'ſt thou then my ſoul forſake,
Whoſe hope in thee was plac'd.]

11 Stand not afar for grief is near,
And helpers none are found;
12 While men like Baſhan bulls appear
To compaſs me around.

13 With open mouth they gape and roar,
As lions for their prey,
They ſeek me daily to devour,
And more intent than they.

14 I'm pour'd like water; all my bones
And joints in me expire:
My heart within me melts and runs
Like wax before the fire.

PART III.

15 My ſtrength is like a potſherd dry'd;
My tongue cleaves to my jaws:
Beſet with woes on ev'ry ſide,
Life from my ſoul withdraws.

16 Like dogs the wicked me ſurround,
And in aſſemblies meet:
With harden'd ſteel my heart they wound,
With nails my hands and feet.

17 My flesh is wasted, and my bones
May be distinctly told:
Yet they deride my humble grones,
With joy my wounds behold.

18 For spoil my garments, lo, they share;
Lots on my vesture cast.
19 My God, my strength, to me draw near!
To save me, Lord, make haste!

['*Tis finish'd now, the Saviour cries,*
And bows his sacred head:
To save a sinful race he dies,
And suffers in their stead.

Amazing grace! unbounded love!
Angels desire to view
This matchless mystery from above,
And tune their songs anew.]

Part IV.

[20 Now David in the Saviour's name
Begins his humble plea,
From sword of men, and Satan's aim,
O Lord, my soul set free!

21 Save me from him whose malice burns
My spirit to devour:
As from the horns of unicorns
Thou savedst me before.

22 Then I among my brethren will
Declare thy holy name:
And in the congregation still
Thine endless praise proclaim.]

23 Ye humble ſouls who fear the Lord,
And ye of Jacob's race,
Exalt his name with one accord;
O Iſr'el praiſe his grace!

24 For he hath not deſpis'd the poor,
Nor the afflicted ſcorn'd;
Nor drove the needy from his door,
Who ſought his face and mourn'd.

25 In thy great congregation, Lord,
Thy goodneſs I'll proclaim:
There pay my vows, and hear thy word,
With thoſe that fear thy name.

26 The meek with bread ſhall be ſupply'd,
And thanks to God ſhall give.
Rejoice, ye who in him confide,
Your hearts ſhall ever live.

PART V.

27 The world's remoteſt ends, O Lord,
Shall ſurely turn to thee;
All lands ſhall hear thy gracious word,
And bow to Chriſt the knee.

28 For God the Father hath beſtow'd
The kingdom on the Son:
All nations ſhall confeſs him God,
And bow before his throne.

29 All that are fat throughout the land,
His goodneſs ſhall confeſs:
The poor, ſupported by his hand,
Shall him their donor bleſs.

All thoſe who to the duſt go down,
When call'd by death away,
His juſt and ſov'reign right ſhall own,
And his commands obey.

30 Yet ſhall an everlaſting race
Succeed to praiſe his name,
31 Which ſhall from age to age his grace,
And righteouſneſs proclaim.

PSALM XXIII. *A divine Paſtoral.*

THE Lord's my ſhepherd, by whoſe aid
My wants are all ſupply'd;
Of what ſhould I be then afraid,
Since he's my conſtant guide?

2 He leads me forth to paſtures fair,
Where ſweetly I repoſe;
And living ſtreams paſs gently there,
Wherein ſalvation flows.

3 My ſoul he doth reſtore again,
When from his folds I ſtray;
And in his paths, by grace made plain,
He gently leads my way.

4 Yea, tho' I walk through death's dark vale,
No danger will I fear;
Thy preſence, rod, and ſtaff ne'er fail,
My drooping heart to chear.

5 My table thou doſt alſo ſpread,
In preſence of my foes;
Thine oil of joy anoints my head,
My gen'rous cup o'erflows.

6 Goodneſs and mercy ſure ſhall ſtill
My future days attend;
And I within thy houſe ſhall dwell
Where pleaſures never end.

PSALM XXIV.

THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
And all that it contains:
Yea, all the dwellers it affords,
Or that on it remains.

2 For he hath built it on the ſea,
And fixt it on the deep;
Eſtabliſh'd it by firm decree
Its proper bounds to keep.

3 But who ſhall hence from earth aſcend
To thy bleſs'd hill, O God?
And who an endleſs life ſhall ſpend
In thy divine abode?

4 He that hath hands with guilt unſtain'd,
His heart divinely pure,
Wherein is no deceit contain'd,
Whoſe words will proof endure.

5 On him ſhall bleſſings be beſtow'd
And, O how bleſs'd is he!
For in the righteouſneſs of God
Shall he ſalvation ſee.

6 This is the generation dear
That humbly ſeek thy face,
O Jacob's God! they ſhall draw near,
And reſt in thine embrace.

PART II.

7 Lift up your heads, O ev'ry gate,
And heav'nly door give ear,
The King of glory comes in ſtate
To make his entrance here.

8 Who is the King of glory pray,
Who entrance here demands?
The mighty Lord, whoſe pow'rful ſway
The univerſe commands.

9 Then, O ye gates, lift up your heads,
Ye everlaſting doors;
Behold, the King of glory leads
His captivated pow'rs.

10 But who's the King of glory, who
An entrance here requires?
The Lord of hoſt, to whom muſt bow
All your celeſtial choirs.
Of glory he alone is King,
Who conquer'd earth and hell,
And doth his ranſom'd captives bring
With him on high to dwell.

PSALM XXV.

UNTO the Lord moſt high
Do I lift up my ſoul:
2 On thee, my God, do I rely;
My haughty foes controul.

3 Let none who truſt in thee
Have ſhame without redreſs;
But let them all aſhamed be,
Who without cauſe tranſgreſs.

4 Shew me thy ways, O Lord;
Teach me thy paths divine:
5 And from thy pure and perfect word,
Let not my feet decline.

Thou art the God alone
Of my ſalvation ſure:
All day I wait before thy throne,
And truſt thy word moſt pure.

6 Remember, Lord of old,
Thy num'rous mercies paſt:
They have for ever been untold,
And ſhall for ever laſt.

7 Remember not the ſins,
And follies of my youth;
But with atoning blood me cleanſe,
According to thy truth.

PART II.

[8 The Lord is good and juſt,
And therefore will diſplay
Mercy to ſinners who him truſt,
And lead them in his way.]

9 The Lord will guide the meek
In ways of righteouſneſs:
And none will he reject who ſeek
His face in deep diſtreſs.

10 Thy ways are all, O Lord,
Mercy and truth divine,
To ſuch as keep thy holy word,
Nor from thy laws decline.

11 My num'rous ſins are great,
Yet for thine own name's ſake
Let them be pardon'd I intreat,
And caſt behind thy back.

12 The man that fears the Lord,
And would his laws obey,
He by his ſpirit and his word
Shall guide in his own way.

13 His ſoul ſhall dwell at eaſe,
His ſeed the earth enjoy;
He ſhall be bleſt with endleſs peace,
And none ſhall him annoy.

Part III.

[14 The Lord his will imparts
To thoſe that fear his name;
He writes his cov'nant on their hearts,
And ſhews his love to them.

15 My waiting eyes, O Lord,
Are ever fixt on thee;
And from the ſnars for me prepar'd,
Thou wilt deliver me.]

16 Turn thee, O Lord, to me,
And thy compaſſion ſhow;
For I am ſunk in miſery,
Afflicted, poor, and low.

17 The troubles of my heart,
Lord, they enlarged are:
Thy timely aid to me impart,
O thou that heareſt pray'r!

18 Look on my deep diſtreſs,
And bid thy ſervant live:
O for my Saviour's righteouſneſs,
My num'rous ſins forgive!

19 Behold, mine enemies,
How many, Lord, they be;
And with what malice they deviſe
To hurt and injure me.

20 In mercy keep my ſoul,
From ſhame and infamy,
And all mine enemies controul,
For, Lord, I truſt in thee.

21 Let uprightneſs and truth
Preſerve me all my days;
Then I with heart as well as mouth,
Shall ever ſing thy praiſe.

[22 Thine Iſr'el, Lord, redeem
From all his troubles here:
Nor let thy peoples cries e'er ſeem
Unnotic'd by thine ear.]

PSALM XXV. *Second Metre.*

TO thee, O Lord, I lift my ſoul,
My God, I truſt in thee:
2 Thou only canſt my foes controul,
That would triumph o'er me.

3 Let none, O Lord, who truſt in thee,
Be fill'd with ſhame of face:
But let them all confound be,
Who without cauſe tranſgreſs.

4 Shew me thy perfect way, O Lord;
Teach me thy laws divine:
And from thy pure and holy word,
Let not my feet decline.

5 'Tis thou that art the God alone
Of my salvation, Lord:
Daily I wait before thy thorne,
And trust in thy sure word.

6 Think on thy mercies, Lord, of old,
Thy num'rous mercies past;
For they were ever manifold,
And shall for ever last.

7 Remember not the many sins,
And follies of my youth;
But with atoning blood me cleanse
According to thy truth.

PART II.

[8 The Lord is ever good and just,
And therefore will display
Mercy to them who in him trust,
And lead them in his way.]

9 The Lord will surely guide the meek,
In ways of righteousness;
And none will he reject who seek
His face when in distress.

[10 Mercy and truth are all the ways
Of our benignant God,
To him who faithfully obeys,
And in his paths hath trod.]

11 Lord, pardon mine iniquity,
For thy name's ſake, I pray,
For it is great; yet, Lord, by thee
It ſhall be done away.

12 What man is he that fears the Lord,
And ſeeks his will to know;
He to his path ſhall light afford,
Wherein he ought to go.

13 His ſoul ſhall quietly dwell at eaſe;
His ſeed the earth enjoy:
He ſhall be bleſt with endleſs peace,
And none ſhall him annoy.

PART III.

14 The ſecret of the Lord is known
To thoſe that fear his name;
To them his cov'nant ſhall be ſhown
What love he bears to them.

15 My humble waiting eyes, O Lord,
Are ever fixt in thee;
And from thoſe ſnares for me prepar'd,
Thou wilt deliver me.

16 Turn thee, O Lord my God, to me,
And thy compaſſion ſhow;
For I am ſunk in miſery,
Afflicted, poor, and low.

17 The griefs and troubles of my heart,
Lord, they enlarged are:
To me thy timely aid impart,
O thou that heareſt pray'r!

18 Behold my grief and deep diſtreſs,
And bid thy ſervant live;
And for my Saviour's righteouſneſs
My num'rous ſins forgive.

19 Behold, my cruel enemies
How num'rous, Lord, they be!
And with what malice they deviſe
To hurt and injure me.

20 In mercy keep my precious ſoul
From ſhame and infamy;
And all mine enemies controul,
For, Lord, I truſt in thee.

21 Let nought but uprightneſs and truth
Conduct me all my days;
Then I with heart, as well as mouth,
Will ever ſpeak thy praiſe.

22 Thy choſen Iſr'el, Lord, redeem
From all his troubles here;
Nor let thy peoples cries e'er ſeem
Unnotic'd by thine ear.

PSALM XXVI.

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I have trod
The path of uprightneſs;
And put my truſt in thee, my God,
To keep me by thy grace.

2 Examine me, O Lord, and prove
My heart and reins within:
3 For ſtill the kindneſs of thy love
Before mine eyes have been.

4 I have not walk'd with perſons vain,
Nor with diſemblers gone:
5 I hate the place where men profane
In wicked ways go on.

6 I'll waſh my hands in innocence,
And to thine altar go;
From whence thou doſt thy word diſpence,
And thy ſalvation ſhew.

7 That I may publiſh with my voice
In giving thanks and praiſe
For all thy works; yea, I'll rejoice
To tell thy wond'rous ways.

PART II.

8 Lord, I have lov'd the holy place
Wherein thine honour dwells;
The tabernacles of thy grace
All others far excells.

9 Then gather not my ſoul, O Lord,
With men of lives profane;
Nor let my life with thoſe accord,
Who have the righteous ſlain.

12 Whoſe hands are deep in miſchief ſkill'd;
In wickedneſs their tongue:
And their right hands with bribes are fill'd,
The innocent to wrong.

11 But as for me, thro' grace, I will
Keep mine integrity:
O Lord, redeem my ſoul, and ſtill
Have mercy upon me.

12 Then on an ev'n and ſteady place
My feet ſhall firmly ſtand:
And in thy church I'll praiſe thy grace,
And wonders of thy hand.

PSALM XXVII.

JEHOVAH is my light divine,
And my ſalvation too;
Why ſhould I then at ought repine,
Or fear what men can do?

[2 When wicked men, mine enemies
Aroſe like fiends of hell,
To compaſs me with rage and lies,
Confounded, lo! they fell.]

3 Lord, ſhould an hoſt encompaſs me,
I would not yield to fear;
Becauſe my hope is fixt on thee,
And thou art ever near.

4 One thing have I deſir'd, O Lord,
O let me this obtain;
That in thy houſe, to hear thy word,
I ever may remain:
To ſee thy beauties, O my God,
And to enquire the way
That leads to thy divine abode,
In realms of endleſs day.

5 When dangers thick around me throng
He will me ſafely hide;
And under his pavilion ſtrong,
Securely I'll abide.

Yea, he ſhall ſet me on the rock,
Where fearleſs I may dwell;
And neither fear nor feel a ſhock
From pow'rs of earth or hell.

PART II.

[6 Now ſhall my head be lifted high
O'er all my haughty foes;
And I triumph with ſongs of joy,
And ſacred hymns compoſe.

7 The Lord will hear me when I cry,
And when I lift my voice,
He'll ſend an anſwer from on high,
And make my heart rejoice.]

8 When once God like a father ſaid,
Ye children ſeek my face;
My heart a ready anſwer made,
Lord, I will ſeek thy grace.

9 Hide not thy face from me, O Lord,
Nor frown my ſoul away:
Thou haſt my helper been; thy word
Hath been my ſtrength and ſtay.

10 Thou my ſalvation art alone,
And portion of my cup:
When friends and parents both are gone,
The Lord will take me up.

PART III.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead
My feet in paths divine;
For, lo! my foes are all agreed
Againſt me to combine.

12 Lord, leave me not unto the will
Of theſe mine enimies,
Who daily ſtrive my blood to ſpill,
By violence and lies.

13 My ſoul had fainted long ago,
If I had not believ'd
That God would yet his goodneſs ſhow,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

14 Wait on the Lord and courage keep,
For he will ſtrength afford:
Yea, tho' you wade thro' billows deep
Still wait upon the Lord.

PSALM XXVIII.

TO thee I cry, O Lord, my rock;
O do not ſilent be!
Leſt with deſpair my heart be broke
Thro' thy delays to me.

2 Then hear my ſupplication, Lord,
And my repeated cry,
While I lift up my hands toward
Thy throne of grace on high.

3 O let me not be drawn away
With men of lives profane,
Who flatter thoſe they would betray,
And miſchief ſtill retain.

4 Give them according to their deeds,
And wicked thoughts within,
Who thus in wickedneſs proceed,
And ſtill perſiſt in ſin.

5 Becauſe they baſely diſregard
The wonders of thy hands,
Let them receive the due reward
Which their black guilt demands.

PART II.

6 For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who heard my humble cry,
And from the pit my life reſtor'd
When death appear'd ſo nigh.

7 The Lord's my ſtrength and righteouſneſs,
Thro' whom I ſtand my ground:
I ſought his aid in deep diſtreſs,
And ſweet ſalvation found.

I therefore will in him rejoice
With chearful heart and tongue:
And with a high triumphing voice
His praiſes ſhall be ſung.

8 God was my army's ſtrength and ſhield,
Who faithfully behav'd,
Made us victorious in the field,
And his anointed ſav'd.

9 Lord, ſave thy people ſtill, and bleſs
Thine own inheritance:
Feed them, and lift them from diſtreſs,
And ſtill be their defence.

PSALM XXIX.

ALL glory give unto the Lord,
Ye men of might and fame:
High be his Majeſty ador'd,
From whom your honours came.

2 All worſhip, glory, ſtrength, and grace,
To him alone belongs:
In brighteſt holineſs him praiſe,
With rev'rence on your tongues.

3 The voice of God alarming breaks
Upon the mighty floods;
When he in dreadful thunder ſpeaks
Amidſt the fleecy clouds.

4 The voice of God, his pow'rful voice,
Is full of majeſty:
5 Thro' Lebanon he ſends the noiſe,
And breaks the cedars high.

6 Yea, like a calf he makes them ſkip,
When from their roots they're torn:
Ev'n Lebanon and Sirion leap
Like a young unicorn.

PART II.

7 When God in awful thunder ſpeaks
He cleaves the flames of fire:
The wilderneſs with terror ſhakes,
And frighted hills retire.

8 Yea, ſtubborn Kadeſh ſhakes around,
Ev'n to its centre ſtrong:
The hinds, affrighted at the ſound,
Caſt their untimely young.

9 Anon he makes the tempeſt ceaſe,
And all in order brings:
Within his temple he gives peace;
There each his glory ſings.

10 The Lord ſits ſov'reign on the flood;
Wears an eternal crown:
The worlds are frighted at his nod,
And tremble at his frown.

11 Yet ſtrength he gives, and ſtill is kind
To all his choſen race:
Salvation in his name they find,
And everlaſting peace.

PSALM XXX.

I'LL thee extol, O Lord my God,
For I am rais'd by thee;
Nor were my foes by thee allow'd
To triumph over me.

2 To thee I cried in deep diſtreſs,
From borders of the grave;
3 Thou heal'dſt my threat'ning ſickneſſes,
And my frail life didſt ſave.

4 Ye ſaints of God, in ſongs expreſs
Your grateful thanks and praiſe;
Rememb'ring his pure holineſs,
And all his righteous ways.

5 His anger but a moment laſts;
Life on his love attends:
Tho' weeping may the night o'ercaſt,
By morning joy he ſends.

PART II.

6 In my proſperity I ſaid,
I ne'er ſhall moved be;
7 For ſtrong thou haſt my mountain made,
And I no change ſhall ſee:

But ſoon thou hid'ſt thy lovely face,
And I was troubled ſore:
8 I cried, Lord, ſhew thine ancient grace;
Thine ancient love reſtore!

9 What profit is there in my blood,
Should life end in deſpair?
Shall duſt ariſe to praiſe my God,
And all his truth declare?

10 Hear me, O Lord; in mercy hear,
And timely help impart.
11 When cloth'd with ſackcloth thou didſt chear,
And fill with joy my heart:

Yea, thou haſt turn'd my mournful voice,
Into a joyful ſong:
My heart doth in my God rejoice,
And gladneſs fills my tongue:

12 That ſo my glory ne'er may ceaſe
To praiſe thee, O my God;
And ſhew the wonders of thy grace
To all the world abroad.

PSALM XXXI.

IN thee, O Lord, I put my truſt,
Deliver me from ſhame;
For thou are righteous, good, and juſt,
And holy is thy name.

2 Bow down thy gracious ear to me,
And ſpeedy ſuccour ſend:
Thou art my rock, to thee I flee,
And on thy help depend.

3 Thou my ſtrong fort for refuge art;
O for thine own name's ſake,
Thy wonted favours, Lord, impart,
And pity on me take.

4 Pull me out of the ſecret net
Mine enemies have laid,
O thou my ſtrength; nor let my feet
By them be thus betray'd.

PART II.

5 Into thy hand, Lord, I commit
My ſpirit which is thine;
For, Lord, thou haſt redeemed it
From death by pow'r divine.

6 Their thoughts and words I ever hate,
Who truſt in vanities;
But on the Lord, in ev'ry ſtate,
My chearful hope relies.

7 I will be glad, O Lord, in thee,
And raiſe my thankful voice;
For thou in trouble thought'ſt on me,
Which makes my heart rejoice.

8 When cloſe environ'd by my foes,
The Lord for me appear'd;
Did all their ſecret plots diſcloſe,
And me from bondage clear'd.

PART III.

9 In mercy now, O Lord, appear;
For I in trouble am:
Mine eyes with grief conſumed are,
And all my mortal frame.

10 My life is ſpent with grief, my years
In ſore lamenting cries;
Becauſe my heinous guilt appears
So black before mine eyes.

11 I was a ſad reproach among
All my proud enemies;
Eſpecially the ſcornful tongue
Of neighbours me deſpiſe.

12 I am forgot as one long dead,
Or earthern veſſel broke:

13 For ſore reproaches on my head
I've heard by many ſpoke.
While all around me counſel took
To take away my life:
But, Lord, thou haſt not me forſook
Thro' all my dreadful ſtrife.

14 For ſtill in thee I put my truſt;
I ſaid, thou art my God:

15 My times are in thy hand who firſt
This life on me beſtow'd.
Save me from ev'ry foe's deſign,
Who ſeek my life to take:

16 And cauſe thy face on me to ſhine
For thine own mercy's ſake.

17 Thy ſervant from diſhonour ſave,
For I have call'd on thee:
Let ſhame and ſilence in the grave
The wicked's portion be.

18 Their vile malicious tongues reſtrain
Whoſe breath in lies are ſpent:
Who vicious lies in vile diſdain,
Againſt thy ſaints invent.

PART IV.

19 How great thy goodneſs is, O Lord,
Which thou haſt laid in ſtore,
For thoſe who hope in thy ſure word,
And truſt thy mighty pow'r!

This thou before the ſons of men
Haſt openly made known;
That all may ſee their thoughts are vain,
Who thy juſt rights diſown.

20 In preſence of thy gracious face
Thou wilt thy ſervant hide,
In the pavilions of thy grace,
From all the ſons of pride.

[21 For ever bleſſed be Lord,
Who kindly interpos'd,
And ſav'd me from the cruel ſword,
When by my foes enclos'd.

22 Tho' in my haſte I raſhly ſaid,
I'm cut off from thine eyes;
Yet thou did'ſt hear me when I pray'd,
And ſent me freſh ſupplies.]

23 O love the Lord, all ye his ſaints:
His eyes are ſtill your guards:
His ears attend all your complaints,
And he the proud rewards.

24 Let courage arm each faithful heart,
Whoſe hope on God relies;
For he will ſtrength to you impart,
And not your ſuit deſpiſe.

PSALM XXXII.

BLESS'D is the man to whom his God
Imputes his guilt no more;
But by a Saviour's dying blood
His ſins are cover'd o'er.

[2 Yea, bleſs'd are they who by the Lord
Are thus releas'd from ſin;
Who by his Spirit and his word
Their conſciences are clean.]

3 While I did ſecret ſilence hold,
Nor durſt my ſins confeſs,
My bones within me waxed old,
And ſhrunk with deep diſtreſs.

4 For day and night, O Lord, thy hand
Did ſtill thy ſtrokes repeat,
Till all my vital ſap was drain'd
As graſs with ſummer's heat.

5 Then I confeſt my heinous guilt,
And hid my ſins no more;
Then, Lord thy pard'ning love I felt;
Thou did'ſt my peace reſtore.

6 For this let ev'ry wounded ſoul,
To God their griefs make known;
When floods of ſore temptations roll,
Then ſhall his love be ſhown.

PART II.

7 Thou art my hiding place, O Lord,
In times of deep diſtreſs;
And I'll thy wondrous works record
In ſongs of thankfulneſs.

8 Give ear, ye ſinners, I'll inſtruct,
And guide you in the way;
My counſels ſhall your feet conduct
To realms of endleſs day.

6 Then be not like the horſe or mull,
Which void of reaſon be;
Whoſe mouth the bit and rein muſt rule
Leſt they come near to thee.

10 Unnumber'd woes on ev'ry ſide,
Proud ſinners ſhall confound;
But thoſe who in the Lord confide,
His mercy ſhall ſurround.

11 Then in the Lord, ye ſaints, be glad;
Ye righteous, ſhout for joy:
Ye humble ſouls, no more be ſad;
None ſhall your peace annoy.

PSALM XXXIII.

YE righteous in the Lord rejoice,
For this belongs to you,
To praiſe his name with heart and voice,
And all his wonders ſhew.

2 If not with inſtruments of wood,
Yet with your hearts and tongues,
3 Exalt his glorious name aloud,
With new melodious ſongs.

4 His works in righteouſneſs are done,
And faithful is his word:
5 For all the world the truth ſhall own,
And goodneſs of the Lord.

6 By his almighty word at firſt,
Both heav'n and earth were made;
And by his breath the heav'nly hoſt
Was glorioufly array'd.

7 The mighty waters of the ſea,
He gather'd as an heap;
And fixt them by a firm decree
Their ſtinted bounds to keep.

PART II.

8 Let all the earth before the Lord
With humble rev'rence ſtand;
All tribes of men with one accord
Adore his mighty hand.

9 He ſpake the word and it was done,
He gave command, and lo,
The land and hills were fixt each one,
And where the ſeas ſhould flow.

10 The Lord the heathens deepeſt plots,
And counſels undermines;
The mem'ry of their wiſdom rots,
And all their black deſigns.

11 But, lo! the counſel of the Lord
For ever ſtandeth faſt:
His ſteady thoughts and faithful word,
Eternally ſhall laſt.

12 Bleſs'd is the land who for its God
Jehovah only knows,
Where he hath fixt his bleſt abode,
And hath its people choſe.

PART III.

[13 The Lord from heav'n, his lofty throne,
A look on men beſtows;
14 And with a glance their thoughts each one,
He moſt diſtinctly knows.

15 Their hearts and all their mortal frames,
He forms of equal clay:
And all their works and all their ſchemes,
He doth at once ſurvey.]

16 No king is ſav'd by mortal hoſts
From an inglorious death:
17 Nor can the horſe, whereof he boaſts,
Preſerve his rider's breath.

18 But, lo! the Lord's omniſcient eye
For ever guards the juſt:
To ſave them he is ever nigh
Who in his mercy truſt.

19 He ſaves them from a ling'ring death,
When famine overſpreads:
The humble ſouls, who live by faith,
His gen'rous bounty feeds.

20 Then let our ſouls wait on the Lord,
Who is our help and ſhield.
21 We ſhall rejoice, for on his word,
Our higheſt hopes we build.

22 Lord, let thy mercy us defend,
And our bleſs'd portion be,
According as our hopes depend,
For all we want on thee.

PSALM XXXIV.

THEE will I bleſs, my God, always,
Who giv'ſt me life and peace:
Long as I live, to ſpeak thy praiſe
My tongue ſhall never ceaſe.

2 In God my ſoul ſhall make her boaſt;
The meek ſhall gladly hear:
And all who put in thee their truſt
Shall joyfully give ear.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
Ye ſaints with one accord!
Exalt his glorious name, all ye
Who have believ'd his word.

4 I ſought the Lord in deep deſtreſs;
He heard my humble voice,
And ſoon did all my fears redreſs
And made my heart rejoice.

[5 All thoſe who in the Lord believe,
And hope in his great name,
Look up to him and light receive
Who ſaves their face from ſhame.]

6 Sing to the praiſe of his free grace
How this poor ſuff'rer cry'd;
Nor did the Lord conceal his face,
Nor was his ſuit deny'd.

PART II.

7 The Angel of the Lord ſurrounds
His choſen children dear;
And ev'ry enemy confounds
That would approach them near.

8 O taſte and ſee that God is good
To all who ſeek his face:
Bleſs'd are the ſouls that are renew'd
By his almighty grace.

9 O fear the Lord, all ye his ſaints,
Who ſtill remains the ſame:
He well ſupplies the num'rous wants
Of all who fear his name.

10 Young lions pinch'd for lack of food
May loud for hunger roar;
But God, with ev'ry needful good,
ſupplies his humble poor.

PART III.

11 Come, children, hearken now to me,
And learn to fear the Lord;
12 If ye long life and good would ſee,
Obey his holy word.

13 From evil words refrain your tongue;
Your lips from ſpeaking guile:
14 So ſhall the Lord your days prolong,
And on you ever ſmile.

15 His eyes are ever on the juſt;
His ears attend their cry:
To thoſe who in his mercy truſt,
His grace is ever nigh.

16 But, lo! he ſets his angry brow
Againſt the wicked race;
Their memories to overthrow
In final foul diſgrace.

PART IV.

17 Unto the Lord the righteous call,
When fear approacheth nigh:
He ſaves them from their troubles all,
And hears their humble cry.

18 The Lord is ever nigh to them
That are of broken heart:
He ſaves the contrite ſoul from ſhame,
And takes th' oppreſſed's part.

19 Tho' num'rous wrongs the righteous bear,
Yet God regards their grones;
20 And from the ills they feel or fear,
He keepeth all their bones.

21 Evil ſhall ſmite the wicked dead,
And thoſe that hate the juſt,
Shall never once lift up their head,
But grovel in the duſt.

22 The Lord redeems the ſoul of thoſe
That on his grace depend;
And to their ſeed, whom he hath choſe
His favours never end.

PSALM XXXV.

O PLEAD my cauſe, almighty God,
Againſt the ſons of ſtrife;
And fight againſt the men of blood,
Who fight againſt my life.

2 With ſhield and buckler, Lord, ſtand up,
And ſtop their mad carreer;
For thou alone art all my hope
And helper ever near.

3 Draw out the ſpear and ſtop their way;
Let perſecutors feel
Thy wrath, but to thy ſervant ſay,
I'm thy ſalvation ſtill.

4 Confound the cruel pride of thoſe
That up againſt me riſe,
With ſhame turn back my wicked foes
Who ſtill my hurt deviſe.

[5 Let them be driven by thy ſword,
As chaff before the wind;
And let the angel of the Lord
Purſue them cloſe behind.

6 Let gloomy darkneſs cloud their path,
And ſlipp'ry be their ſteps,
And let the meſſenger of death
Plunge them in diſmal deeps.

7 For unprovok'd they have prepar'd
A net to catch my feet:
And they to get my ſoul enſnar'd
Have digg'd a horrid pit.

8 Let unforeſeen deſtruction come,
And ſeize them unaware;
And let the pit become their tomb,
Which they for me prepare.]

9 Then ſhall my ſoul with chearful voice,
Exult in thy great name:
In thy ſalvation I'll rejoice,
And loud thy praiſe proclaim.

10 Yea, all my bones ſhall ſay with joy,
Lord, who is like to thee?
Who doſt th' oppreſſor's pow'r deſtroy,
And ſet'ſt the pris'ners free?

PART II.

11 Falſe witneſſes againſt me roſe;
Charg'd me with things unknown:
12 Evil for good return'd my foes,
My ſoul in grief to drown.

13 But as for me when they were ſick,
In ſackcloth ſore I mourn'd;
I pray'd with faſting, and right quick
An anſwer God return'd.

14 Yea, I behav'd as though a friend
Or brother had been dead:
As for a mother did I bend,
For grief bow'd down my head.

15 But moſt ungrateful they did prove
To me when ſore diſtreſt;
To ſhew their hatred for my love
Their joys they loud expreſt.

Ev'n abjects gather'd with the throng
And mock'd at all my pain:
Yea, I was ſcorn'd by old and young,
Who heard my ſoul complain.

16 Vile hypocrites who meet at feaſts,
And get their bread by lies,
At me threw their malignant jeſts,
Scorning my agonies.

17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on,
And not for me appear?
Deliv'rence ſend from heav'n thy throne,
For lions would me tear.

[*Thus David in a type reveal'd*
The ſuff'rings of his Lord,
By whoſe ſharp ſtripes our ſouls are heal'd,
Our peace was thus reſtor'd.]

PART III.

18 I will give thanks amidſt the throng
Where great aſſemblies meet,
And praiſe the Lord with heart and tongue
In notes divinely ſweet.

19 Let not my boaſting enemies
So wide extend their jaws,
Nor wink at me with ſcornful eyes,
And hatred without cauſe.

20 For malice is within their heart,
And miſchief on their tongue:
Againſt the meek ſtill lies they ſtart,
The innocent to wrong.

21 At me their mouths they wide diſplay,
And falſe concluſions draw:
Our eyes have ſeen his fall, ſay they,
Then loud they cry, Aha!

22 This thou haſt ſeen, O Lord my God;
Diſplay thine angry frown:
Shew thou art near; and with thy rod
Bring their proud ſpirits down.

23 Stir up thyſelf, and now awake;
My righteous cauſe decide:
Make theſe imperious rebels quake,
And ſink their haughty pride.

24 According to thy righteouſneſs,
Judge and deliver me:
And let not ſinners thus oppreſs
And boaſt of victory,

25 O let them not in triumph ſay,
Our wiſhes are complete;
For lo, the man is now our prey,
Whom we did ever hate.

26 Let them aſhamed be, and brought
To black confuſion all,
Who have for my deſtruction ſought,
And long'd to ſee my fall.

27 But let them be for ever glad,
Who favour my juſt cauſe:
And let no humble ſoul be ſad,
Who loves thy righteous laws.

Yea, let them ſhout for joy, and ſay,
The Lord be magnify'd;
Who makes his ſervant bear the ſway,
And cruſh the horn of pride.

28 Then ſhall my joyful tongue expreſs
Thy praiſes all day long:
Yea, I'll declare thy righteouſneſs
In one eternal ſong.

PSALM XXXVI.

THOUGH wicked men may ſin explode,
And walk in fair diſguiſe;
Yet ſaith my heart, the fear of God
Is not before their eyes.

2 Although they walk a while conceal'd
In flatt'ry and deceit;
Yet ſhall their crimes be all reveal'd
That all may ſee the cheat.

3 Their words are only ſpacious lies,
And tho' they boaſt aloud,
Wiſdom is baniſh'd from their eyes;
Their heart retains no good.

4 They think on miſchief all the night,
To practiſe all the day;
And when the morning brings the light
They hell-ward bend their way.

[*Such is the courſe, and ſuch the end*
Of all the wicked race;
From which, O Lord my ſoul defend,
By thine almighty grace.]

PART II.

[5 High in the heav'ns, O Lord my God,
Thy mercy ever dwells;
Thy faithfulneſs through ev'ry cloud
Thy ſtedfaſt truth reveals.

6 His righteouſneſs ſurmounts the ſkies;
His judgments ſound the deeps:
His goodneſs all our wants ſupplies;
Both man and beaſt he keeps.]

7 My God, how matchleſs is thy love,
Whence all our comfort ſprings?
Thy grace thy children daily prove
Beneath thy ſhady wings.

8 When to thy houſe with joy they haſte,
They ſhall be ſatisfied:
Salvation there for their repaſt
In gentle rivers glide.

9 With thee is the immortal ſpring
Of light and life divine:
Thy ſaints ſhall in thy preſence ſing,
And all in glory ſhine.

PART III.

10 Vouchſafe, O Lord, thy kindneſs ſtill;
Thy righteouſneſs impart
To thoſe that know and do thy will,
With uprightneſs of heart.

11 Let not the foot of pride come near
The children of thy love;
And let no wicked hand appear
Thy choſen to remove.

12 The workers of iniquity
Are ſunk with ſad ſurprize:
And there in woe and miſery
They lie, and ne'er can riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

FRET not thyſelf though evil men
Appear in pomp and ſtate:
Nor envy ſinners, nor complain
To ſee them waxing great.

2 For ſoon thou ſhalt their glory ſee
Cut down as with'ring graſs;
And all their pride away ſhall flee,
As fleeting ſhadow paſs.

3 Truſt in the Lord, and ſtill do good,
Nor doubt his faithful hand;
So ſhall he ſtill provide thee food,
And dwelling in the land.

4 If thou in God place thy delight,
He thy deſires will grant:
5 Into his hand thy way commit,
And he'll ſupply thy want.

6 He ſhall bring forth thy righteouſneſs
Bright as the morning ray:
Thy judgment ſhall with light increaſe
Till like the clear noon-day.

PART II.

7 Reſt on the Lord and meekly wait,
Nor murmur nor repine;
Though wicked men, advancing great,
In robes of honour ſhine.

8 From anger ceaſe, and wrath forſake,
Nor fret in any wiſe;
Leſt thou ſhould'ſt of their guilt partake,
And God ſhould thee chaſtiſe.

9 For evil doers ſoon ſhall fall,
And to the duſt ſhall cleave:
But all who wait on God they ſhall
Both peace and plenty have.

10 For yet a little while, and lo!
The wicked ſhall not be:
Yea, thou ſhalt ſearch their place to know,
But it thou ne'er ſhalt ſee.

11 But by inheritance the Lord
Unto the meek doth give
The earth, and by his faithful word,
They there in peace ſhall live.

PART III.

12 The wicked plot againſt the juſt,
And would them all conſume:
13 But God derides ſuch feeble duſt,
Who ſees their final doom.

14 They have drawn out the murd'ring ſword,
And bent the cruel bow,
To ſlay the poor that fear the Lord,
And bring the upright low.

15 But lo, the ſword which they have drawn
Shall through their heart be ſtruck:
The bows which they depend upon,
Shall be to ſhivers broke.

16 What though the wealthy ſinners boaſt
What large eſtates they hold;
The meaneſt portion of the juſt
Excels their heaps of gold.

17 The arms of ſinners ſhall be broke,
But God the juſt ſuſtains:
18 He knows their days, and as a rock
Their portion he maintains.

9 When evil tidings terrors ſpread,
They ſhall not be afraid:
When famine multiplies the dead,
They ſhall be ſatisfied.

20 But wicked men at God's rebuke,
Shall feel a ſad diſmay:
As fat of lambs conſume in ſmoke,
So ſhall they melt away.

PART IV.

21 The wicked borrow of their friends,
But near deſign to pay:
The righteous mercy ſhews and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

22 Thoſe that are bleſſed of the Lord,
Shall long the earth enjoy:
But thoſe who curſed be, his ſword
Shall utterly deſtroy.

23 A good man's ways are order'd all
By providence divine:
God's watchful eye prevents his fall,
And on his path doth ſhine.

24 Or ſhould he ſuffer him to ſlide
He ſhall not be caſt down:
For his right hand is ſtill the guide
Of all who are his own.

[25 I have been young but old am grown,
Yet never have I ſeen
The righteous left of God, nor known
Their ſeed have beggars been.]

26 The good man's merciful and lends
The needy in diſtreſs;
And bleſſings on his ſeed deſcends
When they're left fatherleſs.

PART V.

27 Depart from evil, and do good,
Thence endleſs peace ſhall riſe:
28 The Lord loves judgment, and with food
His humble poor ſupplies:
His choſen ſaints he ne'er forſakes,
Nor leaves their faithful race:
But ſinners and their ſeed he makes
To periſh in diſgrace.

29 The righteous ſhall enjoy the land
Till time itſelf ſhall end:
30 For truth he ſpeaks; and with his hand
He doth the poor defend.

31 The law of God is in his heart;
None of his ſteps ſhall ſlide:
32 Though wicked men try ev'ry art
To ſlay him in their pride.

33 God will not leave him in their hand
Nor let him be condemn'd:
And when he doth in judgment ſtand,
He ſhall not be aſham'd.

34 Wait on the Lord and keep his way,
And he ſhall honour thee:
When juſtice ſhall the wicked ſlay
Their fall thine eye ſhall ſee.

PART VI.

35 I've ſeen the wicked great in pow'r,
Spreading his arms abroad,
Green as the bay-tree for an hour,
Fearleſs of a man or God.

36 But in a moment he was gone,
Cut down by hands unſeen;
I ſearch'd, but root or branch was none
Where all that pomp had been.

37 But mark the man of perfect heart;
The upright man attend:
Secur'd from ev'ry baleful dart,
His life in peace doth end.

38 But lo, tranſgreſſors are not ſo;
Their pride ſhall be deſtroy'd:
Down to the duſt the wicked go,
And leave their dwellings void.

39 But the ſalvation of the juſt
Is of the Lord alone:
He is the rock in which they truſt;
His word they reſt upon.

40 The Lord himſelf ſhall plead their cauſe
And ſhall their lives redeem
Out of the wicked's cruel jaws,
Becauſe they truſt in him.

PSALM XXXVIII.

REBUKE me not in anger, Lord,
Nor in thy wrath chaſtize

2 Thine arrows pierce me like a ſword,
Thy hand ſore on me lies.

3 There is no ſoundneſs in my fleſh,
Becauſe thine anger burns;
Neither does ought my ſoul refreſh,
Becauſe for ſin ſhe mourns.

4 For o'er my head my ſins are gone;
A moſt prodigious load:
Too great are they for me t'atone,
Nor can I bear thy rod.

5 My wounds with foul corruption ſtink
For my baſe fooliſhneſs:
6 And I'm bow'd down to death's dark brink,
With conſtant deep diſtreſs.

7 Fill'd with a loathſome ſore diſeaſe,
Corrupted is my fleſh:
8 Feeble and broke, I long for eaſe
My ſpirits to refreſh.

9 All my deſires are known to thee,
O Lord, and ev'ry groan:
10 My heart is almoſt dead in me,
Becauſe my light is gone.

PART II.

11 My friends and lovers ſtand aloof,
Regardleſs of my ſore:
My kinſmen alſo ſtand far off,
To ſhun my plaintif roar.

12 And ſtill to aggravate my grief,
My foes for me lay ſnares:
They daily plot againſt my life,
To multiply my cares.

[13 But as a deaf man I became,
And ſpeechleſs I remain'd:
14 With patience dumb I bore the ſhame,
And their reproach ſuſtain'd.
15 For, Lord, in thee I put my truſt,
Who doſt my ſuff'rings ſee:
16 I ſaid, leſt theſe my foes ſhould boaſt,
O Lord deliver me!]

For when my foot begins to ſlide,
They long to ſee my fall:
But in thy name, Lord, I confide,
For thou art all in all.

17 Yet I am weak becauſe I've been
With loads of guilt depreſt;
18 But I'll be ſorry for my ſin,
Becauſe I have tranſgreſt.

19 But lively are my foes and ſtrong;
Their mouths they open wide;
And they that ſeek to do me wrong
Are greatly multiplied.

20 Yea, they that render ill for good
Mine adverſaries are:
Becauſe I have their courſe withſtood
And kept thy law with care.

21 Lord, leave me not, but now draw near
And baniſh all my grief:
22 O God of my ſalvation, hear,
And ſend me quick relief.

PSALM XXXIX.

I SAID I'll watch o'er all my ways,
And keep with care my tongue,
Leſt I ſhould ſpeak to God's diſpraiſe,
Amidſt a wicked throng.

2 Then was I dumb; from ſpeech I ceas'd;
Yea, ev'n from ſpeaking good:
But then my ſorrows were increas'd,
While thus I ſilent ſtood.

3 My heart grew hot within my breaſt,
The fire of zeal wax'd ſtrong,
While I was muſing and diſtreſt,
Then ſpake I with my tongue.

4 Lord, make me know mine end, I ſaid,
And meaſure of my days,
How frail I am; how ſhort the thread
That death from me delays.

5 For thou haſt made man's fleeting age
An hand's breath or a ſpan:
Yea, nought but vanity the ſtage
Of ev'ry mortal man.

6 Sure all men walk in a vain ſhow,
Diſquieting them in vain:
They heap up wealth, but doth not know,
To whom it ſhall pertain.

PART II.

7 And now, O Lord, what wait I for?
My hope is fixt on thee:
8 My ſins forgive; my peace reſtore;
From ſcorners ſet me free.

9 When chaſten'd, lo, I dumb became,
Nor ſpake one murm'ring word;
Becauſe I knew this mortal frame
Is in thy hand, O Lord.

10 From me remove thy heavy ſtroke,
In mercy, O my God!
For, lo! I am conſum'd and broke,
By thy chaſtiſing rod.

11 Lord, when thy ſtripes on man are laid,
For his iniquity,
Thou mak'ſt his faireſt beauty fade,
And ſhew'ſt its vanity.

12 Lord, hear my pray'r, and calm my fears,
For I'm a ſtranger here:
A ſojourner, immers'd in tears,
As all my fathers were.

13 O ſpare me yet a little ſpace,
And ſtrength to me reſtore,
Ere I go hence and leave this place
Here to be ſeen no more.

PSALM XL.

I WAITED long upon the Lord,
And did with patience bear:
At length, according to this word,
He bow'd to me his ear.

2 He drew me from a fearful pit,
And from deep miry clay:
Then on a rock he ſet my feet,
Eſtabliſhing my way.

3 Yea, he inſpir'd my heart and tongue,
His name to praiſe on high
Many ſhall liſten to my ſong,
And on the Lord rely.

4 Bleſs'd is the man whoſe ſtedfaſt truſt
Doth in the Lord confide,
Regardleſs of proud mortal duſt,
Who turn to lies aſide.

PART II.

[5 How boundleſs are thy works, O Lord,
When providence we trace!
Thy wondrous works upon record,
Thy works of pow'r and grace.

But greater numbers ſtill there are,
Which we can ne'er explore;
All which no mortal can declare,
Or count their number o'er.]

6 What can we render, Lord, to thee
For all thy kindneſs ſhown?
Alas! no ſacrifice have we
But what is all thine own.

Nay, thou haſt ſaid theſe things are vain:
No coſtly ſacrifice
Of dying beaſts on altars ſlain,
Gives pleaſure to thine eyes.

7 Then ſaid the Saviour, Lo! I come;
It written is of me,
A human body I aſſume,
As 'tis in thy decree.

8 For I delight to do thy will;
Thy law is in my heart,
Thy holy precepts to fulfil,
Whate'er thy lips impart.

9 I've preach'd thy perfect righteouſneſs,
Where great aſſemblies ſtood;
And to thy people, in diſtreſs,
Thy great ſalvation ſhew'd.

10 Nor have I hid within my heart
The counſels of thy will;
But did them faithfully impart,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

[*Thus David in the Saviour's name,*
By prophecy reveal'd:
And God's ſalvation did proclaim,
Which had been long conceal'd.]

PART III.

11 Now, for the dear Redeemer's ſake,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend:
Thro' him compaſſion on me take,
And thy ſalvation ſend.

12 For, lo! innummerable woes
Encompaſs me about;
And mine iniquities encloſe,
And ſhut my comforts out.

For they the number of my hairs
Abundantly excel;
So that my heart almoſt deſpairs
They ſo extremely ſwell.

13 But, O my God, deliver me!
And pity on me take:
Send me a pardon ſpeedily
For my dear Saviour's ſake.

[14 Let black confuſion ſeize on them,
Who ſeek my ſoul to kill:
Let them be driven back with ſhame,
Who wiſh to do me ill.

15 Let them in barren deſarts dwell,
To their eternal ſhame,
That ſay, Aha! aha, and ſwell,
While they reproach my name.]

16 Lord, let them all who ſeek thy face
Eternally rejoice:
And all who love thy ſaving grace
Praiſe thee with heart and voice.

17 Tho' I am poor and needy, yet
Thou wilt not me forſake.
To ſave me from the fowler's net,
My God no tarrying make.

PSALM XLI.

BLESS'D is the man whoſe bowels yern
With pity to the poor;
Who feels with grief and deep concern
What needy ſouls endure.

2 The Lord ſhall keep alive his ſoul
When ſore afflictions ſpread:
Tho' plague and famine round him roll,
And multiply their dead.

Nor foreign nor domeſtick ſword
Shall e'er his ſoul ſurpriſe,
Who firmly truſteth in the Lord,
And on his word relies.

3 Or ſhould he languiſh on his bed
With ſore diſeaſes preſt;
The Lord ſhall then refreſh his head,
And give his ſpirit reſt.

[*Thus bleſs'd is he who fears the Lord,*
And follows his commands;
Lends to the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.]

PART II.

4 O Lord my God, in mercy heal
My ſoul's afflicted caſe!
Though I have ſinn'd, yet, Lord, reveal
The riches of thy grace.

[5 My foes ſay, O when will he die!
Then ſhall his mem'ry rot:
And let his name eternally
Be from the earth forgot.

6 And when they formal viſits pay,
Miſchief in heart is bred:
And ſoon as they are gone their way,
Their ſland'rous lies they ſpread.

7 All thoſe that hate me when they meet,
Whiſper and gender ſtrife:
And when they in their councils ſit,
They plot againſt my life.

8 A moſt inveterate diſeaſe,
Say they, afflicts him ſore:
Lo, now it doth his vitals ſieze,
And he ſhall riſe no more.

9 Yea, ev'n mine own familiar friend,
In whom I did confide,
Who daily ate my bread doth bend,
And join the rebel ſide.]

10 Be merciful, O Lord, to me,
And raiſe me up again:
That all mine enemies may ſee,
Their feeble rage is vain.

11 By this I know thou ſtand'ſt my friend,
Becauſe my cruel foe
Hath not obtain'd his curſed end,
Who ſought my overthrow.

12 But as for me thy righteous hand
Upholds me by thy grace:
And thou wilt make me ever ſtand
With joy before thy face.

13 Bleſs'd be the God of Iſr'el then,
To all eternity:
Let all the people ſay, Amen;
Amen, ſo let it be.

PSALM XLII.

AS pants the hunted heart to find
The cooling water brook:
So pants my ſoul, with longing mind,
For thee, O God, my rock.

2 Yea, for my God, the living God,
My ſoul cries out, Alas,
When ſhall I viſit his abode,
And ſtand before his face.

3 My tears my daily meat have been,
While thus my foes have ſaid,
Where's now thy God thou truſteſt in?
And where's his promis'd aid?

4 Lord, when theſe things I ponder o'er,
And former days ſurvey,
My very ſoul in tears I pour,
At thy ſo long delay.

For I went with the joyful throng
That kept the ſolemn days;
Then thy ſalvation was our ſong,
And all our work was praiſe.

5 But, O my ſoul, why thus caſt down?
Why ſo diſquiet in me?
Hope in the Lord, tho' now he frown,
His grace thou yet ſhalt ſee.

PART II.

6 My ſoul within me ſinks, O God!
But I'll remember thee,
In every place my feet have trod,
How thou haſt helped me.

7 Deep unto deep aloud doth call,
While awful thunders roll:
And, Lord, thy waves and billows all
Have overwhelm'd my ſoul.

8 Yet will the Lord command, ere long,
His kindneſs in the day;
And in the night afford a ſong,
Then will I praiſe and pray.

9 I'll ſay, Why, O my God, my rock,
Haſt thou forgot me ſo?
Why muſt I mourn beneath the ſtroke
Of my oppreſſive foe?

10 As with a ſword they pierce my bones,
While daily they upbraid,
Where's now thy God who hears thy grones?
And where's his promis'd aid?

11 But why art thou caſt down, my ſoul,
And why in ſuch diſtreſs?
Hope in the Lord, though billows roll,
Truſt in his faithfulneſs.

For yet I hope his name to praiſe,
And viſit his abode,
Who is my health and ſtrength always;
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XLIII.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cauſe
Againſt a ſinful land;
Which grieves my ſoul and breaks thy laws
With an uplifted hand.

From the deceitful and unjuſt,
O Lord, deliver me;
For in thy name I put my truſt;
No friend have I but thee.

2 O God, my God, my ſtrength thou art;
Why haſt thou caſt me off?
Why go I thus with heavy heart,
While proud oppreſſors ſcoff?

3 Send forth thy light and truth, O Lord;
Let them conduct me ſtill,
Till, by thy Spirit and thy word,
I reach thy holy hill.

4 Then to thine altar I'll repair,
O God, my chiefeſt joy!
And all the pow'rs thou giv'ſt me, there
I'll in thy praiſe employ.

5 But, O my down-caſt ſoul, why ſo
Diſquieted in me?
Hope in the Lord, for yet below
His praiſe my ſong ſhall be.

PSALM XLIV.

O GOD, we with our ears have heard,
Our fathers have us told
Thy wondrous works; and have declar'd
What things thou didſt of old.

2 How thou didſt with thy mighty hand
The heathen diſpoſſeſs:
And how thy people, in this land,
Thou didſt implant and bleſs.

3 For they got not this ſpacious land
By their own bow and ſword.
But mighty hoſts, that did withſtand,
Were vanquiſh'd by the Lord,

Thine arm and countenance divine,
This mighty conqueſt gave.
4 O God our King, now on us ſhine,
And thine own Iſr'el ſave.

5 Through thee will we puſh down our foes,
And all their pow'rs deſpiſe:
Yea, though thy name tread down all thoſe,
Who dare againſt us riſe.

PART II.

6 I will not truſt my bow, O Lord,
To ſave or ſuccour me:
Nor in my bright two-edged ſword,
My confidence ſhall be.

6 But thou who ſav'dſt us heretofore
From all our mighty foes
And all who hatred to us bore
Didſt thus to ſhame expoſe.

8 In thee we'll therefore all day long
Rejoice, and praiſe thy name:
To endleſs ages ſhall our ſong
Thy righteous acts proclaim.

PART III.

9 But now, Lord, thou haſt caſt us off,
And fill'd our face with ſhame:
Our foes at our faint armies ſcoff,
Since thou art not with them.

10 Thou mak'ſt us backward now retreat,
From ev'ry boaſting foe;
And let'ſt them all who bear us hate
Still ſpoil us as we go

[11 Thou giv'ſt us to our enemies
As ſilly ſheep for meat:
And us their captives they deſpiſe,
And moſt ſeverely treat.

12 Thou ſell'ſt thy people, Lord, for nought;
Their price brings thee no gain:
And thoſe who us ſo cheaply bought,
Inſult us with diſdain.

13 Thou mak'ſt us a reproach among
Our neighbours far and near:
14 The heathen's by-word, taunt, and ſong;
They ſhake their heads and ſneer.

15 Confuſion is before my face,
And I am cloth'd with ſhame;
16 Becauſe our enemies thy grace
Continually blaſpheme.

PART IV.

[17 All this is come on us, O Lord,
Yet we forget not thee;
Nor in thy covenant and word,
Have dealt deceitfully.

18 Our heart is not from thee turn'd back,
Nor feet declin'd thy path.
19 Tho' thou doſt us with dragons break
Among the ſhades of death.]

20 Did we forget the Lord moſt high,
And other gods adore,
21 We know, O Lord, thy piercing eye
Would ſoon our guilt explore.

22 Yea, Lord, thou know'ſt that for thy ſake,
We're killed all the day:
As ſheep for ſlaughter us they take,
And we become their prey.

PART V.

23 Awake, why ſleepeſt thou, O Lord,
Regardleſs of our caſe?
O let us not be ſtill abhor'd,
And baniſh'd from thy face.

24 Why doſt thou ſtill thy preſence hide,
And diſregard our pain?
See how our foes oppreſs, deride,
And hold us in diſdain.

25 Our hearts that have been fill'd with mirth,
With grief are like to burſt:
Our belly cleaveth to the earth,
Our ſoul unto the duſt

26 Ariſe, O Lord, and pity take
On us from thine abode.
Redeem us for thy mercy's ſake,
Our Saviour and our God.

PSALM XLV.

MY heart inſpir'd by heav'n, my ſong
Shall be about the King:
Swift as the writer's pen my tongue
The matter forth ſhall bring.

2 Fairer than ſons of human race,
Art thou, my deareſt Lord:
Thy lips with ev'ry heav'nly grace
Are moſt divinely ſtor'd.

And therefore hath the Lord thy God
His favours on thee ſhed:
Yea, bleſſings without end beſtow'd,
To crown thy ſacred head.

3 Gird on thy ſword upon thy thigh,
O thou victorious Prince:
With glory and with majeſty,
Thy boundleſs pow'r evince.

4 With meekneſs, truth, and righteouſneſs
Ride on, O King of kings!
And thy right hand, with great ſucceſs,
Shall teach thee dreadful things.

5 Thine arrows ſharp ſhall pierce the heart
Of thy rebellious foes:
Not one of them ſhall 'ſcape thy dart,
Who dare thy reign oppoſe.

PART II.

6 Thy throne, O God, ſhall ever ſtand,
And ſuffer no decay,
The righteous ſceptre in thy hand
Thou doſt with judgment ſway.

7 For righteouſneſs is thy delight;
Juſtice thou doſt maintain:
But wickedneſs is in thy ſight
The object of diſdain.

Therefore on thee, the Lord thy God
His oil of joy hath ſhed
Above thy fellows, and beſtow'd
More honours on thy head.

[8 Of aloes, myrrh, and caſſia rich,
Thy ſacred garments ſmell,
From off the ivory throne on which
They made thy joys excel.

9 Among thy honour'd women ſtand
Kings daughters high renown'd:
Behold, the Queen at thy right hand
With gold of Ophir crown'd.]

PART III.

10 Hearken, O Gentile daughter fair,
Forget thy father's houſe,
People, and country, and repair
To Chriſt thine only ſpouſe.

11 So ſhall the King thy beauty bright
Deſire ſtill more and more:
He is thy Lord, and with thy might,
Him worſhip and adore.

12 The royal virgins far and near,
Thy favour ſhall intreat:
And with a gift there ſhall appear
Tyre's daughter grand in ſtate.

13 The daughter of the King, behold,
Spotleſs and bright is ſeen:
Her raiment all of woven gold,
And glorious all within.

14 She ſhall be brought unto the King
In robes all needle wrought:
Yea, her companions ſhe ſhall bring;
To thee they ſhall be brought.

15 With gladneſs and rejoicing they
Shall to the palace come:
The King his preſence ſhall diſplay,
And bid them welcome home.

16 Inſtead of fathers ſhall thy ſons,
Of high and noble birth,
Be kings and princes, mighty ones
Throughout the ſpacious earth.

17 And I'll immortalize thy name,
Through ev'ry fleeting age:
Therefore ſhall people praiſe thy fame,
Through ev'ry future ſtage.

Another of the ſame.

1 WITH ſacred zeal inſpir'd, I ſing
The honours of my heav'nly King;
Which makes my heart and tongue indite,
Swift as the readieſt ſcribe can write.

2 Fairer than ſons of human race
Art thou, O King! enrich'd with grace;
Therefore the Lord thy God hath ſhed
His choiceſt bleſſings on thy head.

3 Gird now thy ſword upon thy thigh,
Moſt mighty, glorious Majeſty:

4 And by thy pow'r victorious ride,
With truth and meekneſs at thy ſide,
And righteouſneſs, for lo, theſe are
The weapons of thy heav'nly war.
Thus arm'd ride forth, great King of kings,
Thy right hand ſhall ſhew dreadful things.

5 Thine arrows pointed ſharp ſhall dart
Thy rebel foes of ſtouteſt heart;

And ſhall thine enemies purſue,
Till grace or vengeance all ſubdue.

PART II.

6 Thy throne, O God, ſhall ever ſtand;
The righteous ſceptre in thy hand,
Thine arm eternally ſhall ſway,
And truth and juſtice ſtill diſplay.
7 For righteouſneſs is thy delight,
But guile is hateful in thy ſight;
Therefore the Lord thy God hath ſhed
His oil of gladneſs on thy head:
8 Made thee thy fellows all excel;
Thy robes of ſweeteſt odours ſmell,
Out of the iv'ry palaces
Wherein they made thy joys increaſe.
9 Amongſt thy virgins, all divine,
Daughters of kings illuſtrious ſhine
And lo, the queen at thy right hand
Doth in pure gold of Ophir ſtand.

PART III.

10 O Gentile nympth, thine ear incline;
Now all thy idol gods reſign:
Forget thy kin and father's houſe,
And cleave to Chriſt thy glorious ſpouſe.
11 So ſhall the King, with warm deſire,
Thy love and beauty ſtill admire;
For he's thy Lord; ſee thou eſteem
None elſe, but love and worſhip him.
12 And foreign princeſſes that hear,
Shall ſeek thy favour, and draw near

With coſtly preſents for the Queen,
'Mong whom Tyre's daughter ſhall be ſeen.

PART IV.

13 The daughter of the King is clean
Without, and wholly pure within:
Her clothing is of woven gold,
All over ſpotleſs to beld.

14 She ſhall before the King be brought
In robes divine, all needle wrought;
And her companions too ſhall be
Conducted ſafe, O King, to thee.

15 With gladneſs ſhall the Spirit bring
Them to the palace of the King:
Yea, to his preſence chamber where
They ſhall his choiceſt favours ſhare.

16 Inſtead of fathers ſhall thy ſons
Riſe in their room to ſit on thrones,
Whom thou throughout the earth ſhalt crown
Princes and kings of high renown.

17 Now, in remembrance of thy name
I will record thy wond'rous fame,
Which ſhall from age to age deſcend,
Nor ev'n with time itſelf ſhall end.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge, ſtrength, and ſtay;
A very preſent aid:
What ſhould our ſpirits then diſmay,
Whoſe hopes on him are laid?

2 Should mountains from their fixed place
Into the ſea be hurl'd;
Convulſions ſeize the very baſe,
And centre of the world.

3 And though the waters of the ſea
With dire confuſion roar,
And fright the rocks and hills away
From off the trembling ſhore.

4 Yet there's a gentle river flows,
The ſtreams whereof make glad
The city of our God. She knows
No change can make her ſad.

5 For there the great Jehovah's throne
Is fixt amidſt her tow'rs:
Of other fortreſſes there's none
To be compar'd with ours.

[6 The heathen rais'd a clam'rous noiſe,
The kingdoms moved were:
The Lord but ſpake, and at his voice
The earth did melt with fear.

7 The Lord of Hoſts is with us ſtill,
Our conſtant guard and guide.
And Jacob's God on Zion's hill,
Our refuge ſhall abide.]

PART II.

8 Come, and behold the works of God,
What wonders he hath wrought:
What deſolations all abroad
He on the earth hath brought.

9 The noiſe of war to peace he turns,
He makes the feuds expire:
He breaks the bow and ſpear, and burns
The chariot in the fire.

10 Be ſtill and know that I am God,
Who reigns on Zion's hill:
I'll make the heathen fear my rod,
And earth obey my will.

11 The Lord of Hoſts is with us ſtill,
Our conſtant guard and guide:
And Jacob's God on Zion's hill,
Our refuge ſhall abide.

PSALM XLVII.

O CLAP your hands, ye people all,
With voice of triumph ſing
2 To God the great, the terrible,
The univerſal King.

3 He ſhall the nations all ſubdue
Beneath his conqu'ring feet:
He ſhall his great ſalvation ſhew,
And make our foes ſubmit.

4 The Lord ſhall chuſe our dwelling-place,
Ev'n Jacob's excellence;
And Iſr'el's lot before his face,
A bright inheritance.

PART II.

5 Chriſt is aſcended up on high,
With trumpet's ſounding loud:
6 Praiſe, praiſe th' incarnate Deity,
Our Saviour and our God!

7 For he is King of kings alone;
His praiſe with knowledge ſing:
He rules the heathen from his throne
Of holineſs as King.

8 The princes of the people throng,
And meet from all abroad,
All who to Abr'am's God belong,
To magnify their God:

9 For lo, the ſhields of all the earth
Belong to Chriſt their King;
And they, with reverential mirth
Shall all his glory ſing.

PSALM XLVIII.

[GREAT is the Lord, and greatly he
Is to be praiſed ſtill:
High ſhall his name exalted be
Upon his holy hill.]

2 O Zion! ſweet delightful place,
For ſituation bleſs'd:
Of all the earth the joy and grace,
Where God hath choſe his reſt.

On her north ſide the city ſtands,
Seat of th' almighty King,
Whoſe pow'r the univerſe commands;
Let all his praiſes ſing.

3 God in her palaces is known,
A refuge in diſtreſs:
4 Th' aſſembled kings from her paſs'd on,
Deſpairing of ſucceſs.
5 They view'd her walls and ſtruck with dread,
Their enterpriſe forſook,
6 As when a woman ill beſtead,
Is of her pangs o'ertook.

7 When ſhips of Tarſhiſh, tall and proud,
Came to invade her coſt,
God, with an eaſt wind fierce and loud,
Their fleet to ſhivers toſt'd.

PART II.

8 Lord, as we've heard, ſo have we ſeen,
Known and believ'd of thee,
Thou haſt thy peoples refuge been,
And wilt for ever be.

9 We of thy loving kindneſs, Lord,
Have often thought upon,
Within thy houſe, where grace is ſtor'd,
And where is fixt thy throne.

10 Far as thy name is known, O God,
So far thy praiſe extends:
Thy righteouſneſs is ſhewn abroad
To earth's remoteſt ends.

11 Let Zion's mount rejoice, and glad
Let Judah's daughters be,
Who have ſuch large experience had,
And did thy judgments ſee.

12 Let ſtrangers Zion's walls walk round,
And count her ſacred tow'rs,
And ſee how peaceful, ſafe, and ſound
The Lord his church ſecures.

13 Her bulwarks, palaces, and walls,
Let them conſider well,
All which for ſtrict attention calls,
And future ages tell.

14 This God is ours for evermore;
In him our ſouls confide:
As he hath kept us heretofore,
Thro' life ſhall be our guide.

PSALM XLIX.

O ALL ye nations far and near,
Far as earth's bounds extend:
2 Ye people all, with liſt'ning ear
Unto my words attend.

3 My mouth, with heav'nly wiſdom fraught,
Shall good advice impart;
The deep reſult of prudent thought,
Conceiv'd within my heart.

4 To parables of ſolid ſenſe,
Mine ear I will incline;
Diſpel the clouds of providence,
And cauſe the light to ſhine.

5 Wherefore ſhould fear my courage daunt,
When evil days appear?
And unbelief, foreboding want,
Bring deſolation's near?

6 They who in earthly treaſures truſt,
May then with terror quake:
And ſuch as of their riches boaſt,
When all appears at ſtake.

7 Vain are their hopes! None can redeem
His brother from the grave,
Or ranſom give to God for him,
His ſoul from hell to ſave!

8 No! the redemption of the ſoul
Doth then for ever ceaſe:
Not all the wealth from pole to pole
Can purchaſe its releaſe.

PART II.

9 If money, life, or health could buy,
And from corruption ſave;
How would the rich, pale death defy,
And ſcorn the gloomy grave?

10 But, lo! they ſee both rich and poor,
Without diſtinction die;
Nor wiſe nor fooliſh from their door
Can death one hour put by:

For, lo! they periſh, and their wealth,
They muſt to others leave;
11 Altho' they fancied, when in health,
Death ne'er would them bereave:

Or if they muſt his call obey,
Their houſe ſecurely ſtands:
And that their names may ne'er decay,
They give them to their lands.

12 Thoughtleſs how man in honour firſt
Did not therein abide;
But ſoon by ſin became accurſt,
And like the beaſts he dy'd.

13 And yet his children ſtill purſue
The ſame rebellious path;
And in the fatal track he drew,
They follow him to death.

14 Death feeds on them like ſilly ſheep,
And worms their bodies ſhare;
But the laſt trump that ends their ſleep,
A diff'rence ſhall declare.

Soon as they leave the duſky grave
The Judge ſhall them divide:
Then ſhall the juſt dominion have
O'er all the ſons of pride.

PART III.

15 God, from the pow'r of earth and hell,
His ſervants ſhall redeem;
And in his preſence make them dwell,
Who put their truſt in him.

16 Then in diſtreſs be not afraid,
Ye children of his grace;
Although a ſinner ſwell with pride
To ſee his wealth increaſe.

17 For death will ſtrip him ſoon of all
Wherein he puts his truſt:
His pomp and pride at once ſhall fall
Inglorious to the duſt.

18 Tho' while he liv'd he bleſs'd himſelf,
And crouds his fame did raiſe;
For whoſo heaps up wordly pelf,
Obtains the flatt'rer's praiſe.

19 But he ſhall to his fathers go,
Whoſe crooked paths he trod,
To regions of eternal woe,
Far from the ſaints of God.

20 For man in honour, void of grace,
Whate'er his thoughts deviſe,
Lives only like the brutal race,
And, lo! like them he dies.

PSALM L.

THE mighty God, the Lord hath ſpoke,
And ſent his ſummons forth;
The tribes of Adam to convoke,
From eaſt, weſt, ſouth, and north.

2 From Zion's hill, where beauty ſhines
In full perfection bright,
Thence God hath ſhone, and dark deſigns
He calleth forth to light.

3 Our God ſhall come in dreadful flames,
And ſilence keep no more:
Tempeſt and fire, in dreadful gleams,
Around him ſhall devour.

4 He to the heav'ns aloud ſhall call,
And bid the earth draw near;
That he may judge his people all,
And make his juſtice clear.

5 But gather all my ſaints, he cries,
Who have a cov'nant made
With me, by that great ſacrifice
Which Chriſt for them have paid.

6 His righteouſneſs ſhall now appear
Complete before my throne;
And heav'n and earth ſhall witneſs bear,
For God is Judge alone.

PART II.

7 But, O my people hear, for I
Againſt you will exclaim;
O Iſr'el, I will teſtify
Againſt thee to thy ſhame.

8 Not for the want of ſacrifice
Will I thy ways reprove:
All thy burnt off'rings I deſpiſe,
When void of faith and love.

9 I'll take no bullock from thy ſtall
Nor he-goat from thy fold.
10 For ev'ry beaſt is mine, yea, all
That hills and foreſts hold.

11 I know all feather'd fowls that fly,
And wild beaſts of the field;
For all are mine that mountains high,
Or hills or vallies yield.

12 If hungry would I aſk for thine
That graze upon the plains;
When all the univerſe is mine,
And all that it contains?

13 Refrain your carnal thoughts, ye fools,
Nor more preſume to think,
That I would eat the fleſh of bulls
Or blood of goats would drink.

PART III.

14 Offer to God continually,
Unfeigned thanks and praiſe;
And pay thy thanks to the Moſt High,
While yet his wrath delays.

15 Then call on me when in diſtreſs,
Saith God, I'll anſwer thee:
Yea, all thy grievances redreſs,
And thou ſhalt honour me.

16 But, O ye ſinners, ſaith the Lord,
With hearts and lives profane,
What right have ye to ſpeak my word,
To take my name in vain?

17 Thou who doſt good inſtruction hate
Nor wilt my precepts hear;
But caſt'ſt my words, as out of date,
Behind thee without fear.

18 Soon as thine eyes beheld a thief,
Thou join'dſt with him in ſin:
And with adult'rers, ev'n the chief,
Thou haſt partaker been.

19 Thou giv'ſt thy mouth to evil words,
And to deceit thy tongue.
20 Thy ſlanders have been naked ſwords,
To do thy brother wrong.

21 Theſe things with ſilence I beheld,
Nor did reprove thy ſin,
Till thy preſumptuous heart was ſwell'd
With blaſphemy within.

Thou thought'ſt that I like thee had been
And took in ſin delight:
But I will ſet thy ev'ry ſin,
In order in thy ſight.

22 Conſider this betimes with fear,
Ye that forget the Lord;
Leſt I ſhould you in pieces tear,
When none can help afford.

23 But whoſo offers humble praiſe,
He ſhall accepted be:
And he that orders right his ways,
Shall my ſalvation ſee.

The Second Verſion.

HARK! hark! Jehovah ſends
His awful ſummons forth;
Ev'n to the world's remoteſt ends,
From eaſt, weſt, ſouth, and north.

2 From Zion's holy hill,
Whoſe beauty all excels,
Our God hath ſhone; thence he his will,
And glorious pow'r reveals.

3 Behold, our God ſhall come,
And ſilence keep no more:
A fire before him ſhall conſume,
And all his foes devour.

With a tempeſtuous flame
It ſhall around him blaze:
'Twill fill his enemies with ſhame,
Dread, horror, and amaze.

4 He to the heav'ns ſhall call,
And bid the earth draw near,
That he may judge his people all,
And make his truth appear.

5 But gather all my ſaints,
The Judge commands with care;
I'm come to anſwer their complaints,
And baniſh all their fear.

All who by faith have made
A covenant with God:
Through that great ſacrifice once paid
Of the Redeemer's blood.

6 The heav'ns his righteouſneſs
Shall openly declare;
For God is Judge who will redreſs
All partial dealings there.

PART II.

7 But, O my people hear,
And give attentive heed:
And thou, O Iſr'el hear and fear,
For I'll againſt thee plead.

8 For lack of ſacrifice
I will not thee reprove:
Nor that burnt off'rings ſeldom riſe
In fumes to me above.

9 No bullock will I take,
Nor he-goat from thy fold:
10 For all are mine, I did them make,
That hills or vallies hold.

11 All flying fowls I know,
And wild beaſts of the field,
They all to me their being owe,
That land or waters yield.

12 If hungry then I were,
Need I complain to thee,
Since heav'n and earth, and all that's there,
Wholly belongs to me?

13 That I bulls fleſh would eat,
Could'ſt thou preſume to think?
Or that I need, my thirſt t'abate,
The blood of goats to drink?

14 O horrid blaſphemy!
Give thanks and praiſe to God;
And pay thy vows to the Moſt High,
Nor more provoke his rod.

15 Then call by faith on me
When troublous times appear;
I'll anſwer and deliver thee,
And thou my name ſhalt fear.

PART III.

16 But to the wicked race
God ſays, what right have you
To name my covenant of grace,
Or call my ſtatutes true?

17 Ye hypocrites, who hate
Inſtruction in your mind,
How dare you practiſe ſuch deceit,
And caſt my words behind?

18 When thou a thief did'ſt ſee,
Thou gav'ſt him thy conſent;
And with adult'rers didſt agree,
With heart on miſchief bent.

19 Thou giv'ſt thy mouth to guile;
To wickedneſs thy tongue,
20 Nor ſpar'ſt with ſlanders to revile,
And do thy brother wrong.

21 Thoſe things mine eyes have ſeen,
Although I ſilence kept,
Till thou thought'ſt I like thee had been
Or that my juſtice ſlept.

But I will thee reprove,
And to thy ſad ſurprize,
The ſecret ſins which thou didſt love,
I'll ſet before thine eyes.

22 Conſider this with fear,
Ye that forget the Lord,
Leſt I your ſouls in pieces tear,
When none can help afford.

23 But whoſo offers praiſe
He honour gives to me:
And he that walks in righteous ways,
Shall my ſalvation ſee.

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy, O my God, on me,
According to thy grace;
After thy loving kindneſs free,
My num'rous crimes efface.

2 Waſh me from mine iniquities
And from my ſins me clear:
3 For my tranſgreſſions in mine eyes
Moſt odious now appear.

4 Againſt thee only have I done
This evil in thy ſight;
And if I'm baniſh'd from thy throne,
I own thy judgment right.

5 I muſt confeſs the ſinful root,
From which my nature grew;
The ſeed corrupted, and the fruit
Muſt needs be evil too.

PART II.

6 Lord, thou deſireſt truth of heart,
And purity within:
Thou wiſdom wilt to me impart,
To ſee my ſecret ſin.

7 With hyſſop purge me, O my God,
For thou canſt cleanſe me ſo:
By faith in Chriſt's atoning blood,
Till whiter far than ſnow.

8 O let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And thus my peace reſtore;
Then ſhall theſe languid bones rejoice
Which thou haſt broken ſore.

9 From my tranſgreſſions hide thy face,
And cancel all my ſin:
10 My heart renew by ſovereign grace,
And form new pow'rs within.

11 Caſt me not from thy preſence, Lord,
But let thy Spirit ſtay
With me, to guide me by thy word,
To realms of endleſs day.

[12 The joy of thy ſalvation ſweet,
Unto my ſoul reſtore:
And let thy Spirit guide my feet
That I may fall no more.

13 Then will I bold tranſgreſſors warn,
And teach to ſeek thy face;
Who, when converted ſoon ſhall learn
The methods of thy grace]

PART III.

14 Lord, cleanſe me from thoſe bloody ſtains
That cover me with ſhame,
With that dear blood that from the veins
Of my Redeemer came.

15 Open my cloſed lips, O Lord;
My drooping ſpirits raiſe:
Then heart and tongue, with one accord,
Shall loudly ſpeak thy praiſe.

16 If thou deſiredſt ſacrifice,
Then flocks and herds ſhould die;
But theſe, O Lord, thou doſt deſpiſe
Thy law to ſatisfy.

17 An humble broken ſpirit, Lord,
Is what thou doſt require;
An heart that trembles at thy word
Thou chiefly doſt deſire.

18 Do good, O Lord, in thy good will,
To thy Jeruſalem:
Build up thy church on Zion's hill,
Where thou haſt plac'd thy Name.

19 Then ſhall they on thine altars lay
A righteous ſacrifice;
Ev'n that which Chriſt their Lord did pay
While faith thereon relies.

PSALM LII.

O MIGHTY man of feeble duſt,
Why boaſteſt thou ſo faſt?
The Lord's rich goodneſs, whom I truſt,
Eternally doth laſt.

2 Thy tongue deviſeth miſchief ſtill,
And like a raſor keen,
Thou therewith ſtriveſt men to kill,
And dart thy poiſon in.

3 Evil thou lov'ſt, and hateſt good;
Thy heart delights in wrong:
4 Devouring words are like ſweet food
To thy deceitful tongue.

5 Although the goodneſs of the Lord
Is ever rich and free;
Yet hath his juſtice drawn the ſword
To be aveng'd on thee.

He ſhall thee utterly deſtroy
From off thy dwelling place,
6 The ſaints, with filial fear and joy,
Shall laugh at thy diſgrace.

7 This is the wretched man, they'll ſay
Who made not God his truſt;
But made his wealth his ſtrength and ſtay
To gratify his luſt.

8 But like an olive fair and green
The people of the Lord,
Shall in his holy courts be ſeen,
Who truſt his faithful word.

9 Therefore my ſoul ſhall ever praiſe,
And wait upon thy name:
'Tis good before thy ſaints always
To ſhew thy works of fame.

PSALM LIII.

[THE fool within his heart hath ſaid,
There is no righteous God;
Although in words he is afraid
To ſpeak his mind abroad.

Corrupt are they, and full of guile;
Their luſts are unſubdu'd:
Their thoughts, and words, and deeds are vile,
Not one of them doth good.]

2 The Lord look'd down from heav'n and view'd
And ſearch'd this earth around,
To ſee if any underſtood,
Or ſought the Lord were found.

3 But ev'ry one is backward gone,
All filthy are become:
And that doth good there is not one,
On all this earthly dome.

4 Can there be knowledge in their head
Whoſe actions are ſo odd?
They eat my people up like bread,
And never call on God!

[5 Yet were they ſtruck with panic fear,
For God had ſhew'd the bones
Of him who had of old drawn near
To vex his choſen ones.]
Thus were their faces fill'd with ſhame,
Becauſe that Iſr'el's God
With frowning face deſpiſed them,
And terrors ſpread abroad.

PART II.

6 O that ſalvation from the Lord
For Iſr'el's tribes were come!
From Zion he ſhall ſend his word,
And bring his captives home.
Then Jacob ſhall in God rejoice,
And Iſr'el ſhall be glad:
Yea, all with chearful heart and voice
His grateful praiſe ſhall ſpread.

PSALM LIV.

SAVE me, O God, by thy great name,
With ſtrength me judge, and hear
2 The humble prayer that I frame,
And to my words give ear.

3 For ſtrangers riſe againſt my ſoul;
Oppreſſors ſeek my life:
Fearleſs of God, like floods they roll,
With cruelty and ſtrife.

4 But God, my helper, helps my friends;
He is my refuge ſtill:
5 His vengeance on my foes he ſends;
His wrath their ſouls ſhall kill.

PART II.

6 To God I'll freewill off'rings bring,
And loud his name proclaim,
For it is good, O Lord, to ſing
Due praiſes to thy Name.

7 For thou from all mine enemies,
O Lord, haſt ſet me free;
And thou on them haſt made mine eyes
All my deſire to ſee.

PSALM LV.

GIVE ear, O God, unto my voice,
While I complain to thee:

2 Attend unto the mournful noiſe,
Which grief extorts from me.

Becauſe the boaſting enemy,
With others me oppreſs:
They caſt on me iniquity,
And cruel wrath expreſs.

4 My heart is pain'd within me ſore;
Death's terrors on me ſeize:

5 With fear and trembling loud I roar,
Nor fleſh nor ſoul hath eaſe.

PART II.

6 I ſaid, O were I like a dove,
With ſtrong and nimble wings,
Moſt gladly would I hence remove
From all theſe earthly things!

7 Or, could I not from earth retreat
To heav'n for ſure redreſs;
Then would I far remove my ſeat
To ſome wild wilderneſs.

8 I would eſcape, with haſty flight,
From ſtorms and tempeſts here,
And live with pleaſure day and night,
Where none but God is near.

[9 Deſtroy, O Lord, their curſed ſpleen;
Divide their crafty tongues;
For in the city I have ſeen
Their violence and wrongs.

10 For, day and night they walk around
Upon her ſtately walls:
Miſchief and ſorrow there abound,
And virtue daily falls.

11 There wickedneſs of ev'ry kind,
In one aſſembly meets:
Guile and deceit we never find
Departing from her ſtreets.]

PART III.

12 'Twas not an enemy profeſt
That hath reproached me;
If ſo it would not have diſtreſt
My ſoul to ſuch degree.

For had it been one that declar'd
Ill will to me before;
Then would I have been on my guard
And ſhun'd his preſence more.

13 But it was thou perfidious friend,
My counſeller and guide,
Who hath of old mine equal been,
By neareſt friendſhip ty'd.

14 Sweet counſel we together took,
And paths of virtue trod;
While we vain company foreſook,
And chus'd the houſe of God.

15 Sure judgment equal to their crimes
The righteous God will give;
And cut them off in wrath betimes,
Who thus perfidious live.

16 But as for me I'll call on God,
Who hears my juſt complaint:
17 At even, and morn, and noon aloud
I'll pray, and never faint.

PART IV.

18 The Lord my ſoul hath ſav'd in peace,
And kept me from ſurpriſe:
From me he made the battle ceaſe,
And gave me good allies.

19 God, who hath been my rock of old,
Shall ſtill his ſuppliant hear:
By him my foes ſhall be controul'd,
Who no ſad changes fear.

20 Lo! my deceitful friend combin'd
With my fierce enemies;
Although in ſtricteſt friendſhip join'd,
He broke the ſolemn ties.

21 Smoother than butter were his words,
While war was in his heart:
Softer than oil; yet naked ſwords
Could no ſuch wounds impart.

PART V.

22 Caſt all thy burdens on the Lord,
And he ſhall them ſuſtain:
The righteous, who believe his word,
Shall never hope in vain.

23 But down to hell's dark howling den
The wicked he'll debaſe;
For bloody and deceitful men,
Out-live not half their days.
But I will truſt, O Lord, in thee,
Who art my God and guide:
All ſhall thy great ſaivation ſee
Who in thy truth confide.

PSALM LVI.

[BE merciful to me, O God,
For man would me devour:
They daily ſtrive to ſpill my blood
With ſtrong oppreſſive pow'r.

2 My foes to ſwallow me alive
New efforts daily try:
Behold what numbers with me ſtrive,
O thou who dwell'ſt on high!]

3 What time I am afraid, O Lord,
I'll put my truſt in thee:

4 In God I'll praiſe his faithful word;
In God my truſt ſhall be.
I will not fear what man can do,
Made up of feeble duſt:
My God ſhall all my foes ſubdue,
In whom I put my truſt.

5 Daily my words to ill intent
My foes pervert with ſkill:
And earth and hell with one conſent
Contrive to do me ill.

6 In num'rous tumults, lo! they meet,
And hide them in the dark:
With watchful eyes they track my feet,
And make my ſoul their mark.

7 Shall they by falſhood ſtill eſcape
Thy ſin avenging rod?
Lord, let thy wrath no longer ſleep,
But caſt them down, O God.

PART II.

[8 Lord, thou my wand'ring ſteps haſt told;
Thou know'ſt the ways I've took:
My tears, O let thy bottle hold!
Are they not in thy book?

9 O Lord, whene'er I cry to thee,
My foes turn back and quake:
And thus I know thou favour'ſt me,
Nor wilt my ſoul forſake.]

10 In God, I'll praiſe his word, and ſtill
His wond'rous goodneſs ſhew.

11 I'll truſt his word, and do his will,
Nor fear what man can do.

12 Thy vows are on me, O my God!
I'll render praiſe to thee:

13 New life thou haſt on me beſtow'd;
From death my ſoul ſet free.

And ſince thou haſt prolong'd my days,
O Lord, on thee I'll call,
That from thy pure and holy ways
My feet may never fall.

PSALM LVII.

BE merciful to me, O God!
Be merciful to me!
For lo, to thee for ſafe abode,
With humble truſt I flee.

Beneath thy ſhadow let me hide
From this tempeſtuous blaſt,
Till theſe calamities ſubſide,
And all theſe ſtorms be paſt.

2 I'll raiſe my voice to God moſt high,
Who reſcues me from harms;
To God I'll raiſe my humble cry,
Who all for me performs.

3 Succour from heav'n to me he'll ſend,
And from reproach me ſave:
From jaws of death my life defend,
And from the gloomy grave.

He ſhall his mercy and his truth
Send forth, and ſet me free
4 From that devouring lyon's mouth,
That gapes ſo wide for me:
For I with men like lions dwell,
Whoſe mouths are ſet on fire:
They breathe out fury fierce as hell,
Such flames from them tranſpire.

Their teeth are ſpears and arrows, Lord,
And their devouring tongue
Is like a ſharp two-edged ſword,
Prepar'd to do me wrong.

5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above theſe heav'ns of thine!
And o'er this earth's inferior clod,
Let thy bright glories ſhine.

PART II.

[6 My foes for me have ſpread a net,
And ſet for me a ſnare:
But they are fall'n into the pit
They did for me prepare.]

7 My heart is fixt, O God; my heart
Is fixt, and I will ſing:
My utmoſt pow'rs I will exert
To praiſe my God and King.

8 Awake, my glory, and awake
My tuneful pow'rs, and riſe,
For early melody I'll make
At the firſt dawning ſkies.

9 To thee, O Lord, my God, I'll ſing
Amidſt the joyful throng;
And make the diſtant nations ring
With my melodious ſong.

10 For thy great mercies, Lord, tranſcend
The glorious heav'ns on high:
Thy truth throughout the clouds extend,
And all the ſtarry ſky.

11 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above theſe heav'ns of thine!
And o'er this earth's inferior clod,
Let thy bright glories ſhine.

PSALM LVIII.

DO ye indeed ſpeak righteouſneſs,
And judge by upright laws,
Ye magiſtrates? Do ye redreſs
And plead the injur'd's cauſe?

2 How right your heart for juſtice ſtands
Your actions beſt declare:
The violence of your right hands
Ye weigh out ev'ry where.

3 The wicked from the womb go wrong,
And chuſe the downward way:
Soon as they liſp with infant tongue,
Their falſhood they diſplay.

4 The aſp's rank poiſon in them lies;
They ſtop their eye and ear,
As addars dumb and deaf deſpiſe
The charmer's voice to hear.

5 Break thou their teeth, O righteous God,
And ſtop their growing pow'r:
Slay the young lions with thy rod,
Ere they thy lambs devour.

PART II.

7 As waters when a vent they get,
Soon drain the ſtanding lake;
So let the wicked waſte, and let
Their bows and arrows break.

8 As ſnails that periſh in their ſlime,
So let them melt and run;
Or as falſe births before the time
Which never ſee the ſun.

9 Before a pot can feel the blaze
Of crackling thorns on fire,
The Lord ſhall from their dwelling-place
In wrath make them retire.

10 The righteous ſhall rejoice that day
For they ſhall ſee their ſhame;
And in their blood their feet ſhall lay,
Their dogs ſhall lick the ſame.

11 The world ſhall then confeſs, O Lord,
That thou art good and juſt:
Thou mak'ſt proud ſinners feel thy ſword,
And raiſeſt humble duſt.

PSALM LIX.

FROM all mine enemies, O God,
My God, deliver me!
2 From wicked men and men of blood,
In mercy ſet me free.

3 For they againſt my ſoul combine
In a proud mighty hoſt;
But not for any ſin of mine,
O Lord my God, thou know'ſt.

4 With haſte they hurry here and there,
And gather in array:
They, unprovok'd, themſelves prepare
To make my ſoul their prey.

5 Therefore awake, O Lord of Hoſts,
O Iſr'el's God, ariſe!
Viſit theſe cruel heath'niſh coaſts,
And ſtrike them with ſurpriſe.

Rouſe thee and put my foes to ſhame;
Their cruel rage ſuppreſs:
And ſhew no favour, Lord, to them,
Who wilfully tranſgreſs.

[6 At night for miſchief and revenge,
Like howling dogs they meet:
They through the city hunt and range,
And ranſack ev'ry ſtreet.

7 Their mouths belch out malignant words,
For who, ſay they, can hear?
Their tongues are like two-edged ſwords,
And they are void of fear.

8 But thou, O Lord, ſhalt laugh at them,
And ſcorn their inſolence:
9 Thy ſtrength ſhall put them all to ſhame,
For thou art my defence.]

PART II.

10 The God of mercy guards me ſtill,
From all mine enemies:
All my deſires he doth fulfil
On them before mine eyes.

11 Slay them not all at once, O God,
Leſt men forget thy pow'r;
But keep them ſtill beneath thy rod,
O thou our ſhield and tow'r.

12 Viſit their horrid wickedneſs,
Their blaſphemy and lies:
Their haughty inſolence ſuppreſs,
Who dare thy hand deſpiſe.

13 Amidſt their haughty wrath and pride,
Confound their feeble rage;
Convince them thou art Iſr'el's guide,
Through ev'ry land and age.

[14 At night let them return again,
Like dogs with weary feet,
The city having rang'd in vain,
And hunted ev'ry ſtreet.

15 Yea, let them wander up and down
For meat from day to day,
As hungry lions yell and frown,
When cheated of their prey.]

16 Lord, in the morning I will praiſe
The mercy, pow'r, and grace,
Which keep me ſafe in all my ways,
In ev'ry time and place.

17 To thee, with chearful heart and tongue,
My ſtrength and ſtay, I'll ſing;
My God, my Saviour, great and ſtrong,
Whence all my comforts ſpring.

PSALM LX.

O GOD, thou haſt caſt off thy flock,
And ſcatter'd us abroad
Becauſe our ſins did thee provoke,
Yet turn to us, O God!

2 The earth doth tremble at thy ſtroke;
Its feeble pillars quake:
Lord, heal the breaches thou haſt broke,
For thou haſt made it ſhake.

3 Hard things thou haſt thy people ſhown,
Which hath their courage ſpent;
And thou haſt made us ſwallow down
Wine of aſtoniſhment.

4 Yet thou a banner haſt diſplay'd
To them that fear thy name:
Becauſe of truth thou haſt diſmay'd,
And put their foes to ſhame.

5 That thy beloved choſen ſheep
May not become a prey,
With thy right hand, great ſhepherd, keep
Them ſafe both night and day.

PART II.

6 God in his holineſs hath ſaid,
Which makes my joys prevail,
Shechem, behold, I will divide,
And mete out Succoth's vale.

7 Gilead is mine, Manaſſeh's mine,
And Ephraim is my ſtrength;
Judah, my law-giver divine,
Shall conquer all at length.

8 Moab my waſh-pot is, and o'er
Edom I'll caſt my ſhoe:
Philiſtia, triumph thou therefore,
At my great conqueſts now.

9 But who to Edom's city ſtrong
Shall bring our conqu'ring feet?
10 Wilt thou not, Lord, who haſt ſo long
With-held thy preſence ſweet?

Although thou did'ſt not with us go
Into our late campaign;
11 Yet now in trouble help, for lo!
The help of man is vain.

12 Through God ſhall we do valiantly,
And wide our trophies ſpread;
For he each boaſting enemy
Beneath our feet ſhall tread.

PSALM LXI.

UNTO my cry, O God, attend,
And bow thine ear to me:
2 For, from the world's remoteſt end,
I ſend my pray'r to thee.

Now, while I'm overwhelm'd with grief,
O lead me to that rock
That's high exalted for relief,
And which no ſtorms can ſhock.

3 Thou art my ſhelter, often tried,
Eternal, ſtrong, and ſure:
4 Within thine houſe will I abide,
From ev'ry foe ſecure.

5 For thou, O God, haſt heard my vows,
And haſt accepted them.
He me the heritage allows
Of thoſe that fear his name.

[6 Thou wilt prolong thy ſervant's days,
And lengthen out his reign:
7 From age to age his ſeed ſhall praiſe
Thy righteouſneſs divine.

Mercy and truth, O Lord, prepare;
Let them preſerve me ſtill,
That I thy goodneſs may declare,
And ever do thy will.

8 So will I ſing and praiſe thy name
And thy free grace adore;
That as I've vow'd I may the ſame
Perform for evermore.]

PSALM LXII.

TRULY my ſoul doth wait on God
His ſov'reign grace I've prov'd:
2 My ſtable rock, my ſafe abode,
Nor ſhall I be remov'd.

3 How long will ye deviſe my fall,
And ſeek my hurt in vain?
Ye like a tott'ring fence ſhall all
Be overthrown and ſlain.

4 They only plot to caſt him down
Whom God hath rais'd on high:
In words they bleſs his high renown,
But curſe him inwardly.

5 My ſoul, wait thou on God alone,
My truſt is in his love:
6 He my ſalvation is, and none
My hope ſhall hence remove.

PART II.

7 In God is my ſalvation ſure,
My glory, ſtrength, and rock;
My only refuge and high tow'r,
Which none can ſcale or ſhock.

8 Truſt him, ye people, truſt his grace;
His mercies ſtill endure:
Pour out your hearts before his face,
For he's a refuge ſure.

9 Surely the men of low eſtate
Are only vanity:
And what but falſhood and deceit
Are men of high degree?

If in the balance both you lay,
It plainly will appear,
That lighter far than vanity
They altogether are.

10 In cruel robb'ry grow not vain,
Nor in oppreſſion truſt,
For if you thus increaſe your gain
'Twill turn to ſordid duſt.

11 Once God hath ſpoke; yea, twice I've heard
His voice from his abode:
(Let all the world his word regard)
All pow'r belongs to God.

12 Yea, mercy, Lord, is alſo thine,
Thy throne thou haſt prepar'd,
And wilt at laſt make juſtice ſhine
In ev'ry man's reward.

PSALM LXIII.

O GOD, thou art my God, and I
Will early ſeek thy face:
With panting heart to thee I cry,
From this wild deſart place.

For in a parching wilderneſs,
Where water there is none,
My fleſh and heart, in deep diſtreſs,
Longs for the Lord alone.

2 To ſee thy glory and thy pow'r
Within thy temple ſhine,
As I have ſeen them heretofore
With luſtre all divine.

3 Becauſe thy loving kindneſs, Lord,
Doth life itſelf excel,
I'll celebrate thy faithful word,
And loud thy wonders tell.

4 Yea, I will lift my hands to pray,
And bleſs thy holy name.
Proclaim thy praiſe from day to day,
And ſhew thy deeds of fame.

5 Then ſhall my ſoul be ſatisfied
More than with coſtly meat,
When in thy worſhip I'm employ'd
Thy praiſes to repeat.

PART II.

[6 When in the watches of the night,
I reſt my weary head,
The thoughts of God give freſh delight,
And pleaſure to my bed.

7 Becauſe thou haſt my helper been;
The ſhadow of thy wings,
Shall be the place to hide me in
From all pernicious things.]

8 Lord, thy right hand upholds me ſtill,
Therefore I'll follow thee;

9 But thoſe who ſeek my blood to ſpill
In duſt ſhall ſilent be.

10 The foxes portion they ſhall be,
When humbled by thy ſword;

11 The king with joy their fall ſhall ſee,
And glory in the Lord.

Yea, all who truly fear the Lord,
And ſwear by his great name,
Shall glory in his faithful word,
And liars put to ſhame.

PSALM LXIV.

HEAR me, O God, and to my pray'r
Thy gracious ear incline:
Preſerve my ſoul from ſudden fear,
And ev'ry ill deſign.

2 Hide me from ev'ry ſecret plot
Of cruel wicked men:
By inſurrection let them not
Their curſed ends obtain.

3 For, lo! they whet their tongues like ſwords,
And bend their murd'rous bow;
Their arrows are malignant words,
The juſt to overthrow.

4 Yea, they in ſecret take their aim,
To ſhoot their helliſh darts;
And without fear they ſhoot at them,
Who are of upright hearts.

5 To carry on their curs'd deſigns,
They mutually agree;
Conſult of laying ſecret gins,
For who, ſay they, can ſee?

6 With utmoſt diligence and care,
New projects ſtill they try;
And all their thoughts are to enſnare
The righteous ſecretly.

7 But God his bow ſhall quickly bend,
His wrath their ſouls ſhall wound:
His arrows through their hearts he'll ſend,
And all their plots confound.

8 The ſlanders which they throw'd at me
Upon themſelves ſhall fall;
Expoſe their crimes till they ſhall be
Abhor'd and ſhun'd by all.

9 All men ſhall then behold with fear
Heav'n's juſt avenging rod;
Conſider wiſely, and declare
The righteous acts of God.

10 But all the righteous ſhall be glad,
Who truſt in his ſure word:
The upright ſhall lift up the head,
And glory in the Lord.

PSALM LXV.

PRAISE waits for thee in Zion, Lord,
There paid our vows ſhall be:

2 Becauſe thou doſt thine ear afford,
All fleſh ſhall come to thee.

3 Though our iniquities prevail,
Our ſins our ſouls diſmay;
We truſt thy grace, that cannot fail,
To purge them all away.

4 Bleſs'd is the man whom thou doſt chuſe,
And mak'ſt approach to thee;
That he may dwell within thine houſe
Thy gracious face to ſee.

We ſhall be fully ſatisfied,
With goodneſs all divine:
We ſhall within thy courts abide,
And in thy temple ſhine.

PART II.

5 By dreadful things in righteouſneſs
Will God perform his word;
For our ſalvation, in diſtreſs
Is only of the Lord.

He is the confidence of all
The earth's remoteſt ends,
Who truſt in him; whene'er they call,
He timely ſuccour ſends.

6 He ſets the tott'ring mountains faſt,
And being girt with pow'r;
7 He calms the loud tempeſtuous blaſt,
When mighty billows roar.

And when the people wild as waves,
In furious tumults riſe;
His choſen he in mercy ſaves,
And ſtops the clam'rous noiſe.

8 The barb'rous nations from afar,
Who have not known thy fear,
Afrighted at thy tokens are
When ſigns in heav'n appear.

While night and day their changing rounds
In conſtant courſes keep,
The myſt'ry ev'ry mind confounds,
Thy wiſdom is ſo deep.

PART III.

9 Thou viſiteſt the earth, O Lord,
With bleſſings from on high:
That it may precious fruits afford
Thou water'ſt it when dry.

Greatly thou doſt enrich its ſoil
With water from the ſkies;
Giv'ſt corn to crown the plowman's toil,
Which all mankind ſupplies.

10 The furrow'd ridges drink their fill
Of thine enriching ſhow'rs:
On ſpringing corn a bleſſing ſtill
Thy lib'ral bounty pours.

11 Thy goodneſs crowns the rolling year,
Where'er thy paths we trace;
They fatneſs drop down ev'ry where,
In every time and place.

12 Thy bleſſings on the paſtures drop,
And on the fruitful field:
The vallies bear a plenteous crop,
Which joy and gladneſs yield.

13 Thou doſt with ſheep the paſtures clothe
And larger beaſts which graze:
With corn in vallies, all which doth
Aloud proclaim thy praiſe.

PSALM LXVI.

MAKE to the Lord a joyful noiſe,
Ye lands of ev'ry tongue:
2 Exalt his honours with your voice,
And make his praiſe your ſong.

3 Say to the Lord, how great art thou
In all thy works and ways!
Thy pow'r ſhall all thy foes ſubdue,
Who dare reject thy grace.

4 Yea, all the earth ſhall worſhip thee,
And loud thy praiſe proclaim:
They ſhall extol thy Majeſty,
And magnify thy name.

PART II.

5 Come and behold the works of God,
How terrible his deeds!
His works which he to men hath ſhew'd,
All human thought exceeds.

6 He made the ſea dry land become,
Whereon our fathers trode;
And through that path he led them home
To their deſir'd abode.

7 By his eternal pow'r he rules:
His eyes the lands ſurvey:
No more let vain preſumptuous fools
Reſiſt his ſov'reign ſway.

PART III.

8 O, all ye people, bleſs the Lord,
And let his praiſe be heard:
9 Our lives depend upon his word,
And he's our conſtant guard.

10 Lord, thou haſt us as ſilver tried,
As fire refines the ore;
11 So mad'ſt thou us thy ſtrokes abide;
Our loins thy rod have bore.

12 Thou mad'ſt our foes ride o'er our head;
Yea, though thou mad'ſt us paſs
Through fire and water, thou didſt lead
Us to a wealthy place.

PART IV.

13 Now will I go into thine houſe,
And on thine altar lay
My beſt burnt-offring; and my vows
To thee devoutly pay.

14 The vows which I in trouble made,
And which my lips have ſpoke,
To thee, O Lord, ſhall now be paid
None of them ſhall be broke.

15 The choiceſt ſacrifices, Lord,
Will I preſent to thee;
And magnify thy faithful word
Which thou haſt kept for me.

PART V.

16 Come, hear, all ye who fear the Lord,
For I'll declare to you,
How he my ſinking ſoul reſtor'd,
And did my fears ſubdue.

17 I cry'd to him when deep deſtreſs'd,
Extol'd him with my voice;
He heard me and my wrongs redreſs'd,
And made my heart rejoice.

18 But did I ſecret ſin regard,
To hide it in my heart,
The Lord would not my pray'r have heard,
Nor once have took my part.

19 But verily the Lord my God
Hath heard my humble voice;
And hath remov'd my heavy load,
And made my heart rejoice.

20 Thy Name, O God, be ever bleſs'd,
Thy grace is ever free:
Thou haſt not ſhun'd my poor requeſt,
Nor turn'd thy love from me.

PSALM LXVII.

IN tender mercy, Lord, incline
To bleſs thy choſen race
And cauſe thy face on us to ſhine
With beams of heav'nly grace.

2 That thy moſt bright and glorious way
May here on earth appear,
Thy ſaving health, O Lord, diſplay
To nations far and near.

3 Let Adam's numerous tribes combine
To raiſe thine honours high;
And let the whole creation join
Thy name to magnify.

4 Let ev'ry land and nation ſing,
And ſhout aloud for joy,
Becauſe the Lord himſelf is King,
Who judgeth righteouſly.

5 Let all the people gladly praiſe
Our Saviour and our God:
Yea, chearfully truſt in his grace,
And tremble at his rod.

[6 Then ſhall th' obedient fruitful field
Produce a large increaſe:
The earth ſhall rich proviſion yield,
For God our land ſhall bleſs.

7 Yea, God our ſouls ſhall alſo bleſs,
And nations far and near
Shall ſee and own his righteouſneſs,
And all his name ſhall fear.]

PSALM LXVII. *Second Verſion.*

IN mercy, Lord, incline
To bleſs thy choſen race:
And cauſe thy face on us to ſhine
With beams of heav'nly grace.

2 That thy moſt glorious way
May thro' the world appear,
Thy ſaving health, O Lord, diſplay
To nations far and near.

3 Let Adam's tribes combine
To raiſe thine honours high.
And let the whole creation join
Thy name to magnify.

4 Let all the people ſing,
And ſhout aloud for joy;
Becauſe the Lord himſelf is King,
Who judgeth righteouſly.

5 Let all the people praiſe
Our Saviour and our God:
Ye people all, truſt in his grace
And tremble at his rod.

[6 Then ſhall the fruitful field
Produce a large increaſe;
The earth ſhall rich proviſions yield
For God our land ſhall bleſs.

7 Yea, God our ſouls ſhall bleſs,
And nations far and near
Shall ſee, and own his righteouſneſs,
And all his name ſhall fear.

PSALM LXVIII.

LET God ariſe, and let his foes
Be ſcatter'd at his ſight:
His haters all, who dare oppoſe,
Before him take their flight.

2 As ſmoke diſſolving in the air,
Or wax before the fire;
So let the wicked, in deſpair,
Before the Lord expire.

3 But, Lord, let all thy choſen race
Exult with chearful voice:
Yea, let them all, before thy face,
Exceedingly rejoice.

PART II.

4 Sing praiſe to God; extol his name,
Who on the heav'ns doth ride,
By his name JAH, in dazling flame;
In him with joy confide.

5 The father of the fatherleſs,
The widow's judge is God:
He judgeth all in righteouſneſs,
From his divine abode.

6 The ſolitary exiles he
In families doth ſet:
He ſets the humble pris'ners free,
And breaks th' entangling net.

But his rebellious foes ſhall dwell
In deſarts hot and dry;
Sure preſage of that future hell,
Where they are doom'd to lie.

PART III.

7 O God, when through the wilderneſs
Thou led'ſt thy people's way,
Thou did'ſt thy mighty pow'r and grace
Moſt glorioufly diſplay.

8 The earth before thee felt a ſhock,
The clouds diſſolv'd in tears:
Lo, Sinai ſhakes, that ſtable rock,
When Iſr'el's God appears!

9 Yea, Lord, thou ſentſt a plenteous rain
Upon thy land when dry;
And mad'ſt it bring forth ſtore of grain
Thy people to ſupply.

10 And when thy congregation felt
The lack of daily bread,
While in the wilderneſs they dwelt,
Thy hand them richly fed.

PART IV.

11 When God his gracious word ſent forth
To make his choſen glad,
Numbers from eaſt, ſouth, weſt, and north
The joyful tidings ſpread.

12 Great kings of armies fled apace,
And met a fatal foil;
While ſhe that ſtaid at home with eaſe
And pleaſure ſhar'd the ſpoil.

13 Though ye among the pots have lien,
Like doves ſhall ye appear,
With ſilver wings and gold divine,
From droſs and mixture clear.

14 When God the potent kings expell'd
From Canaan at his will,
The whiteneſs of his robes excell'd
The ſnow of Salmon's hill.

15 The hill of God, his choſen ſeat,
On Zion's mount is found;
Not Baſhan hill can boaſt ſuch ſtate,
Nor all the hills around.

16 Ye loſty hills, why leap ye ſo?
This is the hill of God:
Here he hath choſe to dwell, and lo!
Here is his fixt abode.

17 Thouſands of chariots round him ſtand,
And angels at his will,
Swift to perform his dread command,
As once on Sinai's hill.

PART V.

18 When Chriſt aſcended up on high,
With all his glorious train,
He captive led captivity,
And gifts receiv'd for men.

Yea, ev'n for the rebellious race,
God's anger to expel,
That they might yet obtain his grace,
And he with them might dwell.

19 Bleſt be the Lord our righteouſneſs,
Who ſaves us from our foes:
His benefits are numberleſs
Which he on us beſtows.

20 He is our God: 'tis he alone
Who doth ſalvation bring;
In him, who ſits on heav'n's high throne,
Is life's eternal ſpring.

21 But vengeance waits to ſeize his foes,
And juſtice armed ſtands,
To wound the hairy ſcalp of thoſe,
Who ſlight his mild commands.

[22 Thus ſaith the Lord, as once I broke
Proud Baſhan's haughty king,
So will I break my people's yoke,
And them from bondage bring.

23 From ſeas of grief and wide campaigns
Beſmear'd with purple gore
Of vanquiſh'd foes; their feet thoſe plains
And dogs ſhall trample o'er.]

PART VI.

24 When thou did'ſt march, O Lord our God,
Before the people's face;
Thy goings forth were ſeen abroad,
With moſt majeſtic grace.

25 Sweet ſinging voices led the van
And inſtruments the rear:
While tuneful virgins in a train
With timbrels charm'd each ear.

26 This was the burden of their ſong,
Bleſs ye the Lord alone,
O Iſr'el's tribes, who gladly throng
To bow before his throne.

27 Not only little Benjamin,
With Judah's princely tribe,
Did thus in bands of union join
And praiſe to God aſcribe.

But Zebulon, at diſtance great,
And Naphtali's wide coaſt,
The grand proceſſion to complete,
Came with a num'rous hoſt.

28 Thus God to ſtrength and union brought
Our tribes that jarr'd before:
Strengthen, O Lord, what thou haſt wrought;
Confirm thy love and pow'r.

PART VII.

29 O Lord, to bleſs thy church deſcend,
Where ſtands thine earthly throne:
With gifts let foreign kings attend,
And thee their ſov'reign own.

30 Rebuke, O Lord, the ſpearmens boaſts,
Who ſwarm like roaring bulls:
Make them to know the Lord of Hoſts
Alone in Zion rules.

Diſperſe them, Lord, till they ſubmit,
Who take delight in war;
Till they lie proſtrate at thy feet,
And preſents bring from far,

31 Princes from Egypt ſhall draw near,
And Ethiopia's coaſts
Shall ſoon ſtretch out their hands with fear
To thee, O Lord of Hoſts.

PART VIII.

32 O all ye nations of the earth,
Give praiſes to the Lord!
Exalt his name who gave you birth
By his almighty word.

33 Praiſe him who rides on heav'n moſt high,
Which he of old hath made;
From whence he thunders from the ſky,
And makes the earth afraid.

34 Aſcribe ye ſtrength to God alone,
Iſr'el's almighty King,
His pow'r he from the clouds makes known,
When dreadful thunders ring.

35 How terrible art thou, O Lord,
Out of thy holy place!
Yet ſtrength he doth his church afford;
Bleſs'd be the God of grace.

PSALM LXIX.

SAVE me, O God, for lo, a flood
Is come into my ſoul.
2 My feet ſtick deep in ſinking mud,
While waters o'er me roll.
3 My throat with bitter cries is dry,
Mine eyes with weeping fail;
Becauſe to thee ſo long I cry
And cannot yet prevail.
4 My foes that hate me without cauſe,
In number far exceed
The hairs that grow, by nature's laws,
On my afflicted head.
Not only num'rous, Lord, are they,
But ſuch as bear the ſword,
And what I never took away
I painfully reſtor'd.
[*Thus in the great Meſſiah's name,*
The royal Pſalmiſt ſung;
While heav'n inſpir'd with ſacred flame
The language of his tongue.]

PART II.

[5 Thou know'ſt my fooliſhneſs, O Lord,
My ſins are known to thee:
6 Let none who wait and truſt thy word,
Shame or confuſion ſee.]

O Lord of Hoſts! O Iſr'el's God,
Let none who ſeek thy face
Be left beneath th' oppreſſor's rod,
Or e'er ſuſtain diſgrace.

[7 Becauſe for thee reproach I've born,
And ſuffer'd pain and ſhame;
8 My brethren treated me with ſcorn;
An alien I became.

9 Zeal for thine houſe hath eat me up,
And ſcandals thrown at thee
Became the portion of my cup;
They center'd all on me.

10 With faſting and with briney tears,
My ſoul I chaſten'd ſore,
At which they alſo caſt their ſneers,
And mock'd me ſtill the more.

11 When ſackcloth alſo was my dreſs,
A proverb I became:
12 Yea, rulers in my deep diſtreſs
With taunts revil'd my name.

Yea, I became the drunkard's ſong;
13 But yet, O Lord, for me,
The cry of my afflicted tongue
Accepted was by thee.]

PART III.

Amidſt thy num'rous mercies, Lord,
Bow down thine ear to me:
The great ſalvation in thy word,
In truth now let me ſee.

14 O ſave me from the ſinking mire,
Nor let my ſoul be drown'd!
Nor let my ſtedfaſt hopes expire,
Amidſt theſe floods profound.

15 Let not the waters overflow
To ſink me in the deep;
But from the dreadful pit below,
My ſoul in ſafety keep.

16 Thy loving kindneſs, Lord, is good;
O therefore hear my pray'r!
For lo, thy mercies, O my God,
For ever boundleſs are.

PART IV.

17 O Lord, from me hide not thy face,
For I in trouble am:
18 Redeem my ſoul, and from diſgrace
Retrieve my injur'd name.

19 All my reproach is known to thee,
My ſorrows and my pain:
Mine adverſaries laugh at me,
And treat me with diſdain.

20 Reproach hath broke my tender heart,
And I am drown'd in grief;
I look'd for ſome to take my part,
But none gave me relief.

21 In cruelty they ſtill perſiſt,
When I in anguiſh call;
They mock my agonizing thirſt
With vinegar and gall.

[*Thus David perfectly foretold*
The ſuff'rings of his Lord;
And latter ages now behold,
How Chriſt fulfilled his word.]

PART V.

[*Againſt Chriſt's foes now David cries*
Who ſtill perſiſt in ſin,
And from the light have clos'd their eyes
Leſt it ſhould enter in.]

22 Their table let become a ſnare,
Their food their poiſon make:
23 Dark be their eyes, and let deſpair
Their loins for ever ſhake.

24 Pour out thine indignation, Lord,
Upon their curſed race:
25 Depopulate them by thy ſword;
Lay waſte their dwelling place.

26 Becauſe they wilfully refuſe
Thy great ſalvation free;
And ev'ry humble ſoul abuſe,
Who put their truſt in thee.

27 Let all their ſins upon them lie,
Nor let them taſte thy grace;
21 But from thy book of life on high,
Their curſed names efface.

[*Yet for his cruel murd'rous crew,*
The dear Redeemer prays;
"Becauſe they know not what they do,
"Father, forgive," he ſays.]

PART VI.

29 Lord, I am poor, and fill'd with grief,
Bring thy ſalvation nigh:
O give my ſinking ſoul relief,
And raiſe me up on high!

30 Then will I loudly ſing thy praiſe,
In a melodious ſong:
Yea, I will magnify thy grace,
With chearful heart and tongue.

31 And this ſhall better pleaſe my Lord,
Than coſtly ſacrifice:
32 The humble ſouls who truſt thy word,
Shall ſee it and rejoice

33 God hears the poor, nor doth his grace
The pris'ner's groans deſpiſe:
34 Let heav'n aloud proclaim his praiſe,
And all below the ſkies.

35 For God will ſurely Zion ſave,
And Judah's cities build;
That they may long poſſeſſion have,
The Lord ſhall Iſr'el ſhield.

36 His ſervants ſeed ſhall long enjoy
A calm ſucceſsful peace,
Who love his name: none ſhall annoy,
Or drive them from their place.

PSALM LXX.

IN haſte, O God, deliver me!
Send ſpeedy help I pray:
2 And let them all confounded be,
Who ſeek my ſoul to ſlay.

Let them be driven back with ſhame
Who on me hurt would draw;
3 For falſe reproach reward thou them,
Who ſay, Aha, aha!

4 But let the humble, meek, and juſt
In thee, O Lord, rejoice;
And all who in thy mercy truſt,
Praiſe thee with thankful voice.

5 But I am poor and needy, Lord,
O haſte to me I pray!
Thou art my help, I truſt thy word,
O Lord, make no delay!

PSALM LXXI.

IN thee, O Lord, I put my truſt,
Preſerve me, Lord, from ſhame:
2 Hear me and ſave me from each luſt,
Through my Redeemer's name.

3 Be thou my habitation ſtrong,
Where I may ſtill reſort:
By thee I'm ſav'd from ev'ry wrong;
Thou art my rock and fort.

4 Deliver me from wicked men,
The cruel and th' unjuſt;
5 For from my youth, Lord, thou haſt been
My only hope and truſt.

6 By thee have I been holden up,
Even from my mother's womb:
Thou took'ſt me thence, and madſt me hope
For bleſſings long to come.

Therefore thy praiſe continually
Shall be my future theme.
7 A wonder of thy grace am I;
My refuge is thy name.

8 Then let my mouth be fill'd with praiſe
Thine honours to diſplay;
That I thy wond'rous works and ways
May ſhew forth all the day.

PART II.

9 Lord, thou haſt kept me from my youth,
Forſake me not when old;
But let thy righteouſneſs and truth,
My fainting age uphold.

10 O what a boaſt my foes would make
If I were made their prey;
For ſtill they watch and counſel take,
How they my ſoul may ſlay.

11 His God, ſay they, hath him forſook,
Whom he rely'd upon.
Purſue and take him now, for look,
To help him there is none.

12 But, O my God, ſtand not afar,
When troubles are ſo near:
13 Thoſe who mine adverſaries are,
Confound, O Lord, with fear.

Let them be filled with diſgrace,
Who would my ſoul deſtroy;
14 Then will I loudly ſing thy praiſe
With ſongs of endleſs joy.

15 My mouth ſhall ſhew thy righteouſneſs
And thy ſalvation ſing;
For I thy mercy will confeſs
Is an exhauſtleſs ſpring.

PART III.

16 Lord, in thy ſtrength will I repreſs
All that againſt me join;
And in thy perfect righteouſneſs,
Truſting in none but thine.

17 For thou haſt taught me from my youth,
To fear thy holy name;
And hitherto I've made thy truth,
And wond'rous works my theme.

18 And now, O Lord, when I'm grown old,
And hoary hair appears;
Forſake me not, but ſtill uphold
My laſt declining years.

Till I thy ſtrength and pow'r ſhall ſhow
To all now on the ſtage,
And leave my teſtimony too
To ev'ry riſing age.

19 Thy righteouſneſs is deep and high,
Thy wond'rous works unknown:
What pow'r, O Lord, can vie with thee?
For thou art God alone.

PART IV.

20 Though dreadful troubles ſharp and long,
The Lord to me hath ſhew'd;
Yet by his hand, divinely ſtrong,
Ev'n death ſhall be ſubdu'd.

21 Yea, thou my greatneſs ſhall increaſe,
And comforts on me ſhed;
22 And I thy truth and faithfulneſs
With all my might ſhall ſpread.
To praiſe thee, O my God and King,
I'll ſummon all my pow'rs!
Of Iſ'el's holy One I'll ſing,
Who hath a God like ours?

23 In raptures ſweet my lips ſhall tell
The vict'ries thou haſt won:
Redeem'd my ſoul from death and hell,
By ſov'reign grace alone.

24 My tongue ſhall all the day proclaim
Thy righteous works and ways;
For thou haſt brought my foes to ſhame,
And fill'd my mouth with praiſe.

PSALM LXXII. *Long Metre.*

A prayer for SOLOMON, *a type of* CHRIST.

GIVE to the King thy judgments, Lord,
And to his Son thy righteouſneſs;
2 Then uprightly he, with the ſword
Of juſtice, ſhall thy poor redreſs.

3 The mountains and the hills ſhall then
Bring forth thy people large increaſe;
Nor more become the robber's den,
But peace bring forth by righteouſneſs.

4 He uprightly ſhall judge thy poor,
Thy needy children he ſhall ſave;
Nor let oppreſſors them devour,
But break their jaws and free the ſlave.

5 Thee ſhall they fear from age to age,
Long as the ſun and moon ſhall laſt:
6 As gentle rain ſhall he aſſwage
The parching heat and with'ring blaſt.

7 The righteous in his day ſhall thrive,
And flouriſh in abundant peace:
Their hearts with joy ſhall he revive
Till moons to wax and wane ſhall ceaſe.

8 Wide ſhall his vaſt dominion ſpread;
From ſea to ſea his pow'r extend,
Ev'n from Euphrata's antient head
Unto the world's remoteſt end.

[*Thus Solomon became the type*
Of Chriſt the univerſal King,
Who from his throne all ſtains ſhall wipe,
And everlaſting peace ſhall bring.

PART II.

9 The dwellers in the wilderneſs
Shall bow their necks to Chriſt's command;
And all his foes with ſhame confeſs
The pow'r and juſtice of his hand.

10 The kings of Tarſhiſh and the iſles,
To him ſhall coſtly off'rings bring.
Sheba and Seba ſhall with ſmiles
Draw near with gifts and own him King.

11 Yea, all the kings both far and near
Before him ſhall ſubmiſive ſtand;
And nations all through love or fear,
Shall bow their heads to his command.

12 For all the needy he ſhall ſave,
Who lift to him their humble cry:
13 The ſoul of ev'ry captive ſlave
Shall he retrieve and raiſe on high.

14 From ſons of violence and lies
Shall he his choſen ſeed redeem:
Their ſouls are precious in his eyes;
Their blood is alſo dear to him.

15 He ſhall ſurvive to endleſs days;
Gold ſhall from far to him be ſent:
And pray'r for him and endleſs praiſe,
Shall ev'ry land on earth preſent.

PART III.

16 Of corn an handful ſhall be ſown
Upon the barren mountain's top;
Yet ſhall it grow like Lebanon,
And yield a large and weighty crop.

The cities too ſhall then be ſeen
Fair flouriſhing in wealth and peace:
And like the graſs, in lovely green,
Shall they abundantly increaſe.

17 The Saviour's name ſhall ſtill endure,
And as the ſun his infl'ence ſhed
On ev'ry land; which ſhall procure
Their endleſs bleſſings on his head.

18 They ſhall with one accord proclaim,
For ever bleſſed be the Lord
The God of Iſr'el; let his name,
Who wonders doth be ſtill ador'd.

19 Yea, bleſſed be his glorious name,
Who brings ſalvation down to men:
Let ev'ry age his praiſe proclaim,
And heav'n and earth repeat, Amen.

PSALM LXXIII.

TRULY the Lord our God is good
To Iſr'el's choſen race:
2 Though once in a deſponding mood
I doubted of his grace.

3 For I was envious when I ſaw
The fooliſh waxing proud;
And wicked men, who brake his law,
Grow rich, and boaſting loud.

4 They ſeem to feel no pangs in death;
Their ſtrength they long retain:
5 No ling'ring ſickneſs waſtes their breath
Nor feel they others pain.

6 So like a chain with pride they're held;
Rapine is their attire:
7 Their eyes ſtand out with fatneſs ſwell'd,
Beyond their own deſire.

8 With heart corrupt they proudly ſpeak,
And of oppreſſion boaſt,
With lofty eyes againſt the meek,
O righteous God, thou know'ſt!

9 Againſt the heav'ns their mouths they ſet
And far their words extend:
10 Yea, crouds, becauſe their wealth is great,
Their ſervile yoke attend.

11 Can the Moſt High know this, they ſay?
Can God our actions know?
12 Behold th' ungodly! theſe are they,
Who proſper here below.

14 Then ſaid I ſurely I my heart,
And hands have cleans'd in vain;
14 For all day long with plagues I ſmart,
Each morn renews my pain.

15 But ſhould I thus deſpondant ſpeak,
Who would my heart relieve?
The generation of the meek,
I only thus ſhould grieve.

16 Again I ſought how I might eaſe
Theſe troubles of my mind;
But found, O Lord, thy dark decrees
Too deep for reaſon blind:

17 Until I went to thine abode,
Then did I plainly ſee
18 What ſlipp'ry paths theſe mortals trod,
On brink of miſery.

19 How are they in a moment brought
To deſolation low!
And every high aſpiring thought
Sunk in immortal woe!

20 Juſt as a dream when one awakes,
And doth from ſleep ariſe;
So ſhall the Lord ariſe and vex,
All ſuch his enemies.

21 Thus was I grieved in my heart,
And pricked in my reins:
22 My fooliſhneſs enhanc'd my ſmart,
Juſt like a beaſt in chains.

23 But thou art ever with me, Lord;
Thou holdeſt my right hand:
24 And thou ſhalt guide me by thy word,
Till I in glory ſtand.

PART II.

25 Whom have I, Lord, in heav'n but thee?
On earth I none deſire,
But that thou ſhouldſt my portion be
When life and time expire?

26 My fleſh and heart do faint and fail
And life will ſoon depart;
But, Lord, when death ſhall me aſſail,
Mine all in all thou art.

27 They that are far eſtrang'd from thee
Shall periſh from the way:
Nor ſhall they thy ſalvation ſee,
Who turn their feet aſtray.

28 But as for me 'tis good, O Lord,
Still to keep near thy throne,
For I have truſted in thy word,
Thy wonders to make known.

PSALM LXXIV.

HOW long, O Lord, our ſtable rock,
Wilt thou at diſtance keep?
For ever muſt thine anger ſmoke
Againſt thy choſen ſheep?

2 Think on thine antient church, O God,
So dearly bought by thee;
Which once upon mount Zion ſtood
From fears and troubles free.

3 But now her ruin loudly calls;
Lord, march to help in haſte!
For, lo! thine enemies her walls
Have laid entirely waſte.

4 Where once thy people pray'd and ſang,
Now rebels rudely roar.
5 And o'er her gates their enſign hang,
For trophies of their pow'r.

6 The carved work which once employ'd
Great artiſts of renown,
Is now by rebel hands deſtroy'd,
And by their arms broke down.

7 Yea, they have fir'd the houſe of God,
Thy people to confound:
And they the place of thine abode
Have levell'd with the ground.

8 They threaten alſo all to ſlay
That call upon thy name.
And all our ſynagogues have they
Burnt with devouring flame.

9 And yet, to mitigate our grief,
No prophet calms our woes;
And when the Lord will grant relief,
Not one amongſt us knows.

PART II.

[10 But, O moſt gracious God, how long
Shall thus our foes blaſpheme?
Shall we be made their endleſs ſong,
While they reproach thy name?

11 Wilt thou refuſe to lend thine ear,
And ſtill withhold thine hand?
Ariſe, O Lord, for us appear,
And ſave thy choſen land!]

12 O God our King, what works of old
Haſt thou on earth diſplay'd!
How didſt thou thy great pow'r unfold
When our fore-fathers pray'd!

13 How didſt thou cleave the mighty deep
And lead thy people through;
Pil'd up the waters in a heap,
Which Pharaoh's army ſlew!

14 Yea, how the monſtrous tyrant's head
Thou didſt in pieces break;
And for our tribes, which thou hadſt led,
His ſpoils a prey didſt make.

15 Yea, thou didſt cleave the flinty rock,
And gave thy people drink:
Jordan was parted by thy ſtroke,
While Iſr'el croſs'd her brink.

PART III.

[16 The day and night, O Lord, are thine;
Thou doſt their courſes guide;
And, by an ordinance divine,
Didſt lights for them provide.

17 Thy hand did form the earth of old,
And fixt its utmoſt bounds,
With ſummer's heat and winter's cold,
In their perpetual rounds.]

18 O Lord, remember how the foe
Hath long reproach'd thy name;
And fooliſh men, both high and low,
Still daringly blaſpheme.

19 Deliver not thy turtle dove
To perſecuting bands:
But ſet thy ſuff'ring church above
Their baſe malignant hands.

20 Lord, bear thy covenant in mind,
And make thy promiſe good:
For earth's dark corners, lo, we find
Are cruel dens of blood.

21 O let th' oppreſt return no more
With infamy and ſhame!
But help thy helpleſs humble poor,
That they may praiſe thy name.

22 Ariſe, O God! plead thine own cauſe;
Thy boaſting foes confound:
For fooliſh men, who break thy laws;
With blaſphemies abound.

23 Forget not theſe thine enemies,
Whoſe boaſtings never ceaſe;
For if uncurb'd they'll daily riſe,
And more and more increaſe.

PSALM LXXV.

TO God moſt holy and moſt high,
Let us with thanks repair;
For that his pow'rful name is nigh,
His wond'rous works declare.

2 Lord, when to rule thou raiſeſt me,
I'll judge the righteous cauſe;
3 And from diſorders ſoon ſet free
The land, by wholeſome laws.

4 I to the fooliſh cry'd aloud,
Deal not ſo fooliſhly:
And to the wicked, bold and proud,
Lift not your horns ſo high.

5 Your haughty necks why ſtretch ye ſo?
And words of pride advance?
6 The winds do not promotion blow,
Nor honours come by chance.

7 But God the Judge, from his high throne,
To whom all hearts are known,
With his right hand exalteth one,
And caſts another down.

8 The Lord's right hand holds out a cup,
Of red wrath mix'd with wine;
The wicked they muſt drink it up,
And vengeance feel divine.

The wine is mixt with various plagues,
Whereof his ſaints may taſte;
But, lo! his foes ſhall drink the dregs,
And wring them out in haſte.

9 But I the praiſes of the Lord
For ever will declare,
Ev'n Jacob's God: his faithful word
I'll publiſh ev'ry where.

And in his ſtrength I alſo will
The horn of pride ſuppreſs.
But I'll advance the righteous ſtill,
And all their wrongs redreſs.

PSALM LXXVI.

IN Judah is Jehovah known;
His name in Iſr'el great:
2 In Salem ſtands his choſen throne,
And Zion is his ſeat.

3 When mighty armies did ſurround
The city of the Lord;
Soon did his word their hoſts confound;
They fell before his ſword.

[4 What are the mighty hills of prey,
Where robbers make their cells?
This hill more glorious is than they,
Whereon Jehovah dwells.]

5 How ſoon the warriors loſt their breath?
Soon broken were their bands!
The ſtouteſt of them ſlept in death,
And never found their hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Chariots and horſe were caſt
Beneath our feet: on them we trod;
Their riders ſlept their laſt.

PART II.

7 The Lord is only to be fear'd;
O bow to his command;
For if his hand in wrath be rear'd,
Who can before him ſtand!

8 The heav'ns thy judgments did report;
The earth ſtood ſtill and fear'd:

9 While in thy high and holy court
Thy humble ſaints were clear'd.

10 Thou from the wrath of man, O Lord,
Shalt ſurely praiſe regain;
And the remainder, by thy word,
Thou ſurely ſhalt reſtrain.

11 Vow to the Lord, and pay your vows,
Ye that are round him; bring
Your off'rings to his holy houſe,
And fear your heav'nly King.

12 Before the Lord let princes fall,
Who boaſt of lofty birth;
For God is terrible to all
The haughty kings on earth.

PSALM LXXVII.

TO God I cry'd, and to my voice
He bow'd his gracious ear,

2 When troubles roſe, with dreadful noiſe,
I ſought his face with fear.
For in the night my ulcers ran,
And ceaſeleſs was my grief:
My ſoul did comforters diſdain,
Hopeleſs of all relief.

3 Then I with fear remember'd God,
Who thus had brought me low:
My ſoul complain'd beneath his rod,
O'erwhelm'd with dreadful woe.

4 For God from me had ſleep withdrawn,
By terrors in the night;
And when I ſaw the morning dawn,
It gave me no delight.

5 When I conſider'd antient days,
And years of former times:
6 My nightly ſongs of joy and praiſe,
Now turn'd to grief by crimes!

When I commune with my own heart,
My ſtate I thus deplore,
7 Will God eternally depart,
And favour ſhew no more?

8 What! is his mercy wholly gone?
And doth his promiſe fail?
Will he no more regard my moan,
But let deſpair prevail?

9 Can my moſt gracious God forbear
To look with pitying eye?
Hath anger ſhut his tender ear
For ever from my cry?

10 But this I ſaid in deep diſtreſs;
'Twas my infirmity:
I'll call to mind the righteouſneſs,
And pow'r of the Moſt High.

PART II.

11 I'll call to mind thy works, O Lord;
Thy wond'rous works of old,
12 Whereby thou haſt fulfill'd thy word;
Thy truths I'll here unfold.
13 Within thy church, thy bleſt abode,
Thy ways are all made known:
Where is ſo great, ſo good a God?
Lord, thou art God alone!
14 Thou art the God of ſtrength and might;
Thy juſtice thou haſt clear'd
Before all people: thou of right
Art only to be fear'd.
15 Thou haſt redeem'd thy choſen ſeed
By thine almighty hand:
Jacob and Joſeph thou didſt lead
Safe to the promis'd land.

PART III.

16 The waters ſaw thy pow'r, O God;
They ſaw and did obey:
Struck with the terror of thy rod,
They gave thy people way.
17 The clouds pour'd out their wat'ry ſtore,
The ſkies ſent forth a ſound;
Thine arrows ſcatter'd like a ſhow'r
Spread death and terror round.
18 The Lord from heav'n in thunder ſpoke;
His lightnings glar'd abroad:
The earth with dreadful horror ſhook
Before the mighty God.

19 Thy way, O God, is in the ſea;
Thy path in mighty deeps:
O who can trace thy unknown way?
Or find thy trackleſs ſteps?

20 By Moſes and by Aaron's hand,
Thou led'ſt thy choſen flock;
And broughtſt them to the promis'd land,
From Egypt's cruel yoke.

PSALM LXXVIII.

O ISR'EL, hearken to my law,
And to my words give ear:
2 While antient parables I draw,
And ſayings dark make clear.

3 Things which we've heard, and known and read
And which our fathers told:
4 Them we before our ſons will ſpread,
And faithfully unfold:
That generations yet unborn
May learn to fear the Lord;
And in his ſtrength lift up the horn,
While they his deeds record.

5 This precept God in Iſr'el fixt,
Which Jacob's ſons well knew,
That ev'ry age ſhould to the next
His works of wonder ſhow.

6 That it from age to age might run,
And children's children tell;
What wond'rous things the Lord hath done,
And learn his precepts well.

7 That they may ſet their hope in God,
And not his works forget;
But keep his laws, revere his rod,
And own his mercies great.

8 Nor like their father's ſtubborn prove,
A baſe rebellious race,
Who brake his laws, abus'd his love,
And trampled on his grace.

9 For Ephraim's children, arm'd with bows,
Turn'd back with ſhame and fled,
10 Becauſe they falſify'd the vows,
Which to the Lord they made.

11 Yea, they forget his works of might,
Which he ſo oft renew'd:
12 When he their foes put to the flight
And pow'rfully ſubdu'd.
In Egypt and in Zoan's field,
Their father's foes he ſlew.

13 The ſea in heaps his pow'r congeal'd,
While ſafely they paſt through.
14 A cloudy pillar all the day
He made their conſtant guide:
And all the night a fiery ray
Did he for them provide.

15 The flinty rock he clave in twain
Amidſt the wilderneſs:
And thence with drink did them ſuſtain,
When thirſt did them oppreſs.

16 Yea, from the rock ſuch ſtreams he brought,
As did like rivers run:
Such wonders God for Iſr'el wrought,
And glorious vict'ries won.

17 And yet they ſinned more and more,
Againſt his Majeſty;
As in the wilderneſs before,
Provoking the Moſt High.

18 They tempted God in aſking bread,
And did his pow'r diſtruſt;
Not only to ſupply their need,
But gratify their luſt.

19 Yea, they againſt him ſpake and ſaid,
Can God our ſouls refreſh,
And in the wilderneſs provide
A table crown'd with fleſh?

20 Although he clave the flinty rock,
And made the waters flow?
Can he with bread ſupply his flock,
And give us fleſh thereto?

21 God heard their murm'rings and was wroth,
Then kindled was his ire;
And he on Iſr'el's tribes brake forth
Like hot conſuming fire.

22 Becauſe their hearts, ſurcharg'd with luſt,
Would not believe in God;
Nor yet in his ſalvation truſt,
Who had ſuch gifts beſtow'd.

23 Although he had their wants ſupply'd,
And his rich bounties ſhown,
The heav'nly doors thrown open wide,
And rain'd the manna down!

24 The corn of heav'n, ſo rich and good,
Around their tents were ſpread.

25 Men filled were with angels food!
With heav'nly dainties fed!

26 An eaſtern wind God caus'd to blow,
By his almighty pow'r,
27 Which brought them fleſh, and made it flow
Like ſand upon the ſhore:
28 And feather'd fowls as thick as duſt,
A rich and eaſy prey,
To gratify their craving luſt,
In heaps unnmuber'd lay.
29 So they did eat, with greedy haſte,
Until their jaws were tir'd;
For God, to pleaſe their carnal taſte,
Gave what their hearts deſir'd.
30 Yet were they not eſtrang'd from luſt
But ere their meat was chew'd,
31 Wrath ſeiz'd on them for their diſtruſt;
And fatal death enſu'd.
It ſlew the fatteſt and moſt fair
Of Iſr'el's ſtately ſons:
The ſword of God fell on them there,
And broke their ſtubborn bones.
32 Yet after this they ſinn'd the more,
And diſbelievd his word.
Though they had ſeen his works of pow'r
And felt his chaſt'ning ſword.
33 Therefore did God their lives conſume
In vanity and grief;
And cut them off amidſt their bloom,
Becauſe of unbelief.
34 But when he ſlew them they return'd
And early ſought his face;
Although they had ſo baſely ſpurn'd
The riches of his grace.

35 They then remember'd God their rock,
And their Redeemer high;
36 Yet with their tongues did they him mock,
And with their lips did lie.
37 Their hearts were never right with God
Nor to his cov'nant clave:
38 Yet mercy ſtill was his delight,
And he their ſins forgave.
Nor did he ſtir up all his wrath,
But oft his hand withdrew;
Nor let the meſſenger of death
Their guilty ſouls purſue:
39 For he remember'd, that like graſs,
Their fleſh was weak and vain:
Light as the airy winds that paſs,
And ne'er return again.
40 How oft did they the Lord provoke,
Ev'n in the deſart place?
And with their words ſo raſhly ſpoke,
They griev'd him to his face.
41 Yea, they turn'd back and tempted God,
And limited his pow'r:
Ev'n Iſr'el's holy One who had
Preſerv'd them to that hour.
42 But they forgot his mighty hand
On that diſtreſſive day,
When he againſt their foes did ſtand
And fairly clear'd their way.
43 What ſigns he had in Egypt brought,
And ſtill was Iſrel's ſhield:
What awful wonders he had wrought,
For them in Zoan's field.

44 How he their rivers turn'd to blood;
And made their waters ſtink;
So that no fountain, ſtream, nor flood
Was found that they could drink.

45 Yea, divers ſorts of flies he ſent,
Which greatly them annoy'd.
And ſhoals of croaking frogs which went
And all their food deſtroy'd.

46 He to the caterpillars gave
The increaſe of their field;
Nor did the ſwarming locuſts leave
Ought that their land did yield.

47 With dreadful hail he ſpoil'd their vines;
Their vintage thus was loſt.
Their ſycamores, like ſtately pines,
He kill'd with nipping froſt.

48 Their lowing herds he put to death
By hail-ſtones which he threw:
And with hot thunder-bolts of wrath
Their bleating flocks he ſlew.

49 The Lord his anger on them caſt,
And gave his fury vent:
And to complete their plagues at laſt,
Among them demons ſent.

50 Full ſcope he to his vengeance gave,
Nor once reſtrain'd his wrath;
But did them of their flow'rs bereave,
By peſtilence and death.

51 Thus Egypt's firſt-born ſons he ſlew,
And ſoon the tidings came
To every houſe, which made them rue,
Through all the tents of Ham.

52 But he his own dear choſen ſheep
Brought ſafe from that diſtreſs:
And like a flock he did them keep
Through all the wilderneſs.

53 He led them forth; nor need they fear,
Though cloſe by foes purſu'd,
They never did but once appear:
The Red-ſea them ſubdu'd.

53 Unto his purchas'd ſanctuary,
Did he his people guide:
Ev'n to that mountain ſtrong and high
His right hand did provide.

55 The heathen he, before their face,
Caſt out; and gave their land
To Iſr'el; with each dwelling place
Made ready to their hand:

For an inheritance, by line,
Did he their fields divide;
That Jacob's ſons, by right divine,
Might in their tents abide.

56 And yet they tempted the Moſt High,
And did the Lord provoke;
Caſting his teſtimonies by,
They ſcorn'd his eaſy yoke.

57 As did their fathers, ſo did they
Revolt with ſtubborn brow;
And falſely ſtarted from his way,
Like a deceitful bow.

58 For they his anger much incur'd,
With groves and places high:
With graven images they ſtir'd
His dreadful jealouſy.

59 When this God heard, then was he wroth,
And greatly he abhor'd
His Iſr'el, whom he did betroth,
And was their rightful Lord.

60 Their hallow'd tabernacles then
Forſaken were of God:
Ev'n Shiloh's tent, which he with men
Had pitch'd for his abode.

61 So he deliver'd Jacob's ſtrength
To captivating bands:
And Iſr'el's glory he at length
Gave into cruel hands.

62 Thus they provok'd the Lord to leave
His heritage in wrath:
Then he his people alſo gave
Unto the ſword of death.

63 The fire conſum'd their choice young men;
Their maids unmarry'd went;
64 Their prieſts by dint of ſword were ſlain,
Nor did their wives lament.

65 Then did the Lord like one ariſe
That long in ſleep had lein;
Or as a champion loudly cries,
Awaking out of wine.

66 Then on the rere-ward of his foes
He gave a deadly wound:
He ſmote them ſo they never roſe,
But wallow'd on the ground.

67 Moreover Joſeph he refus'd,
And Ephra'm diſapprov'd:
68 But Judah's princely tribe he chus'd,
And Zion which he lov'd.

69 And there he built his ſanctuary,
A palace moſt ſublime;
Firm as the earth, which by decree
Should only end with time.

70 Yea, he his ſervant David took,
A ſhepherd from the fold,
71 From following the bleating flock
To wear a crown of gold.

He brought him forth his flock to feed,
Ev'n Jacob whom he choſe;
And to conduct his Iſr'el's ſeed
To paſtures of repoſe.

72 So them with faithful heart he fed,
And guided them aright:
Fair type of Chriſt! with ſkill he led
Them ſafe both day and night.

PSALM LXXIX.

BEHOLD, O Lord, the heathen's ſteps,
What inroads they have made!
Defil'd thy temple, and on heaps
Jeruſalem have laid.

2 The bodies of thy ſervants ſlain
Are made the vulture's meat;
And birds of prey, and beaſts unclean
Their ſacred bodies eat.

3 Behold, their blood like water ſhed
About Jeruſalem;
Their friends all baniſh'd are, or fled;
There's none to bury them.

4 We are a black reproach become
To neighbours round about:
And all abroad, and all at home
Againſt us loudly ſhout.

5 But, Lord, how long ere thou return?
For ever muſt thine ire
And jealouſy with fury burn,
Like hot devouring fire?

PART II.

[6 Lord, on the heathen pour thy wrath
Who wickedly blaſpheme;
And on the nations, void of faith,
Who have not known thy name.

7 For they thy people have devour'd,
And laid thy dwelling waſte:
Regardleſs of thy faithful word,
Againſt us they make haſte.]

8 Prevent us now, O Lord, and cleanſe
All our tranſgreſſions paſt;
And let all our provoking ſins
Behind thy back be caſt:

For thou haſt brought us very low,
And cover'd us with ſhame:

9 O God, thy great ſalvation ſhow,
And magnify thy name!

Help and deliver us, O Lord,
And purge our guilt away:
For thy great mercy's ſake afford
Thy ſov'reign aid we pray.

10 Why ſhould the taunting heathen boaſt,
And ſay, Where's now your God?
Ariſe, O Lord, and to their coſt,
Diſplay thy pow'r abroad;

By thy avenging now the blood
Of thy dear ſervants ſlain,
Which they have pour'd out, like a flood,
Upon the earth amain.

PART III.

11 O let the humble pris'ner's cries,
And groanings reach thine ear;
Whoſe ſtedfaſt hope on thee relies,
Lord let thy grace appear!

Preſerve them by thy boundleſs might,
Who now in priſon lie;
And ſave them, who by cruel ſpite,
Appointed are to die.

12 But on our neighbours, to their ſhame,
Thy ſev'n-fold vengeance pour
Into their boſom, who blaſpheme
Thy name, and us devour.

13 So we thy people and thy ſheep,
On thy rich paſtures fed,
Will give thee thanks, who doſt us keep,
And wide thy praiſes ſpread.

PSALM LXXX.

HEAR Iſr'el's ſhepherd, who haſt been
Thy Joſeph's faithful guide,
Shine forth, O thou who doſt between
The cherubims abide!

2 Before thy choſen Ephra'm's ſight
And Benjamin's appear,
And to Manaſſeh ſhew thy might;
To ſave us, Lord draw near.

3 Turn us again, O Lord our God,
And cauſe thy face to ſhine
So ſhall we, in thy bleſs'd abode,
Be ſav'd by pow'r divine.

PART II.

4 How long, O Lord of Hoſts, unſtaid
Shall thy fierce anger be,
Againſt the fervent prayers made
By thy own ſaints to thee?

5 Thou mak'ſt our tears our daily food,
Our drink is of the ſame,
Which from our eyes, with ſorrow croud,
For ever to our ſhame.

6 Thou makeſt us our neighbour's ſtriſe,
And all our foes around
Rejoice to ſee our feeble liſe
In floods of ſorrow drown'd.

7 Turn us again, O Lord of Hoſts,
And cauſe thy face to ſhine;
So ſhall we from each foe that boaſts
Be ſav'd by grace divine.

PART III.

8 Lord, thou did'ſt bring a noble vine
From Egypt by thine hand;
And madſt the heathen hence reſign,
To plant it in this land.

9 Thou haſt for it prepared room,
And made it here take root,
So that it did at laſt become
Abundant in its fruit.

10 The hills were cover'd with its ſhade,
And lands from ſide to ſide;
So that the boughs thereof were ſpread
Like cedars tall and wide.

11 Her branches reached from the ſea
To all the rivers round:
Hither did num'rous people flee,
And happy ſhelter found.

12 Why then haſt thou thine hedges broke,
And ta'en her fence away,
That all who paſs her by may pluck
Her fruit an eaſy prey?

13 See how the wild rude foreſt boar
Doth her profanely waſte:
The ſavage monſters round her roar,
And on her vintage feaſt.

PART IV.

14 Return, O God of Hoſts, return,
And viſit this thy vine,
Which doth ſo long thy abſence mourn,
From heav'n thine ear incline.

14 This vineyard thou didſt plant and long
Didſt guard it with thy hand:
For thee the branches were made ſtrong
By thy divine command.

16 But now, O Lord, it is cut down,
And caſt into the fire:
Yet thy rebuke and angry frown
Shall make her foes retire.

17 Lord, let thy hand be ſtill upon
The man of thy right hand;
The Son of man, that holy One,
Whom thou madſt ſtrong to ſtand.

18 Then will we not turn back from thee,
While thou doſt ſtrength afford;
But call upon thy Name will we,
When quicken'd by thy word.

19 Turn us again, O Lord of Hoſts,
And cauſe thy face to ſhine;
So ſhall ſalvation bleſs our coaſts
And make our foes reſign.

PSALM LXXXI.

TO God our ſtrength, O ſing aloud;
With joyful voices ſing
To Jacob's everlaſting God,
To Iſr'el's mighty King.

2 With all your pow'rs of heart and tongue,
Exalt his glorious Name:
And with a new melodious ſong,
His endleſs praiſe proclaim.

[Blow up the trump in the new moon,
Was his divine command,
And for the ſolemn feaſt a tune
Prepare with ſkilful hand.

4 For this in Iſr'el was ordain'd
A ſtatute of his grace;
And for a law it hath remain'd
To Jacob's choſen race.

5 And this to Joſeph, when exil'd,
He gave forth by command,
Where he a language heard ſo wild,
He did not underſtand.

6 His ſhoulder from the burden I
Removed, ſaith the Lord;
And from the poſts of ſlavery
His faithful hands reſtor'd.]

7 Thou in thy trouble call'dſt on me,
Nor didſt thou call in vain?
I heard, and I deliver'd thee
From all thy grief and pain.

Although my anſwer came with awe,
From thunder's ſecret place,
When at the ſtreams of Meribah
I try'd and prov'd thy grace.

PART II.

8 Hear, O my people, for I'll ſpeak,
And teſtify to thee,
O Iſr'el, if thou wilt but take
This kind advice from me.

9 Strange gods there ſhall be none with thee,
If thou wilt hear my voice;
Then ſhalt thou worſhip none but me
And in my name rejoice.

10 I am the Lord thy God who brought
Thee forth from Egypt's land:
Aſk me in faith; and what is ſought
I'll give into thine hand.

11 But, ah, my people would not hear!
Iſr'el would none of me!
Or I had quickly ſet them clear
From all their miſery.

12 So then I gave them up unto
Their own heart's luſts a prey,
Till they were forc'd at laſt to rue
Their own deſtructive way.

13 But, O that they had heard my voice,
And had my word obey'd!
They ſhould have gloried in their choice,
Nor from my paths have ſtray'd.

14 Soon ſhould I have ſubdu'd their foes,
And turn'd my pow'rful hand
Againſt them all who durſt oppoſe
My people in the land.

15 The haters of the Lord each one,
Should ſoon have bow'd to me;
And Iſr'el never ſhould have gone
Into captivity.

16 The fineſt bread they ſhould have broke.
And fully been ſupply'd
With precious honey from the rock,
Till fully ſatisfied.

PSALM LXXXII.

GOD in the courts of juſtice ſtands,
Among the earthly gods:
2 Why judge ye falſly, he demands,
While wickedneſs corrods?
3 Defend the poor and fatherleſs,
Let ſuff'rers be redreſt:
Free the afflicted from diſtreſs,
Who are by wrongs oppreſt.
4 Deliver poor and needy ſouls
From hands of wicked men
While like a flood oppreſſion rolls
As from the robber's den.

PART II.

5 They neither know, nor will they learn;
They're blind without remorſe!
For judgment they have no concern;
Nature is out of courſe!
6 Though ye the name of gods ſuſtain,
And bear a ſacred truſt;
6 Yet ſhall ye die like other men,
And mix with common duſt.
8 Ariſe, O Lord, for our defence;
The earth to judgment call;
For thou, for thine inheritance,
Shalt have the nations all.

PSALM LXXXIII.

HOLD not thy peace, O righteous God,
And ſilence keep no more!
2 For, lo! thine enemies aloud
Againſt thy people roar.

3 What crafty counſels have they took
Againſt thy choſen ſons;
That they might raze them from their rock,
And ſlay thy hidden ones?

4 Come, let us cut them off, ſay they,
Let them at once be ſlain;
That ſo the name of Iſr'el may
No more on earth remain.

5 Coſulted thus have they each one,
And given free conſent;
6 Edom and Iſhmael; nor alone,
But Moab with them went.

Together with the Hagarenes,
7 Gabal and Ammon too;
With Amalek, whoſe curſed means
Tyre and Philiſtia drew.

8 Aſſur was alſo with them join'd
In this malignant plot:
And thus aſſembled, all combin'd
To help the ſons of Lot.

PART II.

9 Lord, as with Midia deal with them,
And all their mighty train;
As Sis'ra, and his chiefs, with ſhame,
Who were at Kiſon ſlain.

10 All who at Endor periſhed,
And there no burial found;
But moſt inglorioufly were laid
As dung to fat the ground.

11 Like Oreb all their nobles make
And all who help with them:
And as Zeeb do thou them take,
And clothe them all with ſhame.

Like Zebah and Zalmunna too,
Their princes overthrow;
And all their boaſting chiefs ſubdue
With one deep humbling blow:

12 Who ſaid, Let us each houſe of God
Take for ourſelves a prey;
And ſpread our trophies all abroad,
When we have got the day.

13 O make them like the ſtubble born
By ſome tremendous blaſt!
And like a wheel their miſchiefs turn
On their own heads at laſt.

14 As wood when dry, ſo make thou them
With fervent heat expire;
Or as a fierce devouring flame
The mountains ſet on fire.

15 Yea, with thy tempeſt, Lord, purſue
Each perſecuting worm;
And all thine enemies ſubdue
With a devouring ſtorm.

16 Do thou their faces fill with ſhame;
Let them confounded be;
That they may fear and ſeek thy name,
And thy ſalvation ſee.

17 But let confuſion ſeize them all,
Who obſtinately ſtand
Regardleſs of thy gracious call,
And pow'r of thy right hand.

18 That all may know that thou whoſe name
JEHOVAH is alone,
O'er all the earth art Judge ſupreme
And heav'n ſtands for thy throne.

PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW amiable are thy courts,
O Lord of Hoſts to me!
Thither with joy my ſoul reſorts
To hold converſe with thee.

2 But, O! my ſoul with longing faints,
When kept from thine abode;
My heart cries out to meet thy ſaints,
And thee the living God.

3 The ſparrow ſhe hath found a neſt,
And ſwallows for their young;
Ev'n thine own altars where they reſt
Secure from ev'ry wrong.
How bleſs'd were I could I enjoy
So peaceful an abode,
Within thy houſe, without annoy,
O Lord my King and God!

PART II.

4 How bleſs'd are they who in thy houſe
Have found their dwelling place!
Swift as their thoughts their pleaſure grows,
And ſtill they praiſe thy grace.

5 Bleſs'd is the man whoſe ſtrength thou art,
Whoſe faith upon thee ſtays;
And in whoſe longing pious heart
Are thy delightful ways.

6 Who paſſing through dry Baca's vale,
Dig deep for flowing rills;
And there, their ſpirits to regale,
The heav'nly rain diſtils.

7 From ſtrength to ſtrength with joy they ſteer
Toward thy bleſs'd abode;
In Zion all at laſt appear
Before the Lord their God.

PART III.

8 O Lord my God, my pray'r hear,
O Jacob's God, attend
Unto my cry! bow down thine ear,
And thy ſalvation ſend.

9 O God our ſhield, look on the face
Of thine anointed One!
Diſplay thy rich, thy ſov'reign grace
From thy celeſtial throne.

10 For in thy courts to ſpend one day,
Is better far to me,
Than thouſands any other way,
In abſence, Lord, from thee.

Yea, I had rather keep the door,
Lord, where thou art within,
Than ſhine in courts bedeckt with ore,
To taſte the ſweets of ſin.

11 For, lo! the Lord's a ſun and ſhield;
No good will he withhold
From them who on his promiſe build,
Deſpiſing ſinners gold

12 O Lord of Hoſts, how bleſt are they,
Who put their truſt in thee!
They ſurely ſhall hold on their way
And thy ſalvation ſee.

PSALM LXXXV.

THOU haſt been favourable, Lord,
To this thy choſen land:
Our captive ſouls thou haſt reſtor'd,
By thy almighty hand.

2 Thou haſt thy people's guilt forgiv'n,
And cover'd all their ſin;
3 Haſt quench'd the fiery wrath of heav'n,
And ſtopt thine anger keen.

4 O God of our ſalvation, then
Let thy fierce anger ceaſe!
5 Wilt thou diſpleaſure ſtill retain
Againſt thy Iſr'el's race?

6 Wilt thou not us again revive
To bleſs thee as our King?
7 Thy mercy ſhew that we may thrive,
And thy ſalvation ſing.

PART II.

8 I'll hear what God the Lord will ſay;
He ſurely will ſpeak peace
Unto his ſaints; and, O may they
Ne'er fooliſhly tranſgreſs!

Salvation ſurely is at hand,
To all that fear thy name;
That glory may advance the land,
And keep thy ſaints from ſhame.

10 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Yea, righteouſneſs and peace
Have kiſs'd each other; and have ſet
The crown on ſov'reign grace.

11 Out of the earth ſhall truth now ſpring
And righteouſneſs from heav'n
Shall look; and joyful tidings bring
That ſinners are forgiv'n.

12 Yea, God ſhall give us what is good,
And make our fruitful land
Afford us large ſupplies of food,
By his benignant hand.

13 His righteouſneſs ſhall go before,
To guide us in his way;
That from his ſteps we hence no more
May turn our feet aſtray.

PSALM LXXXVI.

BOW down thine ear, O Lord, and hear
For poor and low am I:
To thee I lift my humble pray'r;
To thee I ſend my cry.

2 Preſerve me, Lord, for I am pure;
Thou know'ſt my innocence:
Though I theſe ills of men endure,
'Tis not for my offence.

Then ſave thy ſervant whoſe firm truſt
Depends alone on thee:
3 Daily I cry; Lord, from the duſt
In mercy raiſe thou me.

[*Thus in the great Meſſiah's name*
The holy Pſalmiſt ſpake:
Who was entirely pure from blame,
But ſuffer'd for man's ſake.]

4 Rejoice thy ſervant's heart, O Lord,
Which is ſo ſore diſtreſt;
For I rely upon thy word,
And on thy promiſe reſt.

5 For thou, O Lord my God, art good,
And ready to forgive;
Swift flows thy mercy like a flood,
Thy ſuppliants to relieve.

6 Then, Lord, unto my pray'r give ear;
My ſupplicating voice,
7 I know thou wilt in trouble hear,
And make my heart rejoice.

PART II.

[8 Amongſt the earthly gods, O Lord,
There's none hath pow'r divine:
How vain their work, their way, their word,
When once compar'd to thine!

9 All nations, Lord, which thou haſt made
Shall bow before thy throne;
And own thee for their rightful head,
Their ſov'reign Lord alone.

10 For thou art great, and by thy pow'r
Thou workeſt wondrous things:
Thou art o'er all the governour,
The glorious King of kings.

11 Teach me thy ſtatutes and I'll aim
To keep thy holy way:
Unite my heart to fear thy Name,
And I no more will ſtray.

PART III.

12 Thee will I love, O Lord, my God,
And with my heart and tongue,
I'll magnify thy name abroad,
In one eternal ſong.

13 Great is thy mercy, rich and free,
My ranſom'd ſoul can tell;
For, Lord, thou haſt redeemed me,
Ev'n from the loweſt hell.

14 The proud, O Lord, againſt me riſe;
They ſeek my ſoul to ſlay:
They ſet not thee before their eyes,
Nor thy commands obey.

15 But, Lord, thy mercy and thy truth,
Are ever without end:
Gracious art thou to him who doth
Upon thy grace depend.

16 O turn unto me then, and have
Compaſſion, Lord, on me!
Thine hand-maid's ſon in mercy ſave,
Who puts his truſt in thee.

17 Shew me a token, Lord, for good,
That all mine enemies
May ſee thou art the Lord my God,
Where all my comfort lies.

PSALM LXXXVII.

UPON his high and holy hill
His church Jehovah ſets:
2 And more than Jacob's dwellings all
He loves his Zion's gates.
3 What glorious things of thee are ſpoke,
O city of our God!
Built on the everlaſting rock
For his divine abode.
4 Of Rahab and of Babylon,
I'll alſo mention make
To them that know me, ev'ry one
Of them I'll witneſs take.
Behold, Philiſtia and Tyre
With Ethiopia too;
What men of worth did there acquire,
I'll give them honours due.
5 But, lo! of Zion it ſhall be ſaid,
This man and that was born
In her, whom God eſtabliſhed,
And did with grace adorn.
6 When God ſhall caſt up the account,
And write his people fair:
Their honours ſhall o'er all ſurmount,
Who had their birth-place there.

7 Fair ſource of all the ſingers ſweet,
And thoſe who ſweetly play'd
On inſtruments; all theſe ſhall meet
In robes divine array'd.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

O GOD of my ſalvation, hear
Thy ſuff'ring ſervant's cry!
2 O let my pray'r approach thine ear,
My tears affect thine eye!

3 My ſoul is vext with troubles ſore,
On border of the grave:
4 And ſtrength in me remains no more;
O Lord, thy ſervant ſave!

5 I'm counted free among the dead,
And number'd with the ſlain;
Like one whom thou haſt baniſhed,
Or wholly doſt diſdain.

6 For thou haſt laid me very low,
Next to the gloomy grave:
7 O'er me thy billows overflow,
With death in ev'ry wave.

8 All mine acquaintance thou haſt made
To turn their backs on me:
I'm hated and impriſoned
In bonds of miſery.

PART II.

9 Mine eyes are drown'd in floods of grief;
I mourn both night and day:
To God I look and ſeek relief,
Yet doth my Lord delay.

10 Wilt thou ſhew wonders to the dead?
Lord, ſhall they give the praiſe?
11 And ſhall the grave's dark gloomy ſhade
Shew forth thy righteous ways?

12 No, Lord! the wonders thou haſt wrought,
The grave can ne'er declare:
The dead thy name remember not,
For all is ſilence there.

12 But if thou me redeem'ſt from death,
I ſhall proclaim thy praiſe;
And publiſh with my lateſt breath
Thy wond'rous works and ways.

PART III.

14 Lord, wherefore doſt thou cut me off?
And why conceal thy face?
15 Why in affliction ſtand aloof,
And hide thy wonted grace?

Here, on the gloomy verge of death,
Thy terrors me affright:
16 And by the billows of thy wrath
Am I cut off from light.

17 Like floods they compaſs me around;
Againſt me all combine:
In deeps of ſorrow I am drown'd,
For want of light divine.

18 Lover and friend thou haſt remov'd,
And put them far from me:
Of my acquaintance none behov'd
My heavy griefs to ſee.

PSALM LXXXIX.

THY mercies ſtill ſhall be my ſong,
Through ev'ry age, O Lord:
Thy faithfulneſs my thankful tongue,
For ever ſhall record.

2 For I have ſaid, thy mercy ſhall
Be built for ever ſure;
Thy faithfulneſs ſhall never fail,
While heav'n and earth endure.

3 Thus ſaith the Lord, a covenant
I have with David made:
Yea, I have ſworn, nor will repent
The word that I have ſaid.

4 Thy ſeed will I eſtabliſh faſt,
And will build up thy throne,
And it through every age ſhall laſt
Still parallel'd by none.

[5 The heav'ns thy faithfulneſs ſhall praiſe;
And ſaints that dwell below
Shall publiſh far thy righteous ways,
And all thy goodneſs ſhow.

6 For who in heav'n's tremendous height
May once compare with thee?
Or who among the ſons of might
With God may liken'd be?]

PART II.

7 The Lord is greatly to be feard,
Where ſaints aſſembling meet:
And greatly ought to be rever'd
By all about his feet.

8 O Lord of Hoſts, almighty God,
How bright thy glories ſhine!
There's none in heav'n, thy bleſs'd abode,
Hath truth or pow'r like thine!

9 Thou rul'ſt the raging of the ſeas,
When waves tumultuous riſe:
Thou mak'ſt the roaring billows ceaſe,
And clear'ſt the gloomy ſkies.

10 Rahab thou haſt in pieces broke,
As one, that hath been ſlain:
Scatter'd thy foes, and by one ſtroke
Made all their projects vain.

11 The heav'ns above, O Lord, are thine,
And thine this earth below:
Its boundaries by pow'r divine,
Thy hand hath fixed ſo.

12 Thou by thine all-creating voice
Both ſouth and north didſt frame:
Tabor and Hermon ſhall rejoice
In thy almighty name.

13 Thine all victorious arm is ſtrong,
And pow'rful are thy hands;
Yea, thy right hand t'avenge the wrong,
On high for ever ſtands.

14 Juſtice and judgment are the place
Of thine eternal throne:
Mercy and truth before thy face,
Still hand in hand go on.

PART III.

15 Bleſs'd are the people, Lord, who know
Thy goſpel's joyful ſound:
They in thy light ſhall ever go,
With joy and gladneſs crown'd.

16 All day ſhall they rejoice in thee,
And in thy righteouſneſs
Shall they, O Lord, exalted be,
And heav'n-ward daily preſs.

17 For thou the glory of their ſtrength,
O Lord, for ever art:
And of thy bliſs ſhall they at length
Obtain a glorious part.

18 For, lo! the Lord is our defence;
Even Iſr'el's Holy One:
He is our King and confidence,
In whom we boaſt alone.

PART IV.

19 The Lord himſelf in viſion ſaid
To Chriſt his Holy One;
Behold, almighty ſtrength is laid
On thee mine only Son.

I from among the people choſe,
Yea, and exalted thee,
To cruſh my proud rebellious foes,
And ſet my captives free.

20 David my ſervant I have found,
To typify my Son:
With holy oil I have him crown'd,
And have advanc'd his throne.

21 With him my pow'rful hand ſhall be
Eſtabliſh'd; and mine arm
Shall ſtrengthen him, and ſet him free
From all impending harm.

22 The foe ſhall not on him exact,
Nor ſons of wickedneſs
By fraud or force his fall effect,
Or ſink him in diſtreſs.

23 Yea, I will cruſh before his face
All his rebellious foes;
Plague them and plunge them in diſtreſs
Who dare his reign oppoſe.

24 And ſtill with him my faithfulneſs
And mercy ſhall abide:
And in my name ſhall he ſuppreſs
His foes on ev'ry ſide.

25 His hand ſhall alſo rule the ſeas,
And o'er the rivers ſway.
And his right hand ſhall make, with eaſe,
The rapid ſtreams obey.

26 Thou art my Father, he ſhall cry,
And my almighty rock:
The God of my ſalvation high,
By whom my foes are broke.

27 Of him I'll make my firſt-born Son,
Higher than earthly kings;
And will exalt his glorious throne
O'er all created things.

28 My mercy for his ſeed I'll keep
To all eternity:
My covenant with him laid deep
Shall ſtand for ever high.

29 His ſeed I'll alſo make endure
For ever, and his throne
Shall ſtand like heav'n for ever ſure,
Eternal as mine own.

30 But if his children turn from God,
31 And follow after lies;
32 Their ſins I'll viſit with the rod,
And them with ſtripes chaſtiſe.

33 Yet, lo! my love and kind good will,
From them I'll ne'er remove:
My truth and faithfulneſs ſhall ſtill
Unviolated prove.

34 My covenant I will not break,
Nor alter what I've ſpoke:
The promiſe of my grace I'll make
Like an eternal rock.

PART V.

35 Once by my holineſs I've ſworn
To David, nor will I
E'er from my faithful promiſe turn,
Nor to my ſervant lie.

36 His ſeed for ever ſhall endure
Before me as the ſun:
His throne ſhall ſtand for ever ſure,
Nor from his offspring run.

37 Lo, it eſtabliſh'd faſt ſhall ſtand,
And as the moon endure,
Firm as the witneſs of my hand,
In heav'n for ever ſure.

PART VI.

38 But why haſt thou caſt off, O Lord?
And why withdrawn thy grace
From thine anointed, and abhor'd
Thy choſen and his race?

39 Thy ſervant's covenant thou haſt
Maid void, and with a frown
His diadem profan'd, and caſt
Upon the ground his crown.

40 All his ſtout hedges thou haſt broke,
And his ſtrong holds deſtroy'd:
41 All that paſs by him ſpoil, and mock
To ſee him thus laid void.

42 The right hand of his enemies
Thou haſt exalted high;
While in the duſt thy ſervant lies
Before their ſcornful eye.

43 Yea, thou his ſword's ſharp edge haſt turn'd,
And haſt not made him ſtand
In battle; but his foes have ſcorn'd
The weakneſs of his hand.

44 His glory thou haſt made to ceaſe,
And haſt caſt down his throne
Ev'n to the ground, and in diſgrace
Left him to mourn alone.

45 His youthful days thou haſt cut ſhort,
And cover'd him with ſhame;
While all his enemies make ſport,
And bitterly blaſpheme.

46 How long, Lord, wilt thou hide thy face,
And let thine anger burn?
For ever muſt thy mercy ceaſe,
And never more return?

PART VII.

47 Remember, Lord, man's mortal ſtate,
How ſhort and full of pain!
Didſt thou the race of man create,
O gracious God, in vain?

48 What mortal man can boldly ſtand,
And death's ſharp darts out-brave?
Can he evade the mighty hand
Of the all-conqu'ring grave?

49 Where are thy former mercies, Lord,
Thou didſt to David ſwear
In truth and faithfulneſs? thy word
Doth them in full declare.

50 Thy ſervant's ſore reproach, O Lord,
Remember how I bear,
The ſcandal of each taunting word
Strikes mine afflicted ear;

51 Wherewith, O Lord, thine enemies
Have their reproaches thrown:
And all the footſteps they deſpiſe
Of thine anointed One.

52 Yet bleſs'd for ever be the Lord,
Whoſe promiſe is not vain:
Let all the earth with one accord,
Repeat the loud Amen.

PSALM XC.

LORD, thou haſt been our dwelling place,
Through generations all,
2 Before one mountain formed was
Upon this earthly ball;

From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame:
Unchangeable is thine abode;
Almighty is thy name.

3 Thou turn'ſt the ſons of men to duſt,
By ſov'reign pow'r divine:
And we muſt own thy ſentence juſt,
Nor ought we to repine.

4 For, lo! a thouſand years how faſt
They vaniſh in thy ſight;
As yeſterday when it is paſt,
Or like a watch by night.

5 As with the waters of a flood
Thou carry'ſt them away;
As in a ſleep they change abode:
Frail as the graſs are they.

6 The graſs freſh in the morning ſprings,
And is cut down by noon;
So death his fatal weapon brings
And cuts down man as ſoon.

7 We by thine anger are conſum'd,
And troubled by thy wrath;
For our iniquities we're doom'd
To ſickneſs, pain, and death:

8 For they are all before thy face,
Though hid from mortal ſight:
Our ſins in ev'ry ſecret place
Thou ſeeſt in open light.

9 Our days are paſs'd in wrath, and fears
Our erring courſe attend;
And as a tale our haſty years
In vanity we ſpend.

PART II.

10 Our days amount to threeſcore years,
Or threeſcore years and ten;
And if to fourſcore, then appears,
Grief, ſorrow, toil, and pain.

11 Who knows the terror of thy ſword?
Thine anger burns to death!
According to thy fear, O Lord,
So is thy dreadful wrath.

12 So teach us, Lord, to count our days
That we our lives may ſpend
In holy wiſdom's pious ways,
That peace may us attend.

PART III.

13 Return, O Lord our God, return,
And viſit us with grace!
How long ſhall we thy ſervants mourn
The abſence of thy face?

14 With early mercy ſatisfy
Our ſouls, O Lord, that we
May lift our joyful voices high,
And ſtill rejoice in thee.

15 According to the evil days
Wherein thou'ſt made us ſad;
Now, Lord, diſplay thy ſmiling face,
And make our ſpirits glad.

16 Let now thy mighty works appear
Before thy people's eyes:
And alſo on our children dear
Let thy bright glory riſe.

17 And let the beauty of the Lord
On us for ever ſtay:
And on us and our works afford
A bleſſing, Lord, we pray.

PSALM XCI.

HE that within the ſecret place
Of the Moſt High abides,
Shall find a refuge in his grace
Whatever ill betides.

2 I will of God, for ever ſay
He is my refuge ſure;
My fortreſs, yea, my ſtrength and ſtay,
Wherein I reſt ſecure.

3 Surely he hath a ſtrong defence
Who puts in God his truſt:
From fowler's ſnare, and peſtilence
He will ſecure the juſt.

4 Thou underneath his ſhady wings
May'ſt truſt, and ſafely dwell,
Secure from all malignant things
Devis'd in earth or hell.

5 No midnight terror ſhall ſurpriſe,
Or e'er thy ſoul affright:
Nor yet the ſhaft by day that flies,
Shall ever on thee light.

6 Nor ſhall the peſtilence unſeen,
Amidſt the gloomy ſhade,
His baleful infl'ence dart within
The covert o'er thee ſpread.

Nor yet the ſun's fierce heat by day
That waſtes at blazing noon,
Shall dart on thee a hurtful ray,
Nor yet the ſickly moon.

7 A thouſand at thy ſide ſhall fall,
Yea, and at thy right hand
Ten thouſand more ſhall ſink down all,
Yet ſhalt thou ſafely ſtand.

8 Thou only with thine eyes ſhalt ſee
The juſtice of the Lord;
How ſaints and ſinners then ſhall be
Diſtinguiſh'd by his ſword.

PART II.

9 Becauſe thou haſt thy refuge made
The Lord of Hoſts on high;
He ſhall ſecure thee in the ſhade,
From all the ills that fly.

10 No evil ſhall upon thee fall
Nor on thy dwelling place,
11 For he ſhall charge his angels all
To keep thee in thy race.

12 And in their hands they ſhall thee bear,
And guard thy ſteps each one;
Leſt ought thy ſlip'ry foot come near,
To daſh againſt a ſtone.

13 Upon the lion thou ſhalt tread,
Nor from the adder flee:
The dragon and young lion's head
Beneath thy feet ſhall be.

14 Becauſe he ſet his love on me,
I'll ſave him, ſaith the Lord:
On high ſhall he exalted be,
Who hath believ'd my word.

15 On me ſhall he in trouble call,
And I will anſwer him;
Raiſe him to honour, and from thrall
His precious ſoul redeem.

16 With length of days I'll ſatisfy
His moſt enlarg'd deſire;
And ſhew him my ſalvation high
To which he ſhall aſpire.

PSALM XCII.

A Pſalm or Song for the SABBATH-DAY.

O 'TIS a moſt delightful theme,
With rev'rence to draw nigh
To thank and praiſe the glorious name
Of our great God Moſt High.

2 Thy loving kindneſs to declare,
O Lord, by morning light;
Thy faithfulneſs, with praiſe and pray'r,
To ſet forth ev'ry night.

3 Like David's ten-ſtring'd inſtrument,
O may we all agree!
Let all thy ſaints with one conſent
Give thanks and praiſe to thee.

4 For, by thy wond'rous works and ways,
Lord, thou haſt made us glad:
In thee will we triumph, and praiſe
The works thy hands have made.

6 How glorious are thy works of grace!
How bright thy counſels ſhine!
But brutiſh men ne'er turn their face,
Nor fools to things divine.

PART II.

7 When wicked men like graſs ſpring gay,
And ſinners ſwell with pride,
It is that they may paſs away
In wrath's tremendous tide.

8 But thou for ever art on high,
O my eternal God!
9 And ev'ry boaſting enemy
Shall fall beneath thy rod.

10 But thou ſhalt raiſe my horn on high,
And well reward my toil;
For thou my head ſhalt well ſupply
With freſh anointing oil.

11 I on my foes ſhall hear and ſee
All my deſires fulfill'd;
All wicked men, who vexed me,
Shall be for ever ſtill'd.

PART III.

12 The righteous like the palm-tree green,
Shall flouriſh here below:
They like the cedars ſhall be ſeen,
In Lebanon that grow.

13 Thoſe that within the houſe of God
Are planted, ſhall not die;
But in his courts ſhall ſpread abroad,
And raiſe their heads on high.

14 And ev'n in life's declining days
Their fruits ſhall ne'er decay:
But fat and full of ſap always
Ev'n to the laſt are they.

15 To ſhew how upright is the Lord,
The rock in whom they truſt:
For ever faithful to his word,
And all his ways are juſt.

PSALM XCIII.

JEHOVAH reigns, array'd with might,
And Majeſty divine;
Girded with ſtrength: divinely bright
His robes of honour ſhine.

The earth, eſtabliſh'd by his word,
Stands fixt by his command:

2 Thy throne was fixt of old, O Lord,
And ſhall for ever ſtand.

3 Thy foes like floods have lift their voice,
Have lift their voice on high:
But thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtop their noiſe,
And make their tumults die.

4 Then, O ye proud imperious worms,
Why lift ye up the head,
Like raging ſeas in mighty ſtorms?
The Lord ſhall ſtrike you dead.

5 Thy teſtimonies are moſt ſure,
For ever, O our God!
And holineſs, divinely pure,
Becomes the bleſt abode.

PSALM XCIV.

O LORD our God, to whom alone
All ſov'reign pow'r belongs:
O God of vengeance, from thy throne,
See, and avenge our wrongs.

2 Lift up thyſelf thou Judge ſupreme,
And recompenſe the proud:
3 How long ſhall wicked men blaſpheme,
Triumph and boaſt aloud?

4 How long ſhall their unbridled tongues
Hard things profanely ſpeak?
And all the fooliſh in our wrongs,
Boaſt, and their malice wreak?

5 Thy ſaints they break in pieces, Lord,
And vex thy heritage:
6 They ſlay the widows with the ſword,
And orphans with their rage.

7 Yea, they profanely ſay, the Lord
Shall never hear nor ſee:
Neither will Jacob's God regard
Such worms of low degree.

8 But, O ye brutiſh men with fear,
Ye ſtupid fools, draw nigh:
9 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear,
Or blind who made the eye?

10 He who the heathen doth chaſtiſe,
Shall he not you correct?
And he who makes the ſimple wiſe
What knowledge ſhall he lack?

PART II.

11 The Lord knows all the thoughts of men,
And ſees how vain they are:
12 Bleſs'd are they whom thou chaſten'ſt then,
And teacheſt, Lord, with care.

13 That thou mayſt give them reſt and peace,
From all adverſities;
Until thou haſt prepar'd a place
For all their enemies.

14 For thou wilt not caſt off, O Lord,
Thy people, nor forſake
Thine own inheritance; thy word
With them thou ne'er wilt break.

15 For judgment unto righteouſneſs
Shall certainly return;
And all the upright find redreſs,
Who now in ſecret mourn.

PART III.

16 Who will ariſe and plead for me
Againſt a wicked band?
'Gainſt all who work iniquity,
O who for me will ſtand?

17 Unleſs the Lord had been my ſtay,
My ſoul had almoſt dwelt
In ſilence long before this day,
And dreadful anguiſh felt.

18 I ſaid, O Lord, my footſteps ſlip!
And I was fill'd with fear:
But thou my ſinking ſteps didſt keep;
Thy mercy, Lord, was near.

19 Amidſt the multitudes of thought
That in my boſom roll;
Freſh promiſes of grace are brought,
Which comfort ſtill my ſoul.

PART IV.

20 Lord, ſhall the throne of wickedneſs
Have fellowſhip with thee
Which frameth miſchief by expreſs
Of law continually?

21 Againſt the righteous they combine,
The innocent to ſlay:
22 But thou my refuge art divine,
My God, my rock, my ſtay!

23 The Lord their wickedneſs at laſt,
On their own heads ſhall bring;
And all their miſchiefs on them caſt,
They aim'd on us to fling.

PSALM XCV.

COME let us all with one accord
Our great Creator praiſe:
To our ſalvation's rock, the Lord,
Our choiceſt muſick raiſe.

2 Let us before his awful face
Our thanks and praiſes bring:
Adore the riches of his grace,
And pſalms of honour ſing.

3 For, lo! the Lord is great and high,
O'er all created things:
The only glorious Majeſty,
The ſov'reign King of kings.

4 All deeps lie in his ſpacious hand,
With all the popling rills:
'Tis by his ſtrength the mountains ſtand,
And all the leſſer hills.

5 The ſea is his by native right,
He made it with his word:
The dry land alſo by his might
Was form'd and amply ſtor'd.

PART II.

6 O come, and let us worſhip God!
With rev'rence bow the knee
Before him in his bleſt abode,
For made by him were we.

7 He is our ſhepherd, we his ſheep
That on his paſtures feed:
His hand doth us from dangers keep,
And well ſupplies our need.

To-day if ye his voice will hear,
8 Then harden not your hearts,
As Iſr'el did, with ſtubborn ear,
While in the deſart parts.

9 Your fathers tempted me, ſaith he,
Prov'd me and ſaw my pow'r:
10 Forty years long they grieved me,
While I their manners bore.
Then ſaid I, 'tis a ſtupid race
That always err in heart:
They have not mark'd nor known my ways,
But from my precepts ſtart.
11 To whom I in mine anger ſware,
Since they my reſt deſpiſe,
Their feet ſhall neither enter there,
Nor ſee it with their eyes.

PSALM XCVI.

O, ALL ye nations of the earth,
To God new anthems bring:
2 From day to day, with ſolemn mirth,
His great ſalva'ion ſing.
3 His glory through the heathen lands
Declare both far and near:
4 No God beſide your praiſe demands;
None elſe deſerves your fear.
5 For all the nations gods beſide
Are idols wood and ſtone:
But our God ſtretch'd the heavens out wide,
And form'd the earth alone.
6 Honour and glorious majeſty,
Before him ever ſhine:
And in his holy ſanctuary,
Beauty and ſtrength divine.

PART II.

7 To God aſcribe, ye nations all,
All glory, ſtrength, and pow'r:
8 Before his face with rev'rence fall,
And his great name adore.

Into his courts an off'ring bring
Of grateful thanks and praiſe:
9 With rev'rence worſhip him, and ſing
Of all his wondrous ways.

10 Among the heathen ſay, God reigns,
Th' eternal King moſt high,
Whoſe pow'r the univerſe ſuſtains,
And judgeth righteouſly.

11 Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad
And let the ocean roar:
By him their fulneſs all were made;
Let all his name adore.

12 Let all the fields in chearful green
Before the Lord appear:
Then ſhall the woods and trees therein
Rejoice, for God is near.

13 For, lo! he comes! to judge he comes!
And all in righteouſneſs:
He'll give his creatures all their dooms,
And every wrong redreſs.

PSALM XCVII.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
Before his face rejoice:
Let all its iſles, with ſacred mirth,
Sing with a joyful voice.

2 Though clouds and darkneſs him ſurround,
Yet righteouſneſs divine
The baſis of his throne is found,
And bright his judgments ſhine,

3 Devouring flames before his face,
Burn up his enemies:
4 His light'nings did the world amaze;
It trembled with ſurpriſe.

5 The hills like wax with one accord,
Melted amidſt the place,
Before the Lord, the ſov'reign Lord
Of all the earth-born race.

6 The heav'ns his righteouſneſs declare,
And all his people ſee
His glorious acts how juſt they are,
How pure his ſtatutes be.

PART II.

7 Confounded be they ev'ry one,
Who idol gods adore:
Let all the gods, before his throne,
Worſhip the Lord before.

8 When Zion heard thy judgments, Lord,
She did her joys expreſs:
And Judah's daughters loud ador'd
Thy perfect righteouſneſs.

9 For, Lord, thou art exceeding high
Above thy creatures all:
No god beſide with thee may vie,
Though gods they many call.

10 O ye his ſaints that love the Lord,
All evil things abhor:
He keeps them ſafe who truſt his word,
No foes ſhall them devour.

11 Here light is for the righteous ſown,
And gladneſs for th' upright;
Which ſhall be yet more fully known,
In glorious realms of light.

12 Ye righteous in the Lord rejoice,
And when to mind you call
His holineſs; with thankful voice
Adore his goodneſs all.

PSALM XCVIII.

O SING a new ſong to the Lord,
For wonders ſtill works he:
His right hand, holy arm, and ſword,
Have gain'd him victory.

2 His great ſalvation he hath ſhown
To Iſr'el, with his might;
And his pure righteouſneſs made known
Before the heathens ſight.

3 He mindful of his truth and grace
To Iſr'el's houſe hath been:
And his ſalvation ev'ry place
On earth hath heard or ſeen.

PART II.

4 A joyful noiſe make to the Lord,
O earth, through all thy lands!
Rejoice aloud with one accord,
In ſweet harmonious bands.

5 Sing pſalms to him ſweet pſalm of praiſe,
Sing with a ſkilful voice:
6 To God our King glad anthems raiſe,
And make a joyful noiſe.

7 Loud let the ſea from ſide to ſide,
With all its fulneſs roar:
Let earth and all that there abide,
The mighty God adore.

8 Yea, let the floods all clap their hands,
And hills lift up their voice
9 Before the Lord, for he commands
All nature to rejoice.

For lo, he comes, with righteouſneſs!
To judge the world comes he:
And ev'ry wrong will he redreſs
With truth and equity.

PSALM XCIX.

JEHOVAH reigns; before his face
Let all the people quake:
Between the cherubs is his place;
O earth, be mov'd and ſhake!

2 In Zion God is great indeed:
He reigns o'er all ſupreme.
3 Praiſe his great Majeſty moſt dread,
For holy is his Name.

4 Though God is infinite in pow'r,
He nought but juſtice loves;
And all unrighteouſneſs impure
From Jacob he removes.

5 Exalt the Lord our God on high,
And worſhip at his feet:
For holy is his Majeſty,
And mercy is his ſeat.

PART II.

6 Amidſt his ancient church the Lord
Reign'd King himſelf alone:
Amongſt his prieſts that kept his word,
Moſes and Aaron ſhone.

And Samuel among them was,
Who call'd upon his name:
And while his people kept his laws,
He heard and anſwer'd them.

7 Amidſt the cloudy pillar wrapt,
He gave to them his word,
And they his teſtimonies kept,
Fear'd and obey'd the Lord.

8 Thou anſwer'd them, O Lord our God,
And didſt forgive their ſins;
Though thou diſplay'dſt thy chaſt'ning rod,
Their guilty ſouls to cleanſe.

9 Exalt the Lord our God alone
And worſhip at his feet:
Holineſs dwells upon his throne,
And he abhors deceit.

PSALM C.

MAKE to the Lord a joyful noiſe,
Ye lands of every tongue:
2 Serve him with gladneſs; raiſe your voice
Before him with a ſong.

3 Know that the Lord is God, and we
By him alone were made:
We are his flock, the ſheep that be
Upon his paſtures fed.

4 Enter his gates with thankful ſongs;
His courts approach with praiſe:
Give thanks with all your hearts and tongues,
And bleſs his name always.

5 For, lo! the Lord our God is good;
His mercies never end:
His truth that hath for ever ſtood,
To ages all extend.

PSALM C. *Second Metre.*

1 MAKE to the Lord a joyful noiſe,
O all ye nations of the earth:
2 Serve him with gladneſs and rejoice
Before his face with ſacred mirth.

3 Know that the Lord is God alone,
Not we but he us form'd and made:
We are his care; the ſheep that on
His paſtures are moſt richly fed.

4 Enter his gates with thankful ſongs;
Approach his courts with ſolemn praiſe:
Give thanks, with all your hearts and tongues,
To him, and bleſs his name always.

5 For, lo! the Lord our God is good;
His tender mercies never end:
His truth eternally hath ſtood,
And ſhall to ev'ry age extend.

PSALM CI.

OF mercy and of judgment too,
I'll ſing to thee, O Lord;
2 And wiſe behaviour will I ſhew,
According to thy word.

O Lord, when wilt thou come to me
In thine abundant grace?
My houſe and heart, made clean, ſhall be
Thy welcome dwelling place.

3 No wicked thing before mine eyes
Shall e'er permitted be:
Their works who turn aſide to lies,
Abhorred are by me.

4 The froward heart from me I'll drive,
No wicked wretch I'll own:
5 Who ſo to ſlander others ſtrive,
Shall feel my angry frown.

Yea, he that wears a haughty look
And an ambitious heart,
Shall be diſcharged from my book
And ſhall from me depart.

6 But I will ſet mine eyes upon
The faithful of the land:
Such ſhall be ſervants round my throne,
And in my council ſtand.

7 But he who plots or works deceit,
I'll baniſh far away:
The liars ſhall from me retreat,
One night they ſhall not ſtay

8 With early zeal will I deſtroy
The wicked from the land,
That no ill doers may come nigh
Where doth God's altar ſtand.

PSALM CII.

O LORD, my prayer hear, and let
My cry come up to thee,
2 Hide not thy face, nor me forget
In mine adverſity.

Incline thy gracious ear to me,
When in diſtreſs I call:
O grant an anſwer ſpeedily,
And ſave my ſoul from thrall.

3 Like ſmoke diſſolving in the air,
My weary days I ſpend:
My bones with fire conſumed are,
And downward faſt I tend.

4 My heart is ſmitten like the graſs
Burnt up with fervent heat:
My life in bitter groans I paſs
Till I forget to eat.

5 By reaſon of my grief and pain,
My bones cleave to my ſkin:
6 I'm like an owl or pelican,
In woful deſarts ſeen.

7 I like the ſparrow watch alone
Upon the houſe top high;
8 While my proud foes deride my moan,
With their reproaches ſly.

Yea, they againſt me are ſo mad,
They have againſt me ſworn:
9 But I for bread have aſhes had,
And drunk my tears with ſcorn.

Part II.

10 Becauſe thine indignation, Lord,
And wrath hard on me lie,
I am caſt down, though by thy word
I was exalted high.

11 My days like fleeting ſhadows paſs
Which ſoon decline and die:
And I am like the with'ring graſs
In ſeaſons hot and dry.

12 But thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtill endure
And thy remembrance laſt,
When generations are no more,
And time and years are paſt.

13 Thou ſhalt ariſe and mercy have
On Zion thine own hill:
The time is come for thee to ſave
And ſhew her favour ſtill.

14 For, lo! thy ſervants pleaſure take
In her devoted ſtones;
And ev'n her duſt, for thy name's ſake,
Is precious to her ſons.

15 So, Lord, when thou doſt vindicate
Thy glorious pow'r and fame;
The heathen ſhall be mov'd thereat
And fear thy dreadful name.

PART III.

16 When God ſhall build up Zion's walls,
His glory ſhall appear:
17 For when his church in trouble calls;
His help is ever near.

18 This ſhall be left upon record,
To generations all;
That age to age may praiſe the Lord,
And ever on him call.

19 For he hath look'd from heav'n on high,
And from his glorious throne;
Upon this earth he caſt his eye,
To ſee what here was done.

20 He bow'd his ear to hear the groans
Of pris'ners doom'd to die;
And to redeem his choſen ones
That did in bondage lie.

21 To celebrate his glorious name
In Zion's holy hill:
His praiſes in Jeruſalem,
Mercy and kind good-will:

22 When all the people gather'd were
To magnify the Lord;
Ev'n all the people far and near
To hear his holy word.

PART IV.

23 My ſtrength he weakn'd in the day,
And cut ſhort life's frail blaze:
24 I ſaid, Lord, take me not away
Amidſt my golden days.

Thy years are one eternal noon,
For ever clear and bright
25 Thou madſt the earth, ſun, ſtars, and moon,
Of old by thy great might.

26 And theſe ſhall periſh and wax old,
But thou art ſtill the ſame:
And as a veſture ſhalt thou fold,
Change and diſpoſe of them.

27 But thou for ever ſhalt endure,
Thy years ſhall ſtill extend
Uninterrupted, bright, and pure,
For ever without end.

28 The children of thy ſaints ſhall be
Eſtabliſh'd in thy ſight;
And kept from age to age by thee
For objects of delight.

PSALM CIII.

O BLESS the Lord, my grateful ſoul,
And all that's in me join,
To magnify, bleſs, and extol
His holy name divine.

2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the Lord thy God,
Nor once forgetful be
Of all his benefits beſtow'd,
So graciouſly on thee.

3 'Tis he who all thy ſins forgives,
And thy diſeaſes heals:
O bleſs his name, who ever lives,
And ſtill new grace reveals.

4 He hath redeem'd thy life from death,
And daily thou haſt found
He thee with loving kindneſs hath
And tender mercies crown'd.

5 He ſatisfies thy mouth with good,
And keeps thee back from ill,
So like the eagle is renew'd
Thy youthful vigour ſtill.

PART II.

6 The Lord doth judge, in righteouſneſs,
The needy and diſtreſt;
And juſtly will each wrong redreſs,
Of thoſe who are oppreſt.

7 He made his ways to Moſes known,
His acts to Iſr'el's race:
8 The Lord ſhews mercy from his throne,
And plenteous is his grace.

9 The Lord will not for ever chide,
Nor keep his anger ſtill:
10 His face he from our ſins did hide,
Though we deſerv'd ſo ill.

11 Far as the heav'n's exalted frame
Is from this earth's low place,
So great his mercy is to them
Who fear before his face.

12 Yea, far as eaſt is from the weſt,
So far hath he remov'd
All our tranſgreſſions, and hath caſt
Away their ſins he lov'd.

13 Like as a father pity ſhows
To his own children dear
Such pity ſhews the Lord to thoſe
Who walk in holy fear.

14 Full well he knows our feeble frame,
Remembers we're but duſt;
And mercy ſtill he keeps for them,
Who put in him their truſt.

PART III.

15 Vain man his days are like the graſs,
Or as the fading flow'r:
16 A wind doth quickly o'er them paſs,
And they are known no more.

17 But, lo! the mercy of the Lord
Eternally endures;
To ſuch as keep his holy word
He grace to them enſures.

18 To ſuch as keep his covenant,
And follow his commands;
And whoſe whole hearts are fully bent
To do them with their hands.

19 The Lord his throne prepared hath,
In heav'n eternally:
His kingdom rules o'er all beneath
And all above the ſky.

20 O ye his angels that excel
In ſtrength, bleſs ye the Lord:
Ye that from his commands ne'er fell,
But harken to his word.

21 O bleſs the Lord, all ye his hoſts,
Ye miniſters of his,
Who do his pleaſure through the coaſts
Of all his provinces.

22 O bleſs the Lord, ye works of his,
Through all his wide domains:
And, O my ſoul, forget not this,
Bleſs him who thee ſuſtains.

PSALM CIV.

MY ſoul, thy great Creator bleſs;
O Lord, thy glorious rays,
When cloth'd in thy majeſtic dreſs,
Surpaſſeth angels praiſe.

2 Thou covereſt thyſelf with light
As with a ſpotleſs robe:
The heav'ns thou ſtretcheſt by thy might,
As curtains round this globe.

3 Whoſe chambers moſt ſubſtantial beams,
He on the waters lays:
Clouds are his chariots which he frames,
And guides in all their ways.

He walks upon the winged winds,
With unprecarious feet:
With eaſe he them lets looſe or binds,
And they to him ſubmit.

4 His angels ſpirits, lo! he makes,
Inſpir'd with heav'nly ſkill:
Swifter than lightning, when he ſpeaks,
They fly to do his will.

PART II.

5 Behold the earth's foundation ſtrong,
Which God hath fixt ſo ſure,
That it can ne'er be mov'd ſo long
As ſun and moon endure.

6 And when the waters of a flood
O'ertopt the mountains high;
7 At thy rebuke, O Lord our God,
Thy thunder laid them dry.

8 Yet ſprings he leads by ſecret veins
Through mountains, rocks, and hills;
From whence, to water all the plains,
They run in pleaſant rills:

Till they at laſt return again
To their appointed deep.
9 Where they are bound and muſt remain,
Their ſtinted bounds to keep.

And leſt they ſhould again prevail
This ſpacious earth to drown;
He makes the ſands their force repel,
And keep their ſurges down.

10 He alſo brings refreſhing ſprings
Through vallies, rocks, and hills,
11 Where men, beaſts, birds and creeping things,
May freely drink their fills.

12 And by the ſhady river's ſide,
The birds with eaſy wing,
Find habitations to reſide,
And on the branches ſing.

PART III.

13 God from his chambers in the ſky
His fruitful rain diſtills:
Waters the earth abundantly;
Both man and beaſt he fills.

14 He makes the graſs for cattle grow,
And herbs for uſe of man:
He makes the earth with plenty flow;
His goodneſs who can ſcan?

15 Yea, wine and oil man's heart to cheer,
And give a ſhining hue:
And bread for ſtrength, that void of fear
He may his work purſue.

PART IV.

16 The trees of God are full of juice,
The trees of Lebanon;
Which he hath planted for man's uſe,
And birds to build upon.

17 As for the ſtork, the fir tree ſhe
Hath choſen for her neſt:
18 The mountains for wild goats, makes he
And rocks for conies reſt.

19 He hath for ſeaſons fixt the moon;
He makes the ſun to know
His proper hour of going down,
Which darkneſs makes below.

20 'Tis night, now all the beaſts of prey
Creep forth and roam abroad:
21 Young lions when they're hungry cry,
And ſeek their meet from God.

22 But at the ſun's approaching light,
Swift to their dens they flee.
23 Then man goes forth to work till night,
From fears and dangers free.

PART V.

24 Lord, at thy feet amaz'd I fall,
Thy wond'rous works to ſee!
In wiſdom haſt thou made them all
So num'rous as they be!

This earth is with thy goodneſs ſtor'd,
25 And the more boundleſs deep,
Where creatures great and ſmall, O Lord,
Unnumber'd ſwim and creep.

26 There go the ſhips of monſtrous ſize,
Acroſs theſe watry plains:
And there huge Leviathan lies,
And plays and fear diſdains.

27 Yea, all theſe creatures wait on thee,
O Lord, for daily food:
28 Thy hand thou openeſt lib'rally,
And fill'ſt them all with good.

29 Thou hidſt thy face; they ſink with pain;
Thou tak'ſt away their breath:
They to the duſt return again,
And all are loſt in death.

30 Again thou ſendſt thy Spirit forth
With new enliv'ning breath;
And ſtraight a num'rous train on earth
Repairs the waſtes of death.

31 Let all the creatures join their voice
To lift thine honours high;
For God ſhall in his works rejoice
To all eternity.

PART VI.

32 If on the earth the Lord but look,
It trembles with ſurpriſe!
And if he touch the hills they ſmoke,
And dreadful vapours riſe.

33 Long as I live with joy I'll ſing,
O Lord, and praiſe thy name;
And after death hath loſt his ſting,
My work ſhall be the ſame.

34 Of him my meditation ſweet
Shall be; and loud I'll tell
Of his ſalvation ſo complete
That reſcu'd me from hell.

35 Let ſinners fall before his face;
The proud no more ſhall riſe:
The wicked, who deſpiſe his grace,
No more ſhall lift their eyes.

But, O my ſoul, bleſs thou the Lord!
All ye his ſaints, him praiſe:
Join every voice with one accord,
And high his honours raiſe.

PSALM CV.

O RENDER thanks unto the Lord,
And call upon his name:
Throughout the earth his deeds record,
His glorious deeds of fame.

2 To him ſing pſalms, ſweet pſalms of praiſe,
His wond'rous works make known:
Sing how he doth the humble raiſe,
And tread the haughty down.

3 O glory in his holy name;
Ye ſaints, in him rejoice!
Their faces ne'er ſhall ſuffer ſhame,
Who make the Lord their choice.

4 Seek ye the Lord, O ſeek his face
And ſtrength for ever more:
5 Remember this tranſcendent grace;
His judgments juſt adore.

PART II.

6 O ye of faithful Abra'm's ſeed,
And Jacob's choſen race:
7 He is the Lord your God indeed,
Through earth his judgments trace.

8 His cov'nant he hath call'd to mind,
The which he did command
To thouſand ages yet behind,
For ever firm to ſtand.

9 Which cov'nant he with Abra'm made,
And unto Iſaac ſwore;
10 And unto Jacob and his ſeed,
Confirm'd it ever more.

That for a law to Iſr'el's race,
It might for ever ſtand,
11 That by a ſov'reign act of grace,
He gave them Canaan's land.

12 While yet they were but very few,
Their ſtrength but very ſmall;
And only ſtrangers in it too
Yet gave he them it all.

13 And when they wandered long and long,
Shifting from land to land;
14 He ſuffer'd none to do them wrong
With a prevailing hand.

Yea, for their ſakes he kings reprov'd,
And princes did alarm;
15 Touch not, ſaid he, my well-belov'd,
Nor do my prophets harm.

PART III.

16 Moreover, by divine command,
A dreadful famine ſpread;
For almoſt throughout ev'ry land,
God brake the ſtaff of bread.

17 Yet ſent he one, before to ſave
The ſheep of his own fold,
Ev'n Joſeph, whom they for a ſlave,
To Egypt baſely ſold.

18 Who, for his ſpotleſs innocence,
Was ſcandal'd and accus'd;
And had, through a malign pretence,
His feet with irons abus'd

19 Thus in the furnace was he tried,
Till God's appointed time;
Then he his conduct juſtify'd,
And rais'd his head ſublime.

20 The king, their ruler, him releaſed
From all his miſery:
21 And lord of all his realm he plac'd
This man of low degree:
22 To bind his princes at his will
And teach his ſenators
The wiſdom and politick ſkill
Of able counſellors.
23 Iſr'el at laſt, a welcome gueſt,
To Egypt alſo came;
And Jacob, when by famine preſt,
Liv'd in the land of Ham.
24 The Lord his people there increas'd,
Ev'n to a high degree,
25 Above their foes, who them oppreſt,
Through ſubtile jealouſy.
26 Moſes and Aaron then he ſent,
His ſervants whom he choſe,
His ſigns and wonders to preſent
Before their mighty foes.
27 And dreadful ſigns and wonders they
Shew'd in the land of Ham:
28 He darkneſs ſent inſtead of day,
And dreadful darkneſs came.
Convinc'd they then his word believ'd
And promis'd to obey:
But ſoon as reſpite they perceiv'd,
Their hearts then hardned they.
29 He turn'd their waters all to blood,
And all their fiſh deſtroy'd.
30 He ſent them frogs, a num'rous brood,
Which their whole land annoy'd.

Into the chambers of their king,
And bed the monſters crept;
Their kneading troughs, nor any thing,
Was from theſe vermine kept.

31 He ſpake and dreadful ſwarms of flies
Came forth like dreadful hoſts:
And horrid crouds of crawling lice,
He ſent through all their coaſts.

32 He ſent them hail inſtead of rain,
And dreadful flames of fire,
33 Which ſmote their vines, fig-trees, and grain,
And all their trees intire.

34 He ſpake, and, lo! the locuſts came,
Obedient at his word;
And caterpillars, ſwift as flame,
35 Which all their herbs devour'd.

36 But, lo! his laſt alarming ſtroke
Left them yet more forlorn,
Whereby their ſtrength at once he broke,
In ſlaying their firſt-born.

37 At laſt his people he brought forth
With mighty triumph and ſpoil,
Silver and gold, and joy and mirth,
Made them forget their toil.

And not a weak or feeble one
Among their tribes were found:
38 Egypt was glad when they were gone,
Whoſe fear their hearts did wound.

39 God for a cov'ring ſpread a cloud,
Which ſcreen'd them all the day;
And ſent a fire by night which ſhew'd
Their doubtful feet the way.

40 They aſk'd for fleſh, and thick as duſt,
Fat quails to them were giv'n:
Thus did he gratify their luſt,
And ſent them bread from heav'n.

41 Water they ſought; he clave the rock
And made a river flow,
Which well ſupply'd his choſen flock
The loneſome deſart through.

42 Yea, he his promiſe to fulfil,
Which he to Abr'am made,
43 With gladneſs to his holy hill,
His choſen ſafe he led.

44 He gave to them the heathens land
And fruit of all their toil;
With all things ready to their hand,
Milk, honey, wine, and oil.

45 That they might faithfully obſerve
His ſtatutes and his word;
And no more from his precepts ſwerve:
O praiſe, praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CVI.

O THANKS and praiſe give to the Lord,
For kind and good is he!
His mercies promis'd in his word
Endure eternally.

2 Who can God's mighty acts declare?
Or ſhew forth all his praiſe?
3 They're bleſs'd who keep his laws with care,
And ne'er forſake his ways.

4 With favour, Lord, remember me,
Such as thou doſt afford
To thine own people; let me ſee
Thy great ſalvation Lord:

5 That I thy choſens good may ſee,
And in their joy rejoice:
And with thy nation, bleſs'd by thee,
May join my thankful voice.

PART II.

6 We with our fathers have tranſgreſt,
And wickedly have done:
Yea, our iniquities cleave faſt
Unto us ev'ry one.

7 Our fathers did not underſtand
Thy wondrous works of old,
While they were ſlaves in Egypt's land,
Nor half thy goodneſs told.

Thy mercies they remembred not,
But oft provoked thee:
Thy pow'r they at the ſea forgot,
Yea, ev'n at the red ſea.

8 Yet notwithſtanding all, the Lord
Sav'd them from his high throne,
For his name's ſake, and for his word,
To make his judgments known.

9 The Red-ſea alſo he rebuk'd,
And parted with his hand;
Through which he did them ſafe conduct,
As through a deſart land.

10 Thus did the Lord his Iſr'el ſave,
By his almighty pow'r;
And from their foes deliv'rance gave
In that diſtreſſive hour.

11 But on their fierce purſuers he
The waters brought again;
And from the quick returning ſea,
Not one did there remain.

12 His people then believ'd his word,
And gladly ſang his praiſe:

13 But quickly they forgat the Lord,
And left his holy ways.

14 They luſted too exceedingly,
Ev'n in the wilderneſs:
And there they tempted the Moſt High,
Who ſav'd them from diſtreſs.

15 He gave them all their own requeſt,
With bread, and fleſh, and fowls;
He ſent their appetites a feaſt,
But leanneſs to their ſouls.

16 Moſes, his prophet, and his prieſt,
Ev'n Aaron whom he choſe,
They did with envy much moleſt,
And in the camp oppoſe.

17 God made the earth the cauſe decide,
Her mouth ſhe open threw,
And in her jaws, extending wide,
Sunk all the rebel crew.

Ev'n Dathan and Abiram both,
With all their company,
She ſwallow'd quick into her mouth;
This was their deſtiny.

18 A fire was kindled in his wrath,
And dreadful was the flame;
It burnt the wicked quick to death
Where'er its fury came.

PART III.

19 At Horeb too a calf they made,
And worſhipped the ſame:
Yea, to the idol dumb they pray'd,
Which their own hands did frame.

20 And thus their glory and their God,
Moſt vainly changed they,
Into a brutal form, whoſe food
Is only graſs and hay.

21 But God their Saviour they forgot,
And his almighty hand,
Which had for them ſuch wonders wrought
In Egypt's curſed land.

22 Yea, all the wondrous things that he
Wrought in the land of Ham;
And dreadful things at the Red-ſea,
By his almighty name.

23 He then reſolv'd to ſhed their blood,
His fury to allay:
But in the gap meek Moſes ſtood,
And turn'd his wrath away.

PART IV.

24 Yea, they deſpis'd the pleaſant land,
And diſbeliev'd the Lord:
25 Lo, in their tents all murm'ring ſtand,
Regardleſs of his word.

26 He therefore lifted up his rod
To ſmite theſe rebels bold;
And them, in deſart to explode
For ever from his fold.

27 And likewiſe to diſperſe their ſeed,
Among the nations round,
That ſcatter'd they might ſeek their bread
Where'ere it might be found.

[*Yet leſt the enemy ſhould boaſt,*
And haughtily blaſpheme,
He let them not be wholly loſt,
For his moſt holy name.]

PART V.

28 Yet unreclaim'd by ev'ry threat,
From God they further fled,
And with Ba'lpeor join'd and eat
Their off'rings to the dead.

29 Thus did they ſtill the Lord provoke
With their inventions new,
Till by a peſtilential ſtroke
He thouſands of them ſlew.

30 Then Phinehas roſe, that faithful prieſt,
And judgment juſt diſplay'd;
Whereby God's anger was appeas'd,
And ſo the plague was ſtay'd.

31 The Lord his holy zeal approv'd,
And fixt his prieſt-hood ſure,
That it ſhould ſtand, nor be remov'd,
For ages long t' endure.

32 Meek Moſes too did God reprove,
For their rebellious ſakes,
While at the waters, lo, they ſtrove,
And did his ſpirit vex.

33 Becauſe they did the Lord provoke,
Nor would believe his word:
Then Moſes unadvis'dly ſpoke,
And thus diſpleas'd the Lord.

34 Nor when the Lord did them employ,
And gave them ſtrict command,
The heathen nations to deſtroy,
And to poſſeſs their land,

35 Did they obey: nay, them they join'd,
And learnt their works when there:

36 Yea, ſerv'd their idols deaf and blind,
Which prov'd to them a ſnare.

37 To devils they did ſacrifice
Their tender infants dear;

38 And from their melting groans and cries
They turn'd away their ear.
Yea, with an unrelenting hand,
Devoted they their brood
To Canaan's idols; and the land
Polluted was with blood.

39 Thus with their works were they defil'd,
And they a whoring went,
With their inventions, mad and wild;
Nor did their hearts relent.

40 And thus the anger of the Lord
They highly did incenſe;
So that his people he abhor'd,
Ev'n his inheritance.

41 At laſt into the heathen's hand
He gave them for a prey;
And let their haters them command
With hard imperious ſway.

42 Their cruel enemies ſubdu'd,
And ſorely them oppreſt;
So that beneath their ſervitude
Their ſpirits found no reſt.

43 Though oft the Lord deliver'd them,
Yet they provok'd him ſo
With their own ways, that to their ſhame
Their ſins reduc'd them low.

PART VI.

44 Yet after all, God did regard
Their ſuff'rings from on high;
And in their ſore affliction heard
Their penitential cry.

45 His covenant he call'd to mind,
And favour to them ſhew'd,
According to his thoughts ſo kind,
And mercies multitude.

46 He alſo on their cruel foes
Relenting inſl'ence ſhed;
So that they pity found with thoſe
Who had them captive led.

47 O Lord our God, ſave us, and bring
Us from the heathen throng;
That we with thanks thy praiſe may ſing
In a triumphant ſong.

48 Now let JEHOVAH, Iſr'el's God,
For ever be ador'd;
And let all people ſay aloud,
Amen. Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII.

O GIVE ye thanks unto the Lord,
Whoſe goodneſs ſtill is ſure:
His mercies promis'd in his word
Eternally endure.

2 Let his redeem'd ſay ſo whom he
Hath ſav'd from endleſs woes;
And hath from bondage ſet them free,
By vanquiſhing their foes.

3 Whom he hath gather'd from among
The nations far and near;
From ev'ry airth, from ev'ry tongue
His word of grace to hear.

4 When wand'ring in the wilderneſs,
And in the road to hell,
Where they could find no reſting place,
Or city where to dwell.

5 Hungry and thirſty, faint and dry,
Their ſouls were ſpent with grief;
6 Then to the Lord they rais'd their cry,
And quickly found relief.

He ſav'd them from their deep diſtreſs,
7 And led them on their way,
Till they a city did poſſeſs
Where none could them diſmay.

8 O that mankind would praiſe the Lord
For all his goodneſs then;
And wond'rous works upon record,
Wrought for the ſons of men!

PART II.

9 The hungry ſoul the Lord ſupplies
With neceſſary food:
The longing ſoul he ſatisfies
With every needful good.

10 Such as in doleful darkneſs ſit,
In death's black dreary ſhade,
Bound with affliction, and whoſe feet
In chains of iron are laid.

11 Becauſe they have againſt the Lord
Stout hearted rebels been;
Regardleſs of his holy word,
And wretched ſlaves to ſin.

12 Therefore with labour he brings down
Their hearts unto the ground:
And makes them groan beneath his frown,
Till helpers none are found.

13 But when they cry unto the Lord,
They find a free acceſs:
They by his mercy are reſtor'd
From all their deep diſtreſs.

14 From darkneſs too he brings them out,
And from the ſhades of death;
Breaks off their chains, clears ev'ry doubt,
And ſhews them life's fair path.

15 O that mankind would praiſe the Lord,
For all his goodneſs then;
And wondrous works upon record,
Wrought for the ſons of men!

PART III.

[16 The Lord doth break the gates of braſs,
The iron bars cuts in two,
That ſo his priſoners may paſs
Without obſtruction thro'.]

17 Fools, on their own deſtruction bent,
To gratify their taſte,
Procure their own dire puniſhment,
And to their ruin haſte.

18 Nature ſurcharg'd can taſte no more
The moſt delicious meat:
Low at the gates of death they rore,
By their own weapons beat.

19 But when convinc'd they cry to God,
O'erwhelm'd with loads of grief,
He hears them, and withdraws his rod,
And ſends them quick relief.

20 Then he his word of grace reveals,
And makes them ſee their ſin;
Relieves their pains, their pardon ſeals,
Though rebels they have been.

21 O that mankind would praiſe the Lord
For all his goodneſs then;
And wondrous works upon record,
Wrought for the ſons of men!

PART IV.

[22 To God your ſacrifices bring
Of humble thanks and praiſe:
His works declare, rejoice and ſing
Of all his wondrous ways.]

23 They that unto the ſea go down
To trade in floating ſhips;
24 To them the Lord his pow'r makes known,
His wonders in the deeps.

25 At his command the ſtorms ariſe,
Which ſwell the raging main:
26 And up they mount toward the ſkies,
Then downward ſink again.

Their very hearts diſſolve with fear,
27 They ſuch commotions feel:
Feebly they ſtagger here and there,
And like a drunkard reel.

At laſt when brought to their wit's end,
28 Then to the Lord they cry;
He hears, and doth deliv'rence ſend,
When nought but death ſeems nigh.

29 He calms the high tempeſtuous wind;
He bids the waves be ſtill:
30 Then chearing hope revives their mind,
Their purpoſe to fulfil.

He brings them to the diſtant port
Where much they long'd to be:
With joy they to the ſhore reſort,
From all their fears ſet free.

31 O that mankind would praiſe the Lord,
For all his goodneſs then;
And wondrous works upon record,
Wrought for the ſons of men!

PART V.

[32 Amidſt the congregation great
Let all exalt the Lord:
People and elders in the gate,
Praiſe him with one accord.]

33 Rivers into a wilderneſs,
The Lord at pleaſure brings:
And in a dry and parching place
He turneth water ſprings.

34 He alſo makes a fruitful land
A barren heath become,
When men forget his mighty hand,
Nor fear their threaten'd doom.

35 Again the wilderneſs he turns
Into a ſtanding lake;
And in the parching land that burns
Doth ſprings of water make.

36 And there he doth the hungry fill,
And cities there they build
For their abode: he gives them ſkill
To ſow and plant the field.

37 Yea, there they ſow, and vineyards plant,
Which yield them much increaſe:
38 They multiply, and feel no want,
Becauſe he doth them bleſs.

39 Again they're miniſh'd, and brought low,
When proud oppreſſors riſe:
Affliction, ſorrow, grief, and woe
Extort from them loud cries.

40 On princes then contempt he pours,
Such as the poor oppreſs,
And makes them ſpend their hopeleſs hours
In ſome wild wilderneſs.

41 Then ſets he up the poor on high,
And he becomes their rock:
He makes their children multiply,
And flouriſh like a flock.

42 This ſhall the righteous gladly ſee,
Rejoicing in the truth:
And then ſhall all iniquity
For ever ſtop its mouth.

43 Thoſe that do mind God's mighty hand,
And his moſt faithful word,
Shall ſoon be brought to underſtand
The goodneſs of the Lord.

PSALM CVIII.

O GOD, my heart is fixt; I'll praiſe,
And celebrate thy name:
2 Awake, awake, my tuneful lays,
With this delightful theme

3 Thy choſen tribes with joy ſhall hear
The praiſes of my tongue;
And other nations far and near,
Shall liſten to my ſong.

4 For thy great mercies, Lord, tranſcend
The lofty heav'ns on high:
Thy truth unto the clouds extend,
That veil the ſtarry ſky.

5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the ſtarry frame;
And through this earth's inferior clod,
Let all extol thy name.

6 Save thy beloved church, O Lord,
From all her enemies,
By thy right hand, and ſtill afford
An anſwer to her cries.

PART II.

7 God in his holineſs hath ſaid,
(Whoſe word can never fail)
Shechem, ſaith he, I will divide,
And mete out Succoth's vale.

8 Gilead is mine, Manaſſeh's mine,
Ephraim ſupports my cauſe:
Judah, by ſov'reign right divine,
Gives forth my righteous laws.

9 Moab my waſhing pot ſhall ſtand;
O'er Edom will I tread:
And over proud Philiſtia's land,
My flying colours ſpread.

10 But, O! by whoſe ſtrong aid ſhall I
Yon ſtrong fenc'd city gain?
Who will our troops lead proſp'rouſly
Through Edom's guarded plain?

11 Lord, wilt not thou ſecure our poſts,
Which thou didſt late forſake?
And wilt not thou of theſe our hoſts
Again the guidance take?

12 Our hopes on thee alone are ſtay'd,
O, timely ſuccour ſend!
For we no more on human aid,
For ſafety will depend.

13 Through God ſhall we do valiantly,
And all our foes ſurpriſe;
For by his ſtrength alone ſhall we
Tread down our enemies.

PSALM CIX.

This pſalm is chiefly filled with prophetical imprecations againſt ſome veſſel of wrath, and monſter of iniquity; ſuppoſed to be Judas Iſcariot: but no wiſe to be underſtood of David's perſonal enemies.

O GOD, the object of my praiſe,
No longer hold thy peace:
2 For wicked men, perverſely baſe,
Would load me with diſgrace.

The mouths of the deceitful are
Againſt me open'd wide:
With lying lips they ev'ry where,
My innocence deride.

3 They alſo compaſs'd me about
With cruel words of ſpite;
And without cauſe againſt me fought,
With all their mind and might.

4 They for my love are enemies,
And cruel hatred bear
Againſt me; but I exerciſe
Myſelf in fervent pray'r.

5 Evil for good they me repay,
And hatred for my love:
Therefore, O Lord, to thee I pray,
Thou righteous Judge, above.

6 Let him who thus perſiſts in ill,
Become a wretched ſlave
To ſome proud tyrant, who may ſtill
With Satan compact have.

7 And when he's judg'd, Lord, let him be
Condemn'd at thy juſt bar:
And when he lifts his cry to thee,
Reject his ſinful pray'r.

8 His days cut ſhort, and let his place
And office others take:

9 His children make thou fatherleſs,
His wife a widow make.

10 And let his off-ſpring ev'ry one
Who in his footſteps tread,
Become a wretched vagabond,
And hardly beg their bread.

11 And let the wealth that he ador'd,
Become the uſ'rer's prey;
And whatſoever he hath ſtor'd,
Let ſtrangers bear away.

12 Mercy to him let none extend,
Nor to his curſed race:
13 Let his poſterity ſoon end,
And periſh in diſgrace.
14 His father's ſin remember thou,
O Lord, upon his head:
And alſo with his mother's now
Let him be viſited.
15 Yea, let them be before the Lord,
And that continually:
That ſo his memory, abhor'd,
From off the earth may fly.
16 For mercy he remember'd not,
But ſlew the humble poor:
The broken hearted he forgot,
And needy at his door.
17 As he in curſing took delight,
Let curſes on him lie:
As he did bleſſing ever ſlight,
Ne'er let it him come nigh.
18 Since he with curſing cloth'd him o'er,
As with a garment vile;
Into his bowels let it pour,
And thro' his bones like oil.
19 Yea, like a garment ſtrong and thick,
Cloſe to him let it bend;
And as a poiſon'd girdle ſtick
For ever without end.
20 Let this the curſed portion be
Of all mine enemies,
Who hate my ſoul becauſe on thee
My ſtedfaſt hope relies.

PART II.

21 O Lord my God, for thy name's ſake
Deal graciouſly with me:
Becauſe thy mercy's good, I make
My humble ſuit to thee.

22 For, poor and needy, Lord, am I,
My heart is broke almoſt:
23 My life like evening ſhadows fly,
And I'm like locuſts toſs'd.

24 My knees through faſting are grown weak,
My fleſh conſum'd with pain:
25 Their heads all my beholders ſhake,
And treat me with diſdain.

26 But for thy mercy's ſake look down,
And my fierce foes withſtand:
27 That all may ſee, and know, and own,
The pow'r of thy right hand.

28 Then let them curſe, but do thou bleſs,
Let ſhame their portion be,
Who ſeek my ruin, or diſtreſs,
While I rejoice in thee.

29 As with a mantle let my foes
All clothed be with ſhame;
30 But I will praiſe thee, Lord, with thoſe
Who love and fear thy name.

31 The Lord the poor ſhall ſtill defend
From ſinners that blaſpheme;
And be their Saviour to the end,
Whom earth and hell condemn.

PSALM CX.

THE Lord unto my Lord thus ſaid,
Sit thou on my right hand,
'Till I thine enemies have made
Thy footſtool at command.

2 For, out of Zion God ſhall ſend
The rod of thy great pow'r;
Amidſt thy foes thy throne aſcend,
And reign for ever more.

3 Thy people willing in thy day
Of pow'r ſhall bow to thee:
Like as the morning's beauteous ray,
Thy youthful dew ſhall be.

PART II.

4 The Lord hath ſworn, nor will go back,
A prieſt thou art, ſaith he,
Of th' order of Melchizedeck,
And ſhalt for ever be.

5 Behold, the Lord at thy right hand
Shall mighty kings ſtrike through,
And in his wrath, all that withſtand,
Shall mortally ſubdue.

6 Among the heathen judgment ſound
And juſt ſhall he maintain:
The heads of many tyrants wound,
And multiply the ſlain.

7 The brook that runneth by the way
Shall him with drink ſupply,
Till all his enemies he ſlay,
Then lift his head on high.

PSALM CXI.

PRAISE ye the Lord: with all my might,
I'll join both heart and tongue
To praiſe his name with ſweet delight,
Where ſaints aſſembling throng.

2 Great are the works his hands have wrought,
And wondrous in our eyes;
Which men in every age have ſought
With pleaſure and ſurpriſe.

3 Lo, all his works with honour ſhine,
Moſt glorious, bright, and pure:
His perfect righteouſneſs divine,
For ever ſhall endure.

4 The Lord his wondrous works hath made
To be remember'd ſtill:
His kind compaſſions raiſe the head,
His grace the humble fill.

5 The Lord ſupplies the poor with meat,
Who fear his holy name;
Nor will his covenant forget,
And promiſes to them.

PART II.

6 His works did God to Iſr'el ſhew,
And pow'r of his right hand,
When he the heathen overthrew,
And gave to them their land.

7 The operations of his hands
Are truth and judgment pure:
Eternally his juſtice ſtands;
All his commands are ſure:

8 For ever as his ſacred throne,
They ſtedfaſt ſhall remain;
For they in uprightneſs are done,
And truth without a ſtain.

9 Redemption he to Iſr'el ſent,
And lo, a Saviour came:
Thus he comfirm'd his covenant,
By his moſt holy name.

10 To fear the Lord, and truſt his love,
And his commands obey;
Will our ſublimeſt wiſdom prove
His praiſe endures for aye.

PSALM CXII.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Bleſs'd is the man,
Who fears the Lord aright;
And who in his commandments can
For ever find delight.

2 His ſeed on earth ſhall bleſſed be,
Of peace and joy poſſeſt:
From age to age, behold and ſee,
The upright man is bleſt.

3 The Lord his houſe with wealth ſhall bleſs,
And long his peace ſecure:
And his unſpotted righteouſneſs
For ever ſhall endure.

4 Unto the upright light ſhall riſe
Amidſt the darkeſt night;
For in his heart compaſſion lies,
And mercy's his delight.

5 He to the poor ſtill favour ſhews,
And freely gives or lends;
Yet by diſcretion he renews
The wealth he thus expends.

6 He ſurely ſhall not moved be,
The Lord ſhall him defend;
And after death his memory,
Still bleſt, ſhall never end.

PART II.

7 Ill tidings never can ſurpriſe,
Or put his ſoul to pain,
Whoſe ſtedfaſt hope on God relies,
Nor ſhall his hope be vain.

8 His heart eſtabliſh'd ſhall not be
Afraid when dangers riſe;
Till he his heart's deſire ſhall ſee
On all his enemies.

9 His alms he hath diſpers'd abroad
And fed the hungry poor:
His righteouſneſs remains with God
And his reward is ſure.

10 The wicked ſhall be griev'd to ſee
The glory he ſhall ſhare:
Yea, gnaſh his teeth in miſery,
And periſh in deſpair.

PSALM CXIII.

O PRAISE the Lord, ye ſervants all
Who to the Lord belong:
Do ye his holy name extol,
In one harmonious ſong.

2 Bleſt be the Lord, the God of grace,
Henceforth for ever more:
3 Far as the ſun extends his race,
Let all his name adore.

4 O'er all the nations God is high;
His glory heav'n tranſcends:
5 With him who dare preſume to vie,
Who all things comprehends?

6 He humbleth ev'n himſelf to view
The things in heav'n above:
Yet to this earth he ſtoops to ſhew
The wonders of his love.

7 He from the duſt lifts up the poor,
And ſetteth them on high;
He hears the needy when they rore,
And on the dung-hill lie:

8 That he may them with princes ſet,
On high majeſtic thrones:
Ev'n with his princes tall and great
Who rule his choſen ones.

[9 He makes the barren womb rejoice,
Her promis'd heirs to ſee:
At home ſhe ſings, with chearful voice;
Praiſe to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Iſr'el out of Egypt went,
And all his ſeed withdrew:
When Jacob's houſe remov'd their tent
From that barbarian crew.

2 Judah was God's imperial throne;
Iſr'el his flock he led:
3 The ſea beheld! was quickly gone!
And Jordan backward fled!

4 The mountains ſkipt like frighted rams,
When wolves approach the fold:
The little hills did leap like lambs,
God's preſence to behold.

5 Why fledeſt thou, O mighty ſea?
What! didſt thou courage lack?
And Jordan too, what ailed thee,
That thou waſt driven back?

6 Ye lofty mountains, why did ye
Skip thus like frighted rams?
Ye little hills, why did ye flee,
And leap like tim'rous lambs?

7 Well might you all convultions feel,
When God himſelf drew near!
Before the God of Iſrael,
Tremble, O earth, and fear!

8 He turns the moſt obdurate rock
Into a ſtanding lake;
He doth the flint, ev'n with a ſtroke,
A ſpringing fountain make.

PSALM CXV.

NOT unto us, Lord, not to us,
But to thy holy name
Give all the glory, Lord, for this
Thine attributes doth claim.

2 Why ſhould the heathen thus go on,
And ſay, Ah! where's your God?
3 Our God in heav'n maintains his throne
And ſhews his pow'r abroad.

4 But, lo! your idol gods are vain,
Of gold and ſilver made;
Wrought with men's hands with mighty pain,
All ſenſeleſs, blind, and dead.

5 Mouths have they, but they cannot ſpeak;
And eyes, but cannot ſee:
6 Noſes and ears for them they make,
Wherein no ſenſes be.

7 Yea, hands have they, but handle not;
And feet, but cannot go:
Nor can they utter through their throat
One word of weal or woe.

8 Their makers ſure muſt be like them,
And ſo muſt ev'ry one
Who loves, or fears ſuch lifeleſs frame,
For reaſon they have none.

PART II.

9 But, thou, O Iſr'el, fear the Lord,
Who is thy help and ſhield.
10 O houſe of Aaron, on his word
Thy ſure foundation build.

11 All ye who truly fear the Lord,
Truſt in his holy name:
He is to all who keep his word,
A ſure defence from ſhame.

12 Of us the Lord hath mindful been;
He'll ſurely ſend ſucceſs
To Iſr'el's houſe, and all therein:
He Aaron's houſe will bleſs.

13 The Lord will bleſs both great and ſmall
Who fear his holy name:
14 Yea, God ſhall bleſs their children all,
And multiply the ſame.

15 Ye bleſſed are who fav'rites be
Of this almighty King;
Whether of high or low degree;
Let all his praiſes ſing.

16 The Lord, for his eternal throne,
Hath built the higheſt heav'n;
But he to Adam's ſons alone,
This earthly globe hath giv'n.

17 The dead, who now in ſilence ly,
Praiſe not the Lord our God.
18 But we, to all eternity,
Will ſound his praiſe abroad.

PSALM CXVI.

I LOVE the Lord becauſe my cries
His mercy deign'd to hear:
2 Long as I live when troubles riſe
I'll to his throne draw near.

3 When death, with dreadful awe I view'd,
Incloſing me around:
And fears of hell my pains renew'd,
I grief and ſorrow found.

4 Then call'd I thus upon the Lord,
O Lord, I thee intreat,
Deliv'rance to my ſoul afford,
From fears and woes ſo great.

5 Gracious and righteous is the Lord;
Yea, merciful is he:
6 And all whoſe hope is in his word,
Shall his ſalvation ſee.

I was brought low, but he me raiſed,
And ſet me up on high;
For which his holy name be prais'd
To all eternity.

7 Then, O my ſoul, from cares ſet free,
Return unto thy reſt!
For bounteouſly the Lord with thee
Hath dealt; his name be bleſt.

PART II.

8 O Lord, thou haſt my ſoul withheld
From death's eternal ſhade:
Yea, dry'd my tears, my fears expell'd,
And ſure my ſtanding made.

9 Therefore whate'er remaining days
To me on earth are lent,
Shall be devoted to thy praiſe,
And in thy ſervice ſpent.

[10. I did believe, when ſore diſtreſt,
And ſpake but unaware;
11 I raſhly ſaid, when in my haſte,
Sure all men liars are!]

12 Now what return of thanks to thee,
O Lord, can I repay,
For all thy benefits to me,
Beſtow'd from day to day.

13 Salvation's cup I now will take,
And on the Lord will call.

14 And good my vows to him I'll make,
Before his people all.

PART III.

15 The death of God's beloved ſaints
Are precious in his ſight:
His ears to all their meek complaints
Are open day and night.

16 Truly thy ſervant, Lord, am I,
Thine hand-maid's ſon moſt dear:
My ſervile bonds thou didſt untie,
When I was drown'd in fear.

17 The ſacrifice of thanks and praiſe,
Lord, I'll preſent to thee;
And call upon thee all my days,
While life thou granteſt me.

18 To thee I'll alſo pay my vows,
Before thy people all;
Within the courts of thine own houſe,
Nor once my words recal.

19 Yea, in thine holy courts, O Lord,
At fair Jeruſalem,
Will I thy glorious deeds record.
Praiſe ye the Lord's great name.

PSALM CXVII.

O PRAISE the Lord, ye nations all,
And tribes of ev'ry tongue,
That dwell upon this earthly ball;
By all his praiſe be ſung.

2 For, lo! his mercies reach all lands
Throughout the earth abroad:
His ſpotleſs truth for ever ſtands,
Praiſe ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVIII.

GIVE thanks to God, for he is good;
His mercy never ends:
2 Well may his Iſr'el thus conclude,
On whom his grace deſcends.

3 Let now the houſe of Aaron ſay,
His mercy ever flows:
4 And all that fear the Lord reply,
His grace no limit knows.

5 I call'd on God when in diſtreſs;
He heard and anſwer'd me:
And kindly did my ſoul releaſe
From all her miſery.

6 And ſince the Lord is on my ſide,
Let all my foes purſue;
I'll in his holy name confide,
Nor fear what man can do.

7 Yea, ſince the Lord ſo graciouſly
Affords my helpers aid,
I ſoon, to my content, ſhall ſee
My ſpiteful foes repaid.

PART II.

8 O how much better 'tis to truſt
In God than feeble man!
9 Ev'n princes are but mortal duſt,
Their lives are but a ſpan,
10 All nations compaſs'd me about,
But in the Lord's great name,
I will them altogether rout,
And put them all to ſhame.
11 They compaſs'd me about, I ſay,
They compaſs'd me about,
But in God's name I will them ſlay,
And wholly them root out.
12 They compaſs'd me about like bees,
But, lo! like thorns on flame
They're quench'd, and I on them will ſeize,
In God's moſt holy name.
13 The enemy thruſt ſore at me,
And ſtrove to make me fall;
But God my helper was, and he
His darts hath baffled all.

PART III.

14 God is my ſtrength, ev'n God, of whom
I boaſt and make my ſong:
He my ſalvation is become,
With pow'r divinely ſtrong.
15 The dwelling of the juſt abounds
With ſweet melodious ſongs,
There, praiſe for God's ſalvation ſounds
From all their chearful tongues.

The right hand of the Lord, they ſing,
It hath done valiently
16 The right hand of the Lord, our King,
Exalted is on high.

17 I ſhall not die, but live to ſhow
God's works with chearful breath.
18 The Lord chaſtiz'd me ſore, but, lo!
He gave me not to death.

19 Open the gates of righteouſneſs
To me, (ſo ſeldom trod;)
For thereinto I'll early preſs,
To praiſe the Lord my God.

20 This is the Lord's own holy gate,
Where nothing that's unclean
Shall enter; but the juſt thereat
Shall freely enter in.

PART IV.

21 Thee will I praſe, O Lord my God,
For thou haſt heard my voice:
And thy ſalvation to me ſhew'd,
And made my heart rejoice.

22 The ſtone is made head corner-ſtone,
Which builders did deſpiſe:
23 This is thy work, O Lord, alone;
And marv'lous in our eyes!

24 This is the day, the joyful day,
Which thou, O Lord, haſt made:
In it we'll ſing, rejoice, and pray,
And in thy name be glad.

25 Save now, O Lord, I thee intreat!
Send now proſperity!
Subdue our fears, new joys create,
And raiſe our ſouls on high.

26 Bleſſed be he, who in God's name,
Thus cometh us to ſave:
The bleſſings from Mount-Zion came,
Wherewith we bleſs'd you have.

PART V.

27 God is the Lord, and it is he
Makes light in darkneſs riſe;
Unto the altar's horns bind ye
With cords the ſacrifice.

28 Thou art my God, I will thee praiſe;
My God, I will thee bleſs;
And high would I thine honours raiſe
Could I thy praiſe expreſs.

29 Give thanks to God, for he is good;
His grace to all extends.
Firm hath his truth for ever ſtood;
His mercy never ends.

PSALM CXIX. ℵ ALEPH.

BLESS'D are the undefil'd whoſe way
Ne'er from the Lord departs:
2 But chearfully his laws obey
And ſeek him with their hearts.

3 They no iniquity deſign,
Nor from his ſtatutes ſwerve:
4 For, Lord, thou doſt us all enjoin
Thy precepts to obſerve.

5 O that my ways directed were
Thy ſtatutes to fulfil!
6 Then ſhall I unaſham'd appear
When I perform thy will.

7 With uprightneſs of heart, O Lord,
Thy holy name I'll praiſe;
When I have learned from thy word,
Thy pure and upright ways.

8 Thy ſtatutes I will ſtrive to make
My ſtudy night and day:
Then do not utterly forſake
Thy ſervant, Lord, I pray.

PART II. ב BETH.

9 Wherewith, O Lord, ſhall tender youth
Their ways keep clean and fair?
Surely thy precious word of truth,
The choiceſt rules declare.

10 Thee have I ſought with my whole heart,
Lord, let me never ſtray
From thy commands; nor once depart
To a forbidden way.

11 Within my heart I've hid thy word,
That I might do thy will:
12 Thou bleſſed art for ever, Lord,
Teach me thy ſtatutes ſtill.

13 With my whole heart I have declar'd
The judgments of thy mouth:
14 And more than riches I regard
Thy precious word of truth.

15 I'll on thy precepts meditate,
And love thy ways, O Lord!
16 I'll in thy ſtatutes ſtill delight,
And ne'er forget thy word.

PART III. ג GIMEL.

17 Deal bounteous with thy ſervant, Lord,
According to thy grace;
That I may live, and thy pure word
Still cordially embrace.

18 Open mine eyes that I may ſee
The wonders of thy law;
That to thy goſpel I may flee,
And thence my comforts draw.

19 Lord, I'm a ſtranger here below,
Be thou my conſtant guide:
Shew me the way that I ſhould go,
Nor thy commandments hide.

20 My ſoul with longing faints away
For that pure love I bear
To thy juſt judgments night and day,
They are to me ſo dear.

21 Thou haſt rebuk'd the curſed proud,
Who err from thy commands:
22 Remove from me their ſlanders loud,
For clean I've kept my hands.

23 Yea, princes ſat and falſely ſpoke
Againſt thy ſervant, Lord;
But ſtill I look'd to thee, my rock,
And ſtudied on thy word.

24 Thy teſtimonies alſo are
My ſtudy and delight:
The counſellers which I with care,
Conſult both day and night.

PART IV. ד DALETH.

25 My ſoul cleaves to the duſt, O Lord,
Revive and quicken me,
According to thy faithful word,
That I may live to thee.

26 Thou know'ſt I have declar'd thy ways;
Thou heard'ſt me faithfully:
Teach me thy ſtatutes, that thy praiſe
I may proclaim on high.

27 Make me to underſtand the way
That thy juſt precepts leads;
Then ſhall I tell, from day to day,
Of all thy wond'rous deeds.

28 My ſoul droops down with heavy grief;
Behold and ſee, O Lord!
And ſtrengthen me with ſure relief,
According to thy word.

29 Remove from me the way of lies;
Write on my heart thy law:
30 For I thy righteous judgments prize,
And ſtand in holy awe.

31 Pure have I kept my heart and hands;
Lord, put me not to ſhame.
32 My feet ſhall run in thy commands,
When thou enlargeſt them.

PART V. ה He.

33 Teach me thy ſtatutes, Lord, and I
Will keep them to the end:
34 O ſend me wiſdom from on high,
And I will not offend.

35 Make me to walk in thy commands,
For therein I delight:
36 And to whate'er thy law demands,
Incline my heart aright.

37 From ev'ry baſe and vain deſire,
Turn off theſe eyes of mine:
Quicken my ſoul with heav'nly fire,
To keep thy ways divine.

38 Stabliſh thy pure and perfect word
Unto thy ſervant dear,
Who ſtrives to live to thee, O Lord,
Devoted to thy fear.

39 The falſe reproach, O Lord, I pray,
Whereof I am afraid,
Let thy juſt judgments turn away,
With heav'nly truth diſplay'd.

40 After thy precepts ſtill I pine,
O Lord, behold and ſee;
And with thy righteouſneſs divine,
Revive and quicken me.

PART VI. ו Vau.

41 O let thy mercy viſit me,
And ſend ſalvation, Lord:
For, lo! my hope depends on thee,
According to thy word.

42 So ſhall I then an anſwer have
For all my ſpiteful foes;
When from their lies thou doſt me ſave;
Thy word is my repoſe.

43 O do not utterly withdraw
From me thy precious word:
For, on thy judgments, and thy law,
My hopes depend, O Lord.

44 So ſhall I keep continually
Thy law before mine eyes:
45 And walk at holy liberty,
And ſeek thy precepts wiſe.

46 I'll of thy teſtimonies ſpeak,
Nor bluſh tho' kings ſhould hear:
47 And thy commands my pleaſure make,
Which I have lov'd ſo dear.

48 Yea, to thy precepts which I love,
I lift my willing hands;
And with the utmoſt care improve
To ſtudy thy commands.

PART VII. ז ZAIN.

49 O Lord, thy promiſe call to mind
On which thou madſt me hope:
50 In all my troubles ſtill I find
Thy word is my ſure prop.

51 The proud did me contemptuous hold
Yet thought I on thy law;
52 And on thy judgments juſt of old,
From whence I comforts draw.

53 Horror hath taken hold on me,
Becauſe the wicked race
Have broke thy laws, diſhonour'd thee,
And ſlighted all thy grace.

54 Thy ſtatutes, Lord, have been my ſong
In all my pilgrimage.
55 Thy name dwelt ſweet upon my tongue,
Through ev'ry tireſome ſtage:

For night and day thy holy law
Was ever in my ſight:
56 And from thy precepts ſtill I draw
Freſh comforts with delight.

PART VIII. ח CHETH.

57 O Lord, thou all my portion art;
And I've ſincerely ſaid,
I'll keep thy word within my heart,
And in thy paths ſtill tread.

58 I for thy favour, Lord, intreat,
With my whole heart and mind:
Beſtow on me thoſe mercies great
Which in thy word I find.

59 I thought upon my wand'ring ways,
And turn'd my roving feet
To that pure path thy word diſplays,
Thy teſtimonies ſweet.

60 Nor did I linger or delay,
But with the utmoſt haſte,
All thy commandments to obey,
I chearfully embrac'd.

61 Though bands of wicked men aroſe,
And rob'd me of my right:
Yet was I not o'ercome of thoſe,
Thy holy law to ſlight.

62 At midnight will I riſe to pray,
And render thanks to thee;
Becauſe thy judgments ev'ry way
So juſt and righteous be.

63 I am a true companion ſtill
To thoſe that fear thy name;
And who thy precepts beſt fulfil,
I love and honour them.

64 This ſpacious earth is full, O Lord,
Of thy rich mercies free:
Therefore, according to thy word,
Thy ſtatutes teach thou me.

PART IX. ט TETH.

65 Well haſt thou with thy ſervant dealt,
According to thy word:
Nor have I thoſe afflictions felt
Which I deſerv'd, O Lord.

66 O Lord, good judgment give to me,
And knowledge to diſcern:
All thy commands are truth, I ſee,
I ſeek thy will to learn.

67 Before I was afflicted ſore
I often went aſtray:
But now I keep thy word the more,
And thy commands obey.

68 Lord, thou art good and ſtill doſt good
Teach me thy ſtatutes deep.
69 Though I am ſlander'd by the proud,
Thy precepts ſtill I keep.

70 Their heart is fat as greaſe; but I
In thy pure law delight:
71 'Twas well afflictions made me ply
To learn thy precepts right.

72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds
Is better far to me
Than gold and ſilver; for it leads
My wand'ring feet to thee.

PART X. JOD.

73 My frame was faſhion'd by thy hands;
Give knowledge, Lord, to me,
That I may learn all thy commands
And live alone to thee.

74 All will be glade who fear thee, Lord,
When they thy ſervant ſee;
Becauſe I hoped in thy word,
And thou haſt helped me.

75 Thy judgments, Lord, I know are juſt,
And that in faithfulneſs
Thou haſt chaſtized me: I muſt
Thy righteouſneſs confeſs.

76 O let thy loving kindneſs, Lord,
And mercy pity me,
According to thy faithful word,
Becauſe I truſt in thee!

77 Yea, let thy tender mercies light
On me, that I may live:
For, lo! thy law, both day and night,
Doth me new pleaſure give.

78 Let all the proud aſhamed be
Of their unrighteous cauſe,
Who have perverſly dealt by me:
But I'll obſerve thy laws.

79 Let thoſe that fear thee turn to me,
And ſuch as well have known
Thy teſtimonies: all who thee
Their rightful Sov'reign own.

80 O let my heart be ever ſound
In all thy ſtatutes, Lord,
That ſhame on me may ne'er be found
Who have believ'd thy word.

PART XI. ⲥ CAPH.

81 My ſoul for thy ſalvation faints,
Yet to thy word I flee:
82 My eyes melt down with ſore complaints;
Lord haſte to comfort me.

83 I like a bottle am become,
That in the ſmoke is ſet:
Yet though my life with grief conſume
Thy laws I near forget.

84 How many are the wretched days
Thy ſervant muſt fulfil?
When wilt thou judge their wicked ways,
Who perſecute me ſtill?

85 The proud, who diſregard thy law,
For me have digg'd a pit;
And thither have they ſtrove to draw
Unwarily my feet.

86 All thy commands, lo! they deſpiſe,
Though juſt and right they be;
And wrongfully my heart deviſe,
O Lord, now help thou me.

87 They had almoſt conſumed me
Upon the earth, O Lord;
But that I ſtill drew near to thee,
And ne'er forſook thy word.

88 After thy loving kindneſs, Lord,
O grant me life divine!
That from the rules of thy pure word
My ſteps may ne'er decline.

PART XII. ל LAMED.

89 For ever in the heav'ns, O Lord,
Thy word is ſettled ſure:
90 Thy faithfulneſs, upon record,
For ever ſhall endure,

The earth thou haſt eſtabliſh'd faſt
And it abideth ſtill:
91 The bars thereof unſhaken laſt
Obedient to thy will.

92 Had not thy law been my delight,
In all my deep diſtreſs,
I ſhould have ſunk to endleſs night,
Through grief and heavineſs.

93 Thy precepts ne'er ſhall be forgot,
By which thou'ſt quicken'd me.
94 I'm thine, O ſave me, for I've ſought
Thy precepts carefully.

95 Although the wicked waited long,
And ſought me to deſtroy;
Faith in thy word made me ſo ſtrong,
None could my ſoul annoy.

96 Of all perfection here below,
Mine eyes have ſeen an end:
But thy commandments who can know
How wide their pow'r extend?

PART XIII. מ MEM.

97 O how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
From whence my meditations draw
Sweet counſel day and night.

98 By thy commandments thou haſt taught
My ſoul diviner ſkill
Than all mine enemies e'er thought,
For they are with me ſtill.

99 Yea, I more underſtanding have
Than all my teachers too;
Becauſe unto thy word I cleave,
And ſtill my ſearch renew.

100 The antient ſages I excel
In underſtanding deep;
Becauſe thy word I ſearch ſo well,
And all thy precepts keep.

101 From ev'ry evil way my feet
I have with care reſtrain'd:
That I might keep thy word moſt ſweet
For ever pure unſtain'd.

102 I have not from thy laws declin'd,
Inſtructed by thy truth:
103 Thy word is ſweeter to my mind
Than honey to my mouth.

104 I through thy precepts day by day
More underſtanding get:
Therefore againſt each evil way
My heart is wholly ſet.

PART XIV.] NUN.

105 Thy word's a lamp unto my feet,
And to my path a light;
106 I've ſworn, and will not turn from it,
To keep thy judgments right.

107 I am afflicted very ſore;
Quicken thou me, O Lord,
And health unto my ſoul reſtore,
According to thy word.

108 Accept, O Lord, I thee beſeech,
My humble off'rings free
Of thanks and praiſe, and kindly teach
Thy judgments juſt to me.

109 My ſoul is ever in thy hands,
Thou know'ſt I ne'er forget
Thy holy law, thy juſt commands,
My heart thereon is ſet.

110 The wicked laid for me a ſnare,
And hid for me a net;
Yet was I not induc'd to err,
Thy precepts to forget.

111 Thy teſtimones I have made
My heritage and choice
For ever, and have truly ſaid
I therein will rejoice.

112 My heart thou haſt by grace inclin'd
To do thy holy will;
And therefore I have ſet my mind
Thy ſtatutes to fulfil.

PART XV. ס SAMECH.

113 I hate vain thoughts, but on thy law
My love is fixt, O Lord:
114 Thou art my hiding place; I draw
My comforts from thy word.

115 Ye evil doers, hence depart;
Keep far from my abode:
For I will keep, with my whole heart,
The precepts of my God.

116 According to thy faithful word,
Be thou my conſtant prop:
Nor let me be aſham'd, O Lord,
Of my well-grounded hope.

117 Uphold me, Lord, I ſhall be ſafe,
And never ſhall neglect
Thy ſtatutes, but to them ſhall have
Continually reſpect.

118 All they that from thy ſtatutes err,
O Lord, thou haſt cut down;
And their deceit and falſhood fair,
Thou fully haſt made known.

119 Thou caſt'ſt the wicked from the earth,
Like filthy droſs abhor'd:
Therefore I'll love, with lateſt breath,
Thy teſtimonies, Lord.

120 My fleſh reveres with humble awe,
The judgments of thy hands;
And from the terrors of thy law
At humble diſtance ſtands.

PART XVI. ע AIN.

121 Juſtice and judgment I have done,
Before thy face, O God;
Then let me not be left to groan
Beneath th' oppreſſor's rod.

122 For me, O Lord, a ſurety ſtand
For good in my diſtreſs;
Nor let the proud, with wicked hand,
Thy ſervant's ſoul oppreſs.

123 Mine eyes for thy ſalvation fail,
And for thy word of grace
124 According to thy mercy deal
In mine afflicted caſe:

Teach me thy holy ſtatutes, Lord,
That I may keep the ſame;
125 And make me underſtand thy word,
For I thy ſervant am.

126 'Tis time for thee to work, O Lord,
For men make void thy law:
127 But from the love I bear thy word,
No gold my heart can draw.

128 All thy commandments I eſteem
Concerning all things right:
And ev'ry evil way I deem,
Moſt odious in my ſight.

PART XVII. ɔ PE.

129 Thy teſtimonies wondrous are,
Therefore with all my ſoul
I keep them with the utmoſt care,
And every leſt controul.

130 The entrance of thy word gives light,
And knowledge to the mind:
The ſimple it directeth right
The path of light to find.

131 With open mouth I panting ſtood,
And moſt intenſe deſire,
I long'd for thy commandments good
Right knowledge to acquire.

132 With kind compaſſion look on me,
As thou art wont on thoſe
Who love thy name; and who have thee
Their only portion choſe.

133 Order my footſteps by thy word:
Let no iniquity
Dominion have o'er me, O Lord,
But grant me liberty.

134 Rid me from man's oppreſſive jaws,
And in thy paths I'll go:
135 Shine on thy ſervant, and thy laws
And ſtatutes make me know.

136 Rivers of tears run down mine eyes,
And grief my vitals gnaw,
Becauſe the wicked ſtill deſpiſe
Thy pure and perfect law.

PART XVIII. ץ TSADDI.

137 Righteous at thou, O Lord, and all
Thy judgments upright too:
138 Thy teſtimonies none can call
Unfaithful or untrue.

139 Zeal for thy cauſe have eat me up,
Becauſe mine enemies
Condemn my confidence and hope,
And thy pure word deſpiſe.

140 Thy word is very pure, O Lord;
It therefore do I love.
141 Though I am ſmall, poor, and abhor'd,
Thy law I ſtill approve.

142 Thy pure eternal righteouſneſs
For ever perfect ſtands:
Thy word the brighteſt truths expreſs;
All juſt are my commands.

143 Trouble and anguiſh ſeize me, Lord,
Yet quietly I endure;
For my delight is in thy word,
Thy precepts all are ſure.

144 Eternal rules of righteouſneſs
Thy teſtimonies give:
With underſtanding, Lord, me bleſs,
That I to thee may live.

PART XIX. ק KOPH.

145 With my whole heart I cry'd, O Lord,
Hear me I humbly pray;
Then I thy ſtatutes and thy word,
Will carefully obey.

146 I cry'd, O ſave me, then will I
Thy teſtimonies keep:
147 Yea, long ere morning did I cry,
And rouſe mine eyes from ſleep:

Becauſe I hoped in thy word,
148 And therein took delight:
To meditate therein, O Lord,
Mine eyes prevent the night.

149 After thy loving kindneſs, Lord,
Revive and quicken me;
And by thy judgments and thy word
Make me alive to thee.

150 My foes, who are on miſchief bent,
To me ſtill nearer draw:
But, Lord, thou know'ſt their baſe intent;
They follow not thy law.

151 But thou, O Lord, art ever near,
And truth thou doſt command:
152 Thy teſtimonies all are clear,
And ſhall for ever ſtand.

PART XX. ר RESH.

153 Lord, think on my afflicted ſtate,
And quick deliv'rance ſend;
For I thy precepts ne'er forget,
But on thy word depend.

154 Plead thou my cauſe, and ſet me free
From all my foes, O Lord:
Yea, quicken and revive thou me,
According to thy word.

155 Far from the wicked, Lord, thou doſt
Salvation ſtill withdraw:
And right it is, becauſe they thruſt
Away thy holy law.

156 Great are thy tender mercies, Lord;
O therefore quicken me,
According to thy righteous word;
For juſt thy judgments be.

157 My perſecutors num'rous are;
Great are mine enemies:
Yet I thy teſtimonies bear
With care before mine eyes.

158 The bold tranſgreſſors I beheld,
And was with grief oppreſt,
To ſee how boldly they rebell'd,
And made thy word their jeſt.

159 O Lord, conſider how I love
Thy holy precepts ſtill;
And ſend me quick'ning from above,
Out of thine own good will.

160 From all eternity, O Lord,
Thy judgments are moſt pure;
And to eternity thy word
Unſhaken ſhall endure.

PART XXI. ש SHIN.

161 Princes have perſecuted me,
O Lord, without a cauſe;
But could not ſhake my hope in thee,
Thy word my ſpirit awes.

162 Yea, in thy word do I rejoice,
As one who finds great ſpoil.
163 I make thy word my only choice,
Abhoring lies and guile.

164 Seven times a day I praiſe thee, Lord,
For all thy judgments pure:
165 Great peace have they that love thy word,
None ſhall their harm procure.

166 For thy ſalvation I have hop'd,
And thy commands have done;
167 Nor have thy teſtimonies drop'd,
But dearly lov'd each one.

168 Thy precepts I have kept with care,
And teſtimonies right;
Becauſe my ways for ever are
Before thine awful ſight.

PART XXII. ת TAU.

169 O let my cry to thee come near,
Ev'n to thine ear, O Lord;
And my dark underſtanding clear,
By thy enlight'ning word.

170 Yea, let my ſupplication, Lord,
Accepted be with thee;
And now according to thy word,
Deliv'rance grant to me.

171 When thou thy laws haſt taught to me,
My lips ſhall ſpeak thy praiſe:
172 Thy word and thy commands ſhall be
The theme of all my lays.

173 Let thy right hand and holy arm
Rid me from all my woes;
And ſave me from impending harm,
For I thy laws have choſe.

174 O Lord, for thy ſalvation bright,
With longing eyes I wait,
And on thy law, with great delight,
I daily meditate.

175 Lord, let my ſoul before thee live,
And it ſhall praiſe thy name:
Help by thy holy judgments give,
To breathe a purer flame.

176 I like a loſt ſheep went aſtray;
Thy ſervant ſeek and ſave:
Bring back my feet, for of thy way
I ſtill remembrance have.

PSALM CXX. *A Song of Degrees.*

IN my diſtreſs to God I pray'd;
He bow'd his ear to me:
2 From lying lips, O Lord, I ſaid,
My trembling ſoul ſet free.

3 What ſhall be given to thee, falſe tongue?
What ſhall to thee be done?
Thou loveſt all deceit and wrong,
And truth regardeſt none.

4 Sharp arrows from a mighty bow,
Shall ſurely pierce thee through;
And coals of juniper ſhall glow,
And melt thy ſpirits too.

5 Woe's me that I ſojourn ſo long
In Meſech, and muſt dwell
In tents to Kedar that belong,
So near the gates of hell.

6 My ſoul with him that hateth peace,
Hath long a dweller been:
And when I ſay, Let quarrels ceaſe,
For battle they are keen.

PSALM CXXI. *A Song of Degrees.*

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
From whence comes all my aid:
2 My help in God my Saviour lies,
Who heav'n and earth hath made.

3 My ſoul, thou mayſt ſecurely reſt:
None ſhall thy foot remove;
For, lo! thy keeper is poſſeſt
Of wiſdom, pow'r, and love.

4 O Iſr'el, in the Lord be glad,
His eye o'er thee ne'er ſleeps:
5 The Lord's thy keeper, and thy ſhade,
Whoſe hand thee ſafely keeps.

6 The ſun ſhall not thee ſmite by day,
Nor yet the moon by night:
7 The Lord turns ev'ry harm away,
That on thy ſoul might light.

8 The Lord, who hath thy ſafety been,
Shall ſtill thy life defend,
In going out and coming in,
For ever without end.

PSALM CXXII. *A Song of Degrees.*

WITH gladneſs I rejoic'd to hear
The ſons of Iſr'el ſay,
Up to God's houſe let us repair,
To hear his word to-day.

2 Jeruſalem, in thee our feet
With joy ſhall quickly ſtand:
3 She is a city moſt complete,
The glory of the land.

4 Thither, with joy, the tribes repair,
The people of the Lord,
To Iſr'el's teſtimony there,
With thanks to hear his word.

5 For thrones of judgment there are ſet,
The thrones of David's houſe;
There David's greater Son in ſtate,
His ſov'reign right avows.

PART II.

6 Pray for Jerus'lem's ſettled peace,
For they ſhall proſper ſtill,
Who love her ſacred palaces,
And bear to her good will.

7 Peace be within thy ſacred walls,
And joy a conſtant gueſt,
As when the dew on Hermon falls,
Be thou with favours bleſt.

8 I'll for my brethren's ſake moſt dear,
And my companion's pray;
Let harmony continue here,
And never more decay.

9 Becauſe the ſacred houſe of God,
The Lord hath fixt in thee,
I will for ever ſeek thy good,
And thy proſperity.

PSALM CXXIII. *A Song of Degrees.*

TO thee, O Lord, I lift mine eye,
Whoſe throne in heav'n doth ſtand,
2 As ſervants eyes watch carefully
Their maſter's moving hand:

Or as a hand-maid doth attend
And fear her lady's frown;
So wait we, Lord, until thou ſend
Some gracious token down.

3 Have mercy on thy people, Lord;
Let mercy change our doom;
For we are in contempt abhor'd,
Till thy ſalvation come.

4 Our ſoul is fill'd with ſcorn of thoſe
Who at their eaſe abide;
And with contempt of haughty foes,
Who ſwell aloft with pride.

PSALM CXXIV. *A Song of Degrees.*

HAD not the Lord been on our ſide,
May thankful Iſr'el ſay;
2 Had not the Lord ſubdu'd their pride
When men roſe us to ſlay.

3 Then had they ſwallow'd us up quick,
When kindled was their ire:
4 The floods had overwhelm'd us thick,
And made our hopes expire.

5 Proud ſwelling waves had ſtopt our breath,
And quite devour'd our ſoul;
6 Bleſs'd be the Lord who did from death
Save us, and them controul.

7 As doth a bird, with chearful wing,
Eſcape the fowler's ſnare.
So by the Lord, our heav'nly King,
Our ſouls deliver'd are.

Behold, the curſed ſnare is broke
By his divine command:
So we eſcapt the fatal ſtroke,
And praiſe his mighty hand.

8 Our help is in the Lord's great name,
Who heav'n and earth hath made:
Nor ſhall we ever ſuffer ſhame,
Who truſt in him for aid.

PSALM CXXV. *A Song of Degrees.*

HOW ſafe and ſtedfaſt is their caſe,
Who reſt their ſouls on God!
Firm as mount Zion, David's place,
The ſacred ark's abode.

2 As mountains round Jeruſalem,
Thy city doth defend;
So doth the Lord encompaſs them
That on his grace depend.

3 The wicked may afflict the juſt,
As a chaſtiſing rod;
Yet ſhall it not upon them reſt,
Leſt they forget their God.

4 Unto the upright and ſincere,
Do good, O Lord, we pray:
Nor let thy chaſt'nings prove ſevere,
Leſt they miſtake thy way.

5 But as for ſuch as turn aſide,
And crooked paths purſue;
God from his ſaints ſhall them divide,
With all the ſinful crew.

Yet on his choſen Iſrael
Perpetual peace ſhall be:
They ſhall with him for ever dwell,
His bliſsful face to ſee.

PSALM CXXVI. *A Song of Degrees.*

WHEN Zion's bondage God turn'd back,
And quite remov'd her pain;
As men that dream'd were we, and ſpake
In a moſt joyful ſtrain.

2 Then was our mouth with laughter fill'd,
Our tongue with chearful ſongs:
Which when our heathen foes beheld
They ſpake with wondring tongues.

The Lord, they in amazement cried,
Great things for them hath done!
3 Great things for us, our lips reply'd,
The Lord hath wrought alone!

4 Complete, O Lord, the victory
Thou haſt for us begun;
And bring back our captivity,
Swift as the ſouth ſtreams run.

5 They that in ſorrow ſow their ſeed,
Shall reap a plenteous crop:
Their heaps ſhall anſwer all their need,
And far exceed their hope.

6 That man who bearing precious ſeed,
In going forth doth mourn,
He bringing back his ſheaves with ſpeed,
Rejoicing ſhall return.

PSALM CXXVII. *A Song of Degrees.*

IF God refuſe the houſe to build,
The builders toil in vain;
Except the Lord the city ſhield,
They uſeleſs guards maintain.

2 In vain you riſe before 'tis light,
And eat the bread of care;
Purſue your labour after night,
With coarſe and ſcanty fare:

For food and reſt the Lord beſtows
On all who truſt his grace;
Which juſtly he withholds from thoſe
Who will not ſeek his face.

3 Children ſhall alſo bleſſings prove
To thoſe whom God hath bleſt:
But what is ſent without his love
Is fruitleſly poſſeſt.

4 As arrows in a giant's hand,
In going forth to war;
So childrens ſprightly youthful band,
Their parents ſafeguards are.

5 Happy the man who with ſuch arms
Hath well his quiver ſtor'd;
He ſhall not fear the foes alarms,
Nor cruel warriors ſword.

PSALM CXXVIII. *A Song of Degrees.*

BLESS'D is the man who fears the Lord,
And keeps from error free:
2 His labour ſhall him food afford
And happy ſhall he be.

3 His wife ſhall as a fruitful vine
About his houſe be found:
His ſeed like olive plants ſhall ſhine
About his table round.

4 Behold, thus bleſſed ſhall he be
Who walks in pious ways:
The Lord ſhall, with proſperity,
Prolong his happy days.

5 The God of Zion ſhall him bleſs
From his moſt holy hill;
And he Jeruſalem's ſucceſs
Shall ſee with pleaſure ſtill.

6 Yea, he his childrens hopeful ſeed,
In antient years ſhall view;
And ere in duſt he reſt his head,
See peace in Iſr'el too.

PSALM CXXIX. *A Song of Degrees.*

OFT from my youth, may Iſr'el ſay,
Have I been ſore aſſail'd:
2 My foes oft ſought my death, yet they
Againſt me ne'er prevail'd.

3 The plowers plow'd upon my back,
And long their furrows drew:
4 The righteous Lord the cords did break
Of that malignant crew.

5 Lord, let them all confounded be,
And turned back with ſhame,
Who Zion hate; for they 'gainſt thee
An open war proclaim.

6 As corn upon the houſe-top ſtands
With fair but fruitleſs leaves;
7 Where with no reaper fills his hands,
Nor binder folds the ſheaves:

8 Which ſprings and withers in the place,
And none thereon beſtows
A word of bleſſing as they paſs,
Nor mind it how it grows.

Juſt ſo let all thy peoples foes
Regarded be, O Lord,
Who dare thy righteous cauſe oppoſe
And diſregard thy word.

PSALM CXXX. *A Song of Degrees.*

OUT of the depths, O Lord, to thee
I cry'd with humble voice:
2 O let thine ear attentive be,
So ſhall my heart rejoice.

3 Lord, ſhouldſt thou mark iniquity,
Who could with thee be clear'd?
4 But there's forgiv'neſs, Lord, with thee,
Wherefore thou mayſt be fear'd,

5 I wait on thee, my ſoul doth wait,
And in thy word I hope:
Pity, O Lord, my low eſtate,
And lift thy ſervant up.

6 As doth the watchmen of the night
Wait for the dawning ray,
I watch for thy returning light,
And more intent than they.

7 Let Iſr'el in Jehovah truſt,
His mercy knows no bound:
Plenteous redemption for the loſt,
With him is ever found.

8 He ſhall from all iniquity
His Iſrael redeem:
And all ſhall his ſalvation ſee,
Who put their truſt in him.

PSALM CXXXI. *A Song of Degrees.*

O LORD, not haughty is my heart;
Mine eyes none lofty be:
Nor do I exerciſe my part
In things too high for me.

2 Surely I have myſelf behav'd
Quiet as a weaned child
And all ambitious motions wav'd
With heart and aſpect mild.

3 Let Iſr'el hope in God the Lord,
For ever without end;
Believe and truſt his faithful word,
And on his grace depend.

PSALM CXXXII. *A Song of Degrees.*

LORD, David's troubles think upon,
And to his words give ear;
2 How he to Jacob's Holy One
Did moſt devoutly ſwear.

3 No ſleep nor ſlumber to his eyes
He vow'd he would afford,
4 Till he had found below the ſkies
A dwelling for his Lord,

5 No; till he found a ſafe abode
Wherein the ark might reſt;
That with the preſence of their God
His people might be bleſt.

[6 We heard of it at Ephratah,
The city of the wood:
His ſtar the eaſtern ſages ſaw,
Which led their way to God.]

7 Into his tabernacle we
Will go and worſhip there:
Before his footſtool bow the knee,
And gifts for him prepare.

PART II.

8 Ariſe, O Lord our God, ariſe,
And come into thy reſt!
Now let thy peoples longing eyes
Be with thy preſence bleſt.

9 Let righteouſneſs thy ſaints adorn,
And praiſe their tongues employ;
That thoſe who now in ſecret mourn,
May henceforth ſhout for joy.

10 For David thy dear ſervant's ſake
Turn not away the face
Of thine anointed; Lord, nor take
From him thy chearing grace.

11 God hath in truth to David ſworn,
Nor will he turn from it;
Thine offſpring ſhall thy throne adorn,
And there for ever ſit.

12 Yea, if thy children will obey,
And keep my covenant;
And teach their children in my way,
An heir they ne'er ſhall want.

PART III.

13 The Lord hath choſen Zion's hill,
For his deſir'd abode:
14 This is my reſt, and here I will
For ever dwell, ſaith God.

15 I'll her proviſion richly bleſs,
And multiply her ſtore;
Her bread abundantly increaſe,
And ſatisfy her poor.

16 Salvation ſhall her prieſts adorn;
Her ſaints ſhall ſhout for joy:
17 There will I make king David's horn
To bud moſt glorioufly.

I have for mine anointed One
A glorious lamp ordain'd:
And he ſhall reign upon his throne,
By endleſs pow'r ſuſtain'd.

18 I'll clothe his enemies with ſhame,
But on his ſpotleſs head
I'll ſet a royal diadem,
That ne'er ſhall fall or fade.

PSALM CXXXIII. *A Song of Degrees.*

HOW delightful 'tis to ſee,
And how becoming well,
Where brethren cordially agree
Together where they dwell.

2 'Tis like the precious ointment pour'd
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
Which from his beard in drops it ſhowr'd,
And all his robes o'erſpread:

3 Or like the lovly morning dew,
That falls on Hermon hill;
And that which doth on Zion too
In heav'nly drops diſtill.

For there the God of grace commmands
His bleſſing on their ſtore;
And life from his benignant hands,
Ev'n life for ever more.

PSALM CXXXIV. *A Song of Degrees.*

BEHOLD, bleſs ye the Lord, all ye
Who his attendants are,
Within his holy ſanctuary
By night, who worſhip there.

2 Lift up your hands and bleſs his name,
Within his holy place:

3 And God, who heav'n and earth did frame,
Thee out of Zion bleſs.

PSALM CXXXV.

PRAISE ye the Lord; exalt his name,
Ye ſervants of the Lord:

2 Ye that within his courts proclaim
His praiſe with one accord.

3 Praiſe ye the Lord, for he is good,
And 'tis a pleaſant thing
The praiſes of our God aloud
With chearful hearts to ſing.

4 For he hath choſen Jacob's ſons,
Ev'n for himſelf alone;
And Iſr'el, his peculiar ones,
The treaſure of his throne.

5 For, lo! the Lord our God is great:
Above all gods is he;
Who with a word did all create
Of high and low degree.

6 And whatſoe'er doth wiſdom pleaſe,
He does without controul,
In heav'n and earth, and in the ſeas,
And where deep waters roll.

7 He raiſes vapours from the ground,
Which, born in liquid air,
Fall down in ſhow'rs the earth around,
While dreadful lightnings glare.

PART II.

8 Egypt's firſt-born, both man and beaſt,
He in his anger ſlew:
Nor ſpar'd the greateſt nor the leaſt
Of that rebellious crew.

9 He dreadful ſigns and wonders ſent
Throughout their ſtubborn coaſts:
And did his ten-fold vengeance vent
On Pharaoh and his hoſts.

10 He ſmote great nations, ſlew great kings,
To ſave his choſen race:
The Lord alone doth wondrous things
And plenteous is his grace.

11 Sihon and Ogg, lo! he ſuppreſt,
And ſlew them in their pride;
With all who Canaan's land poſſeſt,
And did their coaſts divide:

12 And gave them for an heritage
To Iſr'el's choſen race;
As he by promiſe did engage,
So he fulfill'd his grace.

PART III.

13 Thy name and thy memorial, Lord,
Through ev'ry age ſhall laſt:
Thy righteous acts upon record,
Shall ſtand for ever faſt.

[14 The Lord his people's cauſe will plead
When they repent and pray:
And from his threaten'd ſtrokes recede
And turn his wrath away.]

15 The idol gods the heathen praiſe
Are all of earthly mold;
Which mortal hands with labour raiſe,
Of ſilver and of gold.

16 Mouths have they, but they cannot ſpeak,
Nor ſee they with their eyes:
17 Deaf are their ears, their hands are weak,
Their throat no breath ſupplies.

18 Surely as void of ſenſe as they
Their ſtupid makers are:
And ſo are they who worſhip pay
To them, or truſt their care.

19 But thou, O Iſr'el, bleſs the Lord!
O Aaron's houſe, him prize!
20 O houſe of Levi, truſt his word,
Wherein ſalvation lies.

21 Bleſt be the Lord's moſt holy name,
Out of his holy place,
Who dwelleth in Jeruſalem,
Praiſe ye the God of grace.

PSALM CXXXVI.

O RENDER thanks unto the Lord,
For he alone is good:
His mercies left upon record
Eternally hath ſtood.

2 Unto the God of gods ſupreme,
On whom our lives depend,
All thanks and praiſe give to his name,
Whoſe mercies never end.

3 Unto the Lord of lords alone,
Eternal thanks give ye.
For grace ſits ſov'reign on his throne,
And mercy ever free.

4 To him who, by his boundleſs might
Alone, doth wondrous things:
And ſtill in mercy takes delight:
Bleſs ye the King of kings.

5 To him who made the heav'ns on high
By his eternal might,
Give thanks, for to eternity
Mercy is his delight.

6 To him who ſtretch'd the earth abroad,
Above the flowing deeps,
Give thanks, for, lo! the Lord our God
For ever mercy keeps.

7 To him who made great lights in heav'n,
8 The ſun to rule the day:
9 And moon and ſtars by night hath giv'n,
To rule with paler ray:
Becauſe his wiſdom and his pow'r
Thro' all his works extend:
His goodneſs is for ever ſure;
His mercies never end.

10 To him who Egypt's firſt-born ſmote
With a judicial ſtroke;
11 And forth his choſen Iſra'el brought,
His own beloved flock:

For, lo! his juſtice and his pow'r
Throughout the earth extend:
His promiſes are ever ſure,
His mercy hath no end.

12 To him who with a ſtretch'd out arm
13 Did the Red-ſea divide;
14 And brought his people, free from harm,
Through that o'er-whelming tide:
15 But Pharaoh's hoſt, unmov'd with fear,
Into the flood he caſt:
For, to his choſen people dear,
His mercies ever laſt.

16 To him who led his people through
The dreary wilderneſs;
His mercy is for ever new,
And endleſs is his grace.

17 To him who ſmote great kings, and ſlew
18 Kings famous for their might.
19, 20 Sihon and Ogg did he ſubdue,
And vanquiſh in the fight:
21 And gave their land for heritage
To Iſr'el's choſen race;
22 Becauſe his grace from age to age,
And mercies never ceaſe.

23 Who thought upon our low eſtate
In his eternal love;
24 Redeem'd us with ſalvation great!
His mercies endleſs prove.

25 Whoſe lib'ral hand ſupplies with food,
All Adam's num'rous race:
The Lord our God alone is good,
And endleſs is his grace.

26 O then to God, the God of heav'n,
New ſongs of praiſe prepare!
To him eternal thanks be giv'n,
Whoſe mercies endleſs are.

PSALM CXXXVII.

BY Babel ſtreams we mourning ſat,
And made our doleful moan;
2 While we on Zion's woful ſtate,
With ſorrow thought upon.

3 And there upon the willow trees,
Our uſeleſs harps we hung,
While our inſulting enemies
Requir'd of us a ſong.

They ſaid, One of your Zion's ſongs,
With chearful air now ſing:
And thus to aggravate our wrongs,
Did they their inſults fling.

4 O how the Lord's ſong ſhall we ſing
While ſlaves in foreign lands?
How can we touch the tuneful ſtring
With captivated hands?

5 Jeruſalem, if I of thee
Should e'er forgetful prove;
Skill from my hands for ever flee
The ſpeaking ſtrings to move.

6 Eternal ſilence ſeize my tongue
And let my voice be dumb,
If e'er I ſing one chearful ſong
Till thy ſalvation come.

PART II.

7 Remember Edom's children, Lord,
Who in poor Salem's day,
Cry'd out aloud, with one accord,
Raſe, raſe it quite away.

8 O Babel's daughter, doom to be
The fierce deſtroyer's prey!
Happy the man who ſhall to thee
Our num'rous wrongs repay.

9 Yea, he ſhall be accounted bleſt,
Who ſhall thy little ones
Take without pity from thy breaſt,
And daſh againſt the ſtones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

WITH my whole heart my God I'll praiſe,
And of his greatneſs ſing:
Before the gods my voice I'll raiſe,
And bleſs my heav'nly King.

2 Toward thy holy temple, Lord,
I'll worſhip and adore
Thy loving-kindneſs; and record
Thy truth for ever more.

For thou haſt magnify'd thy word
Above all thy great name:
Thy threats and promiſes, O Lord,
Our higheſt rev'rence claim.

3 The day whereon to thee I cry'd,
Thou heardſt and anſweredſt me;
And thou with ſtrength my ſoul ſupplied,
That I might truſt in thee.

PART II.

4 All kings on earth the Lord ſhall praiſe,
Soon as they hear his word;
And when they learn his wondrous ways,
His name ſhall be ador'd.

5 Yea, in the Lord's way ſhall they ſing,
And they his name ſhall bleſs:
For great's the Lord our heav'nly King,
And great his glory is.

6 For though the Lord our God is high,
Yet hath he ſtill reſpect
Unto the lowly; but his eye
Doth ſtill the proud reject.

7 Although I walk in midſt of woes,
Lord, thou wilt me revive:
With thy right hand ſubdue my foes,
And keep my ſoul alive.

8 The Lord will what concerns my care
Completely perfect make;
Lord, as thy mercies endleſs are,
Do not thy works forſake.

PSALM CXXXIX.

LORD thou haſt ſearch'd me thro' and known,
By thine all piercing eye,
2 My riſing up and lying down,
For thou art ever nigh.

3 Thou ſtill encompaſſeſt my path,
And know'ſt my wand'ring ways.
The paths that lead to life and death
Are plain before thy face.

4 There's not a word upon my tongue,
Nor thought within my heart,
But, lo! O Lord, thou know'ſt it long
Ere ſound my lips impart.

5 Behind, before thou haſt beſet,
And compaſt me around:
6 Such knowledge is for me too great,
Too deep for me to ſound.

PART II.

7 Where ſhall I go to find a place,
Thy Spirit, Lord, to ſhun?
Or whither ſhall I from thy face
And dreadful glory run?

8 Should I to heav'n aſcend on high,
There, Lord, thy glory ſhines:
Or if in hell I mean to lie,
Lo, there thy vengeance reigns.

9 Or ſhould I on a morning ray
Attempt to take my flight;
10 To the remoteſt unknown ſea,
Thy hand would on me light.

11 If o'er my ſins I think to draw
The curtains of the night;
Thoſe jealous eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the ſhades to light:

12 Yea, darkneſs hideth not from thee,
For night is as the noon:
Where then ſhall guilty ſinners flee
Thy dreadful wrath to ſhun?

PART III.

13 O Lord, thou haſt poſſeſt my reins,
Ere I to light did come;
And cloth'd with ſkin my tender veins,
Ev'n in my mother's womb.

14 My frame with fear and wonder ſtands,
And doth thy wiſdom tell:
Great are the wonders of thy hands,
And that my ſoul knows well.

15 My ſubſtance was not hid from thee,
When in the ſecret made;
And all my members curiouſly
Wrought in earth's loweſt ſhade.

16 Thine eye the ſhapeleſs maſs ſurvey'd
And ſaw what growth it took:
Yea, all my members were diſplay'd
And copied in thy book.

17 How precious are thy thoughts of love,
O Lord my God, to me!
The ſum of them is far above
What e'er can reckoned be.

18 Should I attempt to count them o'er,
The taſk would prove in vain:
They're like the ſands that ſpread the ſhore,
Or drops in ſhowr's of rain.

Theſe on my heart by night I keep;
They precious are to me;
And when the morning ends my ſleep,
Lord, I am ſtill with thee.

PART IV.

19 Surely the wicked thou wilt ſlay,
O Lord, my righteous God:
Therefore from me depart, I ſay,
All ye that thirſt for blood.

20 For wickedly againſt the Lord
They ſpeak with lips profane:
Thine enemies, with one accord
Take thy great name in vain.

21 Do I not them deteſt and hate
Who hatred bear to thee?
22 Yea, them, O Lord, thou know'ſt I treat
As enemies to me.

23 Lord, ſearch and try me ev'ry part;
My inward thoughts ſurvey:
24 If wickedneſs lodge in my heart,
O take it all away!

And lead me in the heav'nly path,
That leads to endleſs bliſs,
That when I cloſe mine eyes in death,
My ſoul may reſt in peace.

PSALM CXL.

DELIVER me, O Lord, I pray,
From my malicious foe;
And from the man who day by day
Contrives my overthrow:

2 From them who in their wicked heart
Imagine miſchief ſtill;
And practice ev'ry treach'rous art
My precious blood to ſpill.

3 Whoſe tongues they ſharpen like the ſting
Of addars to devour;
And from their lips ſtrong venom fling,
Yea, gall of aſps forth pour.

4 Keep me, O Lord, from out the hands
Of that malicious foe;
The man of violence who ſtands
My ways to overthrow.

5 The proud have hid a net for me,
To catch me unaware;
And by the way they craftily
Have laid for me a ſnare.

6 But to the Lord I humbly ſaid,
Thou art my God, my rock;
Hear me, O Lord, when I'm afraid,
Thee meekly I invoke.

PART II.

7 O God the Lord, the ſtrength thou art
Of my ſalvation ſure,
Who from the warrior's ſword and dart
Didſt well my head ſecure.

8 Let wicked men's deſires, I pray,
Be totally deny'd;
Further not their deſires, leſt they
Exalt themſelves in pride.

9 As for the head of that falſe crew,
That compaſs me around,
Let their own miſchief them purſue,
And all their plots confound.

10 Let burning coals upon them fall,
And caſt them in the fire;
Or in deep pits where thy may crawl,
And periſh in the mire.

11 Let not an evil ſpeaker be
Eſtabliſh'd on the ground:
The violient ſhall fear and flee
Till evil him confound.

12 I know the Lord will ſtill maintain
The poor afflicted's cauſe:
Nor ſhall the upright hope in vain,
Who love his holy laws.

13 Surely the righteous ſhall give thanks
To God's moſt holy name;
Before his preſence ſtand in ranks,
And loud his praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CXLI.

O LORD, to thee I cry, make haſte
To lend an ear to me:
And hear the voice of my requeſt
When I draw near to thee.

2 O let my pray'r before thee come,
As incenſe to the ſkies;
The lifting of my hands as ſome
Sweet ev'ning ſacrifice.

3 Lord, ſet a watch before my mouth,
And keep my lipped door:
4 Let not my heart conceive untruth,
Or ought thou doſt abhor.

Nor let my hands with wicked men
Iniquity commit:
Nor let their dainties me detain
With them to eat or ſit.

5 But let the righteous me reprove,
And ſmite when I do ill:
I ſhall receive it all in love,
As works of pure good-will.

And in return for them I'll pray
In their calamity,
If they ſhould in ſome evil day
Afflicted be like me.

6 And when their judges are o'erthrown,
Among the ſtones diſgrac'd;
My words ſhall then to them be known
Of ſweet and pleaſant taſte.

PART II.

7 Behold, Lord, how our bones are ſtrew'd!
Round the grave's mouth they lie,
As when one cuts or cleaves the wood
The ſpeals around them fly.

8 But, Lord, mine eyes are up to thee;
In thee I put my truſt:
O Lord my God, forſake not me,
Thus humbled in the duſt!

9 O keep me from the trap my foes
In ſecret laid for me:
And from the fatal grin of thoſe
Who work iniquity.

10 Let them be taken in the ſnare
Which they for me have laid;
And let them lie and ſtruggle there,
While my eſcape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

TO God I cry'd with humble voice,
And ſupplication made:
Before the Lord, my rock, my choice,
My cauſe I humbly laid.

2 I poured out my ſore complaint
Before his gracious throne:
3 And when my ſoul was like to faint,
To him I made my moan.

I ſaid, Thou know'ſt what path I take,
And all the ways I go:
Thou ſeeſt what ſnares my foes ſtill make,
My feet to overthrow.

4 I looked round from right to left,
But no man would me know:
And when of refuge quite bereft,
None did regard my woe.

5 Then to the Lord I cry'd, and ſaid,
Thou art my refuge true:
In thee my hopes for life are laid,
Here and hereafter too.

6 Attend unto my cry, O Lord;
For I'm brought very low:
Prevent the perſecutor's ſword
From his intended blow.

Save me from his uplifted hand,
Who is too ſtrong for me;
While thus in jeopardy I ſtand,
My hope depends on thee.

7 From out of priſon bring my ſoul,
That I may praiſe thy name;
And all mine enemies controul,
Who ſtill contrive my ſhame.

The righteous ſhall me compaſs round,
When my releaſe they ſee;
For God in mercy doth abound,
And kindly deals by me.

PSALM CXLIII.

O LORD, unto my pray'r give ear,
And anſwer my loud cry!
In thine own faithfulneſs appear;
In righteouſneſs draw nigh.

2 But in my righteouſneſs I pray,
Lord, let me not be try'd;
For in thy ſight there's none this day
Can thus be juſtify'd.

3 Behold, the cruel enemy
Hath long my life purſu'd;
And made my ſoul in darkneſs lie,
Like one by death ſubdu'd.

In darkneſs, lo! I dwell like thoſe
Who long in death have been:
4 My heart and ſoul, o'erwhelm'd with woes,
Lie deſolate within.

5 I call to mind the days of old;
I muſe thy wonders o'er:
My thoughts thy mighty deeds unfold,
Thy handy-works adore.

6 To thee I ſtretch my willing hands,
O Lord, I thirſt for thee,
As travellers in deſart lands
Wherein no waters be.

PART II.

7 In haſte, O Lord, give ear to me;
Let my faint cries prevail;
Leſt I like dying men ſhould be
Whoſe hopes and comforts fail.

8 Thy loving kindneſs let me hear,
By morning's dawning light:
In thee I truſt, thy name I fear,
O guide my feet aright!

For, lo! I lift my ſoul to thee;
9 Deliver me, O Lord,
From all my foes; to thee I flee
To hide me from the ſword.

10 Teach me, O God, to do thy will,
And guide me in thy way:
Let thy good ſpirit lead me ſtill,
That I may never ſtray.

11 For thy name's ſake, Lord quicken me,
And for thy righteouſneſs,
Set thou my ſoul at liberty,
From all my deep diſtreſs.

12 In mercy, Lord, my foes controul,
And cut them off in ſhame;
Deſtroy them who afflict my ſoul,
For I thy ſervant am.

PSALM CXLIV.

[BLESS'D be the Lord my ſtrength, who ſtill
Inſtructs my hands to fight:
And gives my fingers pow'r and ſkill,
To put my foes to flight.

2 My goodneſs, fortreſs, and high tow'r,
My Saviour great is he;
The ſhield I truſt, and by whoſe pow'r
The people bows to me.]

3 Lord, what is man that thou of him
Shouldſt any notice take?
Or what his race that thou ſhouldſt deem
Account thereof to make?

4 Vain is his life, reſembling much
The ſhadows on the plain:
The wind ſweeps o'er, and with a touch,
Away he flies again.

PART II.

5 In awful ſtate, O Lord, come down,
Bow down thy lofty ſkies:
The mountains touch, and at thy frown
Shall ſmoking vapours riſe.

6 Thy blazing light'nings caſt around,
And ſcatter all thy foes:
Shoot forth thine arrows, and confound
All who thy cauſe oppoſe.

7 But, Lord, thine hand ſend from on high,
And ſave me from the flood
Of children ſtrange, who furiouſly
Are ſeeking for my blood.

8 Whoſe mouths are full of vanity,
And vain are their right hands:
Who ſpeak and act continually
Againſt thy juſt commands.

PART III.

9 I'll ſing a new ſong to the Lord,
With my whole heart and tongue:
By me his works, his ways, his word
Shall chearfully be ſung.

10 'Tis he ſalvation gives to kings,
Saves David from the ſword:
Whoſe chearful heart exults and ſings
The praiſes of his Lord.

11 Still ſave me, Lord, from foreign foes,
Whoſe words are falſe and vain;
And whoſe right hand the league o'erthrows,
They promis'd to maintain.

[12 That ſo like plants may grow our ſons,
Set in a fruitful place:
Our daughters too like poliſh'd ſtones,
Some royal court to grace.]

13 And that our garners may with ſtore
Of precious fruits abound:
Our ſheep by thouſands waxing more,
May in our ſtreets be found.

14 And that our oxen may be ſtrong
To plow the fruitful plain;
That none may with a murm'ring tongue
For want of bread complain.

15 O happy people whoſe abode
With favours thus abound:
But happier they who for their God
The Lord of hoſts is found.

PSALM CXLV.

THEE I'll extol, my God, O King,
And ever bleſs thy name.
2 Yea, day by day to thee I'll ſing,
And endleſs praiſe proclaim.

3 Great is the Lord, and greatly he
Is to be praiſed ſtill:
To ſearch his greatneſs none there be
Who can the taſk fulfil.

4 One age ſhall to another praiſe
Thy mighty works of fame;
Declare thine acts, and ever raiſe
New honours to thy name.

5 I'll of thy glorious Majeſty,
And honours ever ſpeak:
And of thy wondrous works will I
For ever mention make.

6 Men ſhall thy great tremendous acts
With holy awe declare;
And I thy greatneſs, and thy facts
Will publiſh ev'ry where.

7 The ſweet memorial of thy grace
Shall all thy ſaints engage,
To tell of all thy righteouſneſs,
To ev'ry riſing age.

PART II.

8 The Lord is gracious, yea, and full
Of kind compaſſion ſtill:
To anger ſlow, nor will annul
His mercy and good-will.

9 Good is the Lord; both Jews and Turks,
And all his goodneſs ſhare:
For, over all his other works
His tender mercies are.

10 Thy great and num'rous works, O Lord,
Thine endleſs praiſe proclaim;
And all thy ſaints with one accord,
Shall bleſs thy holy name.

11 They of thy matchleſs glorious throne,
And kingdom all ſhall ſpeak;
And of thy pow'r ſhall ev'ry one
His lofty ſubject make.

12 That all the ſons of men may hear
His mighty acts of fame;
That all may learn his name to fear,
And wide his praiſe proclaim.

PART III.

14 Thy kingdom, Lord, ſhall ever ſtand,
And thy dominion laſt
From age to age, through ev'ry land,
Immutable and faſt.

14 The Lord upholdeth all that fall:
He makes the humble riſe:
15 To him for food all creatures call
And he their wants ſupplies.

16 Whate'er their num'rous needs require,
With lib'ral hand he gives:
Yea, he fulfils the juſt deſire
Of ev'ry thing that lives.

17 The Lord is juſt in all his ways;
His works all holy are:
18 Nigh to his ſaints: he ne'er delays
Their faithful cries to hear.

19 He will the juſt deſires ſupply
Of all that fear his name:
He alſo will regard their cry,
And will deliver them.

20 The Lord preſerves them all with care,
Who love his name with joy;
But he the wicked will not ſpare,
But finally deſtroy.

21 My mouth the praiſes of the Lord
Shall ſtill with joy expreſs:
And let all fleſh, with one accord,
His name for ever bleſs.

PSALM CXLVI.

[PRAISE ye the Lord; and, O my ſoul,
Praiſe thou his holy name:
2 Long as my fleeting days ſhall roll,
His praiſe ſhall be my theme.

3 Put not your truſt in princes great,
Nor in the ſons of men;
For when you are with fears beſet,
Their help will all be vain.]

4 Man to the earth his breath reſigns,
And he is known no more:
Then all his thoughts and great deſigns
Are wholly vain and o'er.

5 Happy the man, whom Jacob's God,
For his ſole help hath choſe;
And hath to him reſign'd the load
Of all his cares and woes.

6 To him who heav'n and earth hath made,
The ſea and all things there:
Who keepeth truth, and in whoſe aid,
None e're deceived were.

7 Who executeth judgment juſt
For all who are oppreſt:
By whom are fed all who him truſt
And pris'ners are releas'd.

[8 The Lord gives ſight unto the blind,
The bowed down doth raiſe:
The Lord to him is ever kind,
Who walk in righteous ways.

9 The Lord the ſtranger ſaves who mourns;
The orphans he doth own;
Defends the widow; but he turns
The wicked upſide down.]

10 The Lord thy God for ever reigns,
O Zion, thy own Lord
From age to age his throne maintains:
Praiſe him with one accord.

PSALM CXLVII.

PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raiſe
Our voice his praiſe to ſing:
And to advance our Maker's praiſe,
It is a comely thing.

2 The Lord builds up Jeruſalem,
And heals her broken walls;
Gathers his outcaſts, and from ſhame
His Iſr'el's ſeed recalls.

3 He heals the humble broken hearts,
And binds up all their wounds;
Takes ſtill the poor oppreſſed's parts,
And all the proud confounds.

[4 He counts the number of the ſtars
And calls them all by names:
5 Great is the Lord; what creature dares
Diſpute his ſov'reign claims!]

His underſtanding's infinite;
His knowledge none can trace.
And equal to his boundleſs might
Is his abundant grace.

6 The Lord lifts up the poor and meek,
And makes their joys abound:
He alſo doth the wicked take
And caſts them to the ground.

Part II.

7 Sing to the Lord with chearful voice,
Give thanks with heart and tongue:
O all ye ſaints, in God rejoice,
And make his praiſe your ſong.

8 He makes his clouds to vail the ſky,
There he prepares his rain,
That ſo the earth, when it is dry,
He may refreſh again.

9 Thus he to man and beaſt gives food,
And ravens when thy cry;
And all the creatures, bad and good,
Of him receive ſupply.

10 He values not the warlike horſe,
Nor doth his eyes delight
In nimble legs, nor ſtrength nor force
Of men who run or fight.

11 But, lo! the Lord doth pleaſure take
In thoſe that fear his name,
And hope for mercy for the ſake
Of Chriſt the ſlaughter'd Lamb.

PART III.

12 Jeruſalem, O praiſe the Lord!
Thy God, O Zion praiſe!
13 Who doth to thee ſuch ſtrength afford,
As none thy peace diſmays.

Thy children too within thy gate
He bleſſeth with increaſe:
14 Gives them for food the fineſt wheat,
And ſends they borders peace.

15 He ſendeth his commandment forth
His word doth ſwiftly run;
And what he wills throughout the earth,
Immediately is done.

[16 Like fleecy wool the ſnow deſcends,
At his divine command;
And hoary froſt from heav'n he ſends,
Like aſhes o'er the land.

17 And when he ſends his rattling hail,
In liquid air congeal'd;
Againſt his cold who can prevail,
And not to conqueſt yield?

18 But when he ſends his word with ſpeed,
And bids ſoft brizes blow;
The waters, from their fetters freed,
Their wonted courſes know.]

19 He ſhews to Jacob's ſeed his word,
His ſtatutes and commands;
He doth to Iſrael afford,
20 Above all other lands:
For all the nations them round,
His judgments never knew;
But ye that hear the joyful ſound,
What praiſe from you is due?

PSALM CXLVIII.

FROM heav'n on high, O praiſe the Lord;
Praiſe him ye heights above;
2 All ye his hoſts with one accord,
Praiſe his eternal love.

3 Praiſe ye the Lord, ſun, moon, and ſtars,
Which rule the day and night.
4 Ye heav'ns of heav'ns, celeſtial ſpheres,
Praiſe ye his boundleſs might.

Ye cloudy ciſterns, in whoſe womb
His watery treaſures are;
Praiſe ye the Lord of lords, by whom
Ye all created were.

These he hath made to know their place,
And fixt them where to be:
Nor can they from their ſtations paſs,
Bound by his firm decree.

PART II.

Praiſe ye the Lord from earth below,
Dragons, and ev'ry deep:
Fire, hail, ſtorms, vapours, froſt, and ſnow,
All which his orders keep.

Mountains and hills, and fruitful trees,
And cedars great and tall;
Praiſe ye the Lord, by whoſe decrees,
Ye grow, and ſtand, and fall.

Cattle and beaſts, both wild and tame,
With ev'ry creeping thing
Fowls, birds, and flies, of ev'ry name,
Your Maker's praiſes ſing.

PART III.

Princes and kings of noble birth,
And people rich and poor:
Likewiſe, ye judges of the earth,
The King of kings adore.

Young men and maids in bloomy youth,
Your Maker's honours raiſe:
Let hoary heads declare his truth,
And infants liſp his praiſe.

13 For, lo! his name's moſt excellent,
His glory's far above
The earth, and heav'nly firmament,
And endleſs is his love.

14 He doth exalt his people's horn,
And ſet them near his face
Yea, he doth alſo them adorn
With his peculiar grace.

O therefore, all ye ſaints of his,
Praiſe him with one accord:
O'er all the reſt your part it is
To bleſs and praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Second Metre.*

PRAISE ye the Lord; praiſe ye
The Lord from heav'n on high:
Praiſe him, ye heights that be
Above the ſtarry ſky.

2 Ye angels all,
O praiſe the Lord;
With one accord
His name extol.

3 Praiſe him, O ſun and moon,
That rule the day and night;
And join the chearful tune,
Ye glitt'ring ſtars of light.

4 His praiſe declare,
Thou heav'n of heav'n,
And clouds ſwift driv'n
In liquid air.

5 Let them the name advance
Of God the ſov'reign Lord,
Who form'd them all at once
By his almighty word.

6 His fixt decree
They cannot paſs,
Nor change the place
Where they ſhould be.

PART II.

7 O earth, praiſe thou the Lord!
Dragons and ev'ry deep,
With num'rous creatures ſtor'd,
That fly, or ſwim, or creep.

8 Praiſe ye the Lord,
Fire, hail, and ſnow,
And winds that blow
T' obey his word.

9 Ye hills and mountaints all,
Proclaim your Maker's praiſe
Fruit trees and cedars tall
Your paſſive honours raiſe.

10 Beaſts wild and tame,
All creeping things,
And birds with wings,
Praiſe his great name.

PART III.

11 Praiſe God, ye earthly kings
And men of meaner birth:
Know whence your honour ſprings,
Ye judges of the earth.

His praiſes due
Return to God,
Who hath beſtow'd
Such gifts on you.

12 And let young men and maids
To praiſe the Lord combine:
Old men with hoary heads
And infant voices join,

With one accord,
To raiſe the fame,
And praiſe the name
Of God the Lord.

13 Let all the creatures join
To praiſe the Lord's great name
Whoſe glories ever ſhine
Above the ſtarry frame.

His pow'r and love
Reign over all
This earthly ball,
And heav'n above.

14 He hath his people rais'd,
And ſet their horn on high;
Then let his name be prais'd
With univerſal joy.

With one accord,
O Iſr'el's race
(So near his face)
Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLIX.

PRAISE ye the Lord; his praiſes ſing
With well-tun'd heart and tongue:
O all ye ſaints, united bring
A new melodious ſong.

2 Let Iſr'el in the Lord rejoice,
And of his Maker ſing:
Let Zion's children, with glad voice,
Exult in God their King.

3 Let them their Saviour's glorious name
With praiſes high advance;
And loud his mighty pow'r proclaim
Who doth their joys enhance.

4 For, lo! the Lord doth pleaſure take,
And in his ſaints delight:
The Lord the meek will beauteous make,
With his ſalvation bright.

PART II.

5 Let all the ſaints exult and ſing
Aloud upon their beds;
While they proclaim the Lord their King,
With glory on their heads.

6 High let the praiſes of the Lord,
Their chearful lips employ
While in their hands a two-edg'd ſword
Shall much enhance their joy:

7 God's vengeance juſt to execute
Upon the heathen lands;
And puniſh all who dare diſpute
Againſt his juſt commands.

8 Their kings in maſſy chains to bind,
By God's divine command;
And captive lead, in irons confin'd,
The princes of their land.

9 His righteous judgments to fulfil,
According to his word:
This honour all his ſaints have ſtill.
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM CL.

PRAISE ye the Lord. His praiſe preſent
Within his ſanctuary:
Praiſe him amidſt the firmament
Of his great pow'r on high.

2 Praiſe him for all the glorious deeds
His mighty hand hath wrought;
For, lo! his greatneſs far exceeds
The pow'r of ſpeech and thought.

3 As did with inſtruments the Jews,
His praiſes high proclaim;
Let us our hearts and voices uſe
To magnify his name.

4 As they with timbrels in the dance,
And inſtruments well ſtrung,
Prais'd God, let us his praiſe advance,
With well-tun'd heart and tongue.

5 Like cymbals let our chearful tongues
His praiſes ſound on high:
And let our ſweet harmonious ſongs
Tranſcend the lofty ſky.

6 Let ev'ry creature that hath breath,
Their great Creator praiſe:
In heav'n above, on earth beneath,
The Saviour's honours raiſe.

The END *of the* PSALMS.

A

SUPPLEMENT

OF

DIVINE HYMNS,

OR

SCRIPTURE SONGS;

ANNEXED TO THE

New Verſion of the Pſalms

In METRE.

By JAMES MAXWELL, S. D. P.

Let the word of Chriſt dwell in you richly in all wiſdom; teaching and admoniſhing one another in Pſalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs; ſinging with grace in your hearts to the Lord. Col. iii. 16.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE
Learned and Candid READER,
AND TO THE
PUBLIC in GENERAL.

THE deſign of this ſupplement is not to paraphraſe at large upon the ſacred text; but rather to verſify ſome ſuitable portions of ſcripture adapted to the various ſubjects and occaſions of the Chriſtian life and doctrine, not found in the book of Pſalms.

And though there is a ſupplement already extant, of this kind, authorized by the General Aſſembly of this National Church, which I in no wiſe aim to diſparage: yet it has not met with ſuch a general reception as might have been expected; and the principal reaſon, as I can find, is, becauſe it does not keep ſo cloſe to a literal tranſlation of the text as could be wiſhed. And beſides, it is too ſmall. And for theſe reaſons I have been perſuaded, by ſome of our moſt eminent divines, to verſify ſome portions of ſcripture, in the ſame manner as I have done the Pſalms. And this injunction has induced me to keep as near to the text as I well could.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that no judicious Chriſtian will ſcruple to ſing them any more than the Pſalms; ſeeing they are of equal authority. —And hence alſo, it may be juſtly expected, that all due allowance will be made, if ſome lines run

not ſo ſmooth as might be wiſhed; ſeeing the Muſe has laboured under ſuch a reſtriction, by adhering ſo cloſe to the ſacred text.

It has been my ſtudy to ſearch out ſuitable portions of ſcripture for this purpoſe; namely, ſuch as have a due connexion, and might be properly adapted to the various ſubjects and occaſions that occur in the Chriſtian life, whether public or private.

Yet, if it be judged by a majority of the learned and judicious, that more might have been choſen, or ſome of theſe omitted; I ſubmit to the judgment of ſuch, and am willing to make ſuch alterations, or additions, as may be judged neceſſary. For, to ſerve the Church, and edify the body of Chriſt, is the only aim, and earneſt deſire of your Servant, for Chriſt's ſake,

JAMES MAXWELL.

A

SUPPLEMENT, &c.

SONG I.

The Work of Creation.

From GEN. Chap. i.

Ver.

1 IN the beginning, lo! the Lord
Both heav'n and earth did frame:
Ev'n Nothing heard his powerful word,
And into Being came.

2 2 Tho' void of form, and all confus'd,
A chaos firſt appear'd;
Yet by his word were all diſpos'd,
And in due order rear'd.

3 Though darkneſs on the waters ſtor'd,
Did there its dwelling keep;
Then, lo! the Spirit of the Lord
Mov'd on the ſpacious deep.

3 4 Then ſaid the Lord, Let there be light,
And ſtraight-way light appear'd;
For at his word the heav'ns ſhone bright,
And all the ſhadows clear'd.

4 5 And God beheld the light, and, lo!
He ſaw 'twas very good:
Making the ſhade its place to know,
And all in order ſtood.

6 Then, lo! the light he called day,
And darkneſs he call'd night;
And ev'n and morn did then diſplay
The firſt day pure and bright.

PART II.

Ver. 7 Now let a firmament ſpread wide,
6 The great Creator ſaid,
7 That may the mighty floods divide;
And it his word obey'd.

8 8 And he the firmament call'd heav'n,
The waters to contain,
Until by his commandment giv'n,
They on the earth ſhould rain.

9 Thus heav'n and earth did he adorn
With all their bright array:
And, lo! the dawning even and morn
Commenc'd the ſecond day.

PART III.

9 10 Now, let the waters, ſaith the Lord,
Together gather'd be
Beneath the heav'ns, and at his word
They to their channels flee:

11 And let the dry-land now appear,
And ſtraight-way it was ſo:
Lo! they his word with rev'rence hear,
And at his bidding go.

10 12 The dry-land then he call'd earth;
The floods he called ſeas:
All at his word receiv'd their birth
As did their Maker pleaſe:

13 For he beheld that all was good,
According to his will;
Saw how they all in order ſtood,
His purpoſe to fulfil.

Ver. 14 Then ſaid the Lord, Now let the earth
11 Bring forth both herbs and graſs;
And to their ſev'ral ſeeds give birth,
And ſo it came to paſs.

15 He likewiſe ev'ry fruitful tree
Commanded to produce
Their various kinds, that they might be
For living creature's uſe.

12 16 And ſo it was, for ev'ry thing
Brought forth its ſev'ral kind;
Obedient to their ſov'reign King
According to his mind.

17 He view'd the whole, and ſaw 'twas good,
As he had order'd it:
13 And ſo the even and morning ſtood
The third day to complete.

PART IV.

14 18 Then ſaid the Lord, Let lights appear
In the exalted ſky;
And day and night diſtinguiſh clear
To know the ſeaſons by.

15 19 And let them in the firmament
Their conſtant courſes keep
To light the earth; for that intent
They ſhall not reſt or ſleep.

16 20 So did he two great lights ordain,
The ſun to rule the day;
17 And o'er the night the moon to reign,
To ſhine with paler ray.

Ver. 21 He alſo made the ſtars of light,
By his great pow'r divine:
That in the firmament they might
With glorious luſter ſhine.

18 22 That they might rule the night and day,
For ever to preſide,
That each by his alternate ray,
Might day and night divide.

23 The Lord beheld, and, lo! 'twas good,
According to his will:
19 And even and morning alſo ſtood
The fourth day to fulfil.

PART V.

20 24 Now let the waters, ſaid the Lord,
Abundantly produce
Creatures alive; and at his word
They came for mankind's uſe.

25 As alſo fowls of ev'ry wing,
Above the earth to fly:
And birds with chearful notes to ſing
Beneath the lofty ſky.

21 26 He alſo made great whales to ſwime,
With creatures great and ſmall;
All which he made the waters teem
Obedient at his call.

27 Yea, fiſh and fowl of ev'ry kind,
Produc'd the ſwelling flood:
God ſaw they were what he deſign'd,
And then pronounc'd them good.

Ver. 28 Then did the Lord them bleſs and ſay,
22 Be fruitful, multiply:
With fiſh abundant fill the ſea;
And fowls in air to fly.

23 29 And thus the fifth creating day
Completed was with ſkill;
And evening ſhade, and morning ray,
Did the fifth day fulfil.

PART VI.

24 30 Then ſaid the all-creating Lord,
Now let the teeming earth,
Beaſts ſmall and great, with one accord,
Abundantly bring forth.

25 31 So God made beaſts of ev'ry kind,
With ev'ry creeping thing;
All which his wiſdom had deſign'd
Did he to being bring.

32 He with his eye ſurvey'd them all,
As they in order ſtood:
All were obedient to his call,
And he pronounc'd them good.

PART VII.

26 33 Now, ſaid the Lord, Let us make man
In our own likeneſs fair;
According to our ſettled plan,
Let him our image bear.

34 And let him full dominion have
O'er ev'ry living thing,
Both on dry land and watry wave,
Let all confeſs him King.

Ver. 35 So God created man, whoſe frame
27 He made his likeneſs bear:
Yea, male and female made he them
His image bright to wear.

28 36 And then he bleſſed them and ſaid,
Be fruitful, multiply;
The earth repleniſh, and o'er ſpread
With num'rous progeny.

37 Subdue it, and dominion have
O'er ev'ry earthly thing;
Both in the land and watery wave
Be thou the ſov'reign King.

29 38 And unto you I give for food
All fruit-trees of the field;
And ev'ry fruitful herb that's good
For you the ſeed ſhall yield.

30 39 And for the food of ev'ry beaſt
That lives upon the ground,
On herbage green, lo! they ſhall feaſt,
All which on earth are found.

40 And ſo it was, for all obey'd
The orders of the Lord;
And not one creature once gain-ſaid
His all-commanding word.

31 41 And thus the whole creation ſtood
Before the Maker's eye:
He view'd the whole, pronoun'd it good,
And bleſs'd it from on high.

42 And now the evening and the morn
Did the ſixth day complete:
And glorious wiſdom did adorn
Theſe works divinely great.

The Inſtitution of Marriage.

From GEN. ii. 18,—24.

Ver.
18 THUS ſaid the Lord, It is not good
That man ſhould be alone:
An help-meet ſhall to him be ſhew'd
Made of his own rib-bone.

21 2 Then Adam in deep ſleep he caſt,
And took out of his ſide
22 A rib, then clos'd the fleſh up faſt,
Whereof he made his bride.

3 Then brought he her to Adam's bow'r,
All fair to look upon:
Yea, brighter than a morning flow'r
The lovely female ſhone.

23 4 Then Adam ſaid, Bone of my bone,
Fleſh of my fleſh is ſhe:
The happy partner of my throne,
Woman her name ſhall be.

24 5 And therefore ſhall he freely leave
His parents houſe each man;
And to his wife united cleave,
And they two ſhall be one.

SONG III.

The Fall of Man.

From GEN. iii. 1,—15.

1 NOW Satan in the ſerpent hid,
Our mother Eve aſſail'd;
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid;
And, ah! how ſoon prevail'd!

Ver. 2 For when the woman ſaw the tree
6 So pleaſant to the eyes;
So good for food, ſo much to be
Deſir'd to make one wiſe;

3 She took the fruit, did eat, and gave
Unto her huſband dear;
Who alſo did the ſame receive,
Nor did to eat forbear.

7 4 Now both their eyes ſtraight op'ned were,
Their nakedneſs they view:
Their ſhame did then their ſin declare,
And fear upon them drew.

5 Then fig-leaf aprons ſtraight they made,
Their nakedneſs to hide,
Which but their guilt and ſhame diſplay'd
With fear on ev'ry ſide.

8 6 For when they heard their Maker's voice,
Amidſt the garden fair,
Which us'd to make their hearts rejoice,
They now confounded were.

7 Though in the cooling evening ſhade,
No fury cloth'd his brow;
Yet, lo! from him, with fear and dread,
They haſte to hide them now.

9 8 God called Adam, Adam heard,
But hardly durſt appear:
Where art thou Adam? ſaid the Lord;
What cauſe haſt thou to fear?

10 9 Adam reply'd, Becauſe I heard
Thy voice a midſt this place;
And hid myſelf, becauſe I fear'd
To ſhew my nakedneſs.

Ver. 10 Who told thee that thow naked waſt,
11 That thou thyſelf haſt hid?
Haſt thou preſum'd the fruit to taſte
The which I thee forbid?

12 11 Then Adam ſaid, The woman, Lord,
Thou gav'ſt with me to be,
Took of the ſame, againſt thy word,
And gave thereof to me.

13 12 The Lord then to the woman ſaid,
What's this that thou haſt done?
My word why haſt thou diſobey'd?
And why from me doſt run?

13 The woman then reply'd with fear,
The ſerpent me beguil'd,
Gave me the fruit, then I drew near,
And therewith am defil'd.

14 14 Then to the ſerpent ſaid the Lord,
Becauſe thou this haſt done,
Thou curſed art, and more abhor'd,
Than ought beneath the ſun:

15 Upon thy belly ſhalt thou go,
And duſt ſhall be thy meat:
More curſt than any beaſt art thou
For this thy baſe deceit.

15 16 And I'll put enmity between
The woman's ſeed and thine;
And in due time it ſhall be ſeen
I'll blaſt thy curſt deſign.

Ver. 17 The woman ſhe ſhall have a ſon
That on thy neck ſhall tread:
He ſhall deſtroy what thou haſt done,
And bruiſe thy curſed head.
18 Thy malice he ſhall only feel,
In a deſtreſſive hour,
Biting with envy at his heel,
While he deſtroys thy power.

SONG. IV.

The Song of Hannah. 1 SAM. ii. 1.

1 MY ſoul doth in the Lord rejoice;
In him exalted is my horn
My mouth's enlarged; and my voice
Laugh's all mine enemies to ſcorn.
2 Becauſe in his ſalvation great
I triumph with a chearful tongue;
And none my boaſting ſhall abate
While his ſalvation is my ſong.

2 3 There's none ſo holy as the Lord;
Like him alone there's none beſide:
Neither can any hand afford
A rock like him wherein to hide.

3 4 Mortals, ſo proudly talk no more;
Let arrogance be laid aſide:
The Lord all knowlege hath, therefore
By him are actions rightly weigh'd.

4 5 The mighty men of ſtrength ſee how
Their bows lie broken on the ground:
And ſee the feeble ſtumblers now
With ſtrength and might are girt around.

Ver. 6 They that were full and dwelt at eaſe,
5 Were forc'd to hire themſelves for
But he the hungry ſoul doth pleaſe [bread:
With full ſupplies for ev'ry need.

PART II.

6 7 The Lord both kills and makes alive;
Reſcues the dying from the grave:
Reſtores the ſick and makes them thrive;
Such is his ſov'reign pow'r to ſave.

7 8 The Lord makes poor, and he makes rich;
He caſteth down, he raiſeth up:
8 The poor, when fallen in the ditch,
He raiſeth high and fills their cup.

9 He from the dunghill of diſgrace
The beggar lifteth up on high;
Gives him among the princes place,
The throne of glory to enjoy.

10 For, lo! the pillars of the earth
Belongeth to the Lord alone:
They from his hand receiv'd their birth,
And he the world hath ſet thereon.

9 11 The feet of all his ſaints he keeps,
Not one of them ſhall ever fail;
But ſinners in the darkeſt deeps
Shall lie, and none by ſtrength prevail.

10 12 The adverſaries of the Lord
Shall all be into pieces broke:
From heav'n the thunder of his word
Shall make them all like ſtuble ſmoke.

Ver. 13 The Lord ſhall all to judgment bring,
And laugh his enemies to ſcorn:
With ſtrength ſhall he endue his King,
And high exalt Meſſiah's horn.

SONG V.

Faith in the Reſurrection.

From Job xix. 25,—27.

WITH ſtedfaſt faith my heart believes,
25 And knows that my Redeemer lives:
And that he in the latter days
Shall ſtand on earth, and me upraiſe.

26 2 For tho' the worms devour my ſkin,
And all the feeble frame therein:
Yet ſhall I in this fleſhly clod
With joy behold my Saviour God.

27 3 Whom for myſelf mine eyes ſhall ſee,
Although my reins conſumed be,
I ſhall be rais'd by pow'r divine,
And in his glorious image ſhine.

SONG VI.

Wiſdom's Advice to Sinners.

From Prov. i. 20,—23.

20 HARK, how the wiſdom of the Lord
Lifts up her friendly cry;
21 Among the ſons of men her word
She uttereth on high.

22 2 How long, ye ſimple ones, will ye
Simplicity embrace?
How long, ye ſcorners, will it be
Ere ye receive my grace?

Ver. 3 Will ye in ſcorning ſtill delight,
And wholeſome counſel ſhun?
Fools, will ye always hate the light,
And from inſtruction run?

23 4 Turn you at my reproof, and be
Adviſ'd to ſeek my face;
Then ſhall my Spirit let you ſee
The riches of my grace.

SONG VII.

Obſtinate Sinners threatened.

From PROV. i. 24,—33.

24 BECAUSE I've called, ſaith the Lord,
And ye refus'd to hear:
Stretch'd out my hands, yet to my word
No man inclin'd his ear.

25 2 But all my counſel ſet at nought;
All my reproof deſpis'd:
And without either fear or thought,
New vain deſigns devis'd.

26 3 I'll laugh at your calamity
And mock at all your fear:
Yea, when approaching danger's nigh,
And none to help is near.

27 4 When fears like deſolations throng,
You threaten and aſſail:
And like a whirlwind fierce and ſtrong
Deſtruction ſhall prevail.

5 When anguiſh, grief, and deep diſtreſs
Shall compaſs you around;
And woes, the moſt remedileſs,
Shall all your pride confound.

Ver. 6 Then ſhall they, in that deſp'rate caſe,
28 With cries addreſs mine ear:
Yea, they ſhall early ſeek my face,
But I will not appear.

29 7 For all true knowledge they abhor'd,
And their own counſels choos'd:
The fear and ſervice of the Lord
They utterly refus'd.

30 8 They from my counſels ſtill would ſtray,
And my reproof deſpis'd:
31 So of the fruit of their own way
Let them be now ſuffic'd.

32 9 To turn the ſimple from their rules,
Does them like death annoy:
And the proſperity of fools
Shall wholly them deſtroy.

33 10 But whoſo hearkeneth unto me,
In ſafety ſhall confide:
And from all fears and dangers free,
In quietneſs ſhall abide.

SONG VIII.

The excellent Counſels of Wiſdom.

From PROV. iii. 1,—26.

1 MY ſon, forget thou not my law,
But let thine heart retain
All my commandments, and with care
All ſinful ways refrain.

2 2 For this long life and peaceful days
Shall to thy ſoul afford;
If thou in pure and upright ways
Still walk before the Lord.

Ver. 3 Let truth and mercy ne'er forſake
3 Thy inward ſecret part;
But bind them faſt about thy neck,
And write them on thy heart.

4 4 So ſhalt thou daily favour find
And underſtanding clear,
In ſight of God, and of mankind,
Nor ſhalt thou need to fear.

PART II.

5 5 Truſt in the Lord with all thine heart;
And never dare to lean
Upon the underſtanding part,
Thou think'ſt thou haſt within.

6 6 Acknowledge him in all thy ways,
He ſhall direct thy feet,
And guide thee ſafely all thy days
In paths divinely ſweet.

7 Refrain from fooliſh ſelf-conceit,
And humbly fear the Lord;
8 This ſhall thy ſoul invigorate
And health and peace afford.

9 8 Honour the Lord with all thou haſt,
And free-will off'rings give:
So ſhall thy ſubſtance be increaſt,
And happy ſhalt thou live.

10 9 Thy barns ſhall be with plenty fill'd,
By providence divine:
Thy preſſes ſhall burſt out, and yield
Abundance of new wine.

PART III.

Ver. 10 My ſon, the chaſtning of the Lord
11 Preſume not to deſpiſe;
Nor utter once a murm'ring word
Though he thee ſore chaſtize:
12 11 For he corrects each choſen one
He loves, and wiſely ſmites,
Even as a father doth the ſon
In whom he moſt delights.

SONG IX.

The Excellency of Wiſdom.

From PROV. iii. 13,—26.

13 O HAPPY is the man who gets
Wiſdom, and ſtrives to find
Good underſtanding, and ſtill ſets
Thereon his heart and mind.
14 2 For better is its merchandize
Than ought of ſilver kind;
The gain thereof a richer prize
Than gold the moſt refin'd.
15 3 Not rubies may therewith compare,
Nor what men moſt admire:
The diamond is not half ſo rare,
Nor ought thou canſt deſire.
16 4 In her right hand is length of days,
And in her left there lies
Riches and honour: now ſhe ſays,
Take me, and thine's the prize.
17 5 Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all her paths are peace:
From day to day her joys increaſe
And never, never ceaſe.

Ver. 6 She is a tree of life to all
18 Who do on her lay hold;
And happineſs enjoy they ſhall
Who for her all have ſold.

PART II.

21 7 My ſon, let wiſdom ne'er depart,
Nor knowledge from thine eyes;
But let diſcretion rule thy heart,
And all her counſels prize.

22 8 They ſhall give life unto thy ſoul,
And grace unto thy neck:
23 Then ſhalt thou walk without controul,
And none thy courſe ſhall check.

24 9 Thou ſhalt lie down and quietly reſt,
Nor be afraid of ill:
Thy ſleep ſhall be with ſweetneſs bleſt,
And peaceful days have ſtill.

25 [10 Be not afraid of ſudden fear,
Nor dread the leaſt annoy,
When deſolation ſhall appear
The wicked to deſtroy.

26 11 For God thy confidence ſhall be,
And he thy foot ſhall keep
From being taken privily;
None of thy ſteps ſhall ſlip.]

SONG X.

Rules of Equity, Piety, and Charity.

From PROV. iii. 27,—35.

27 WIthhold not good from whom 'tis due
When in thy pow'r to give:
Nor let them oft their ſuit renew
When thou canſt them relieve.

Ver. 2 Nor to thy needy neighbour ſay,
28 Go now and come again,
And I will give another day;
When thou canſt give it then.

29 3 Againſt thy neighbour ne'er deviſe,
Nor ſtrive to do him ill;
While he with confidence relies
On thee for friendſhip ſtill.

30 4 Never againſt thy neighbour ſtrive,
Who thee no harm hath done:
31 Nor grieve to ſee th' oppreſſor thrive,
But all his courſes ſhun.

32 5 For, lo! the wicked are abhor'd
And hateful in God's ſight:
But ſtill the ſecret of the Lord
Remains with the upright.

33 6 The curſe of God is in the houſe
Of all the wicked race:
But he with bleſſings ſtill endows
The juſt man's dwelling place.

34 7 Surely the Lord the ſcorner ſcorns,
And will them all debaſe:
But he the lowly ſoul adorns
With his enriching grace.

35 8 The certain portion of the wiſe
Shall endleſs glory be:
But, lo! the fool's promotion dies
In woful infamy.

SONG XI.

A Caution againſt unlawful Luſts.

From PROV. v. 20. *Long Metre.*

Ver.
20 AND why wilt thou, my darling ſon,
Be raviſh'd with, or dote upon
The beauties of a harlot's face,
And her unhallow'd breaſts embrace?

21 2 For all the various ways of man
The Lord beholds ſince time began;
His thoughts, his words, and all he does,
His ſecret dealings well he knows.

22 3 His own iniquities ſhall take
The wicked, and his heart ſhall ake
When holden by his ſins like cords,
And help to him no man affords.

23 4 He ſhall without inſtruction die,
And periſh ignominiouſly;
Stand ſpeechleſs on the judgment-day
Who thus in folly goes aſtray.

SONG XII.

CHRIST, *the Wiſdom of* GOD, *declaring his eternal Exiſtence, and calling to the Sons of Men.*

From PROV. viii. 22,—36.

22 THE Lord poſſeſſed me,
When firſt his way began;
23 And I from all eternity
Was ſet up ere was man.

Ver. 2 Before the deeps appear'd;
24 Before the fountains flow'd;
25 Before the mountains were uprear'd
Was I alone with God.

26 [3 Before the worlds were made
Was I with him alone:
27 When he prepar'd the heav'ns, and ſpread
Their curtains round his throne.

4 When he a compaſs ſet
Upon the flowing deep;
Commanding ev'ry firth and ſtrait,
Their ſtinted bounds to keep.

28 5 When he the clouds above
Eſtabliſh'd by his hand;
Strengthen'd the fountains ſtill to move
By his divine command.

29 6 When to the ſea he gave
His firm decree, and laid
Command thereon, where ev'ry wave
Should finally be ſtaid.

7 When earth's foundation he
Appointed by command,
Where ev'ry rock and hill ſhould be
Allotted where to ſtand.]

30 8 Then was I in his ſight
As one brought up with him;
Yea, I was daily his delight,
And high in his eſteem:

31 9 Rejoicing in his ſight,
Viewing his works, and then
I fixt, with pleaſure, my delight
Upon the ſons of men.

Ver. 10 Now therefore, O give ear,
32 Ye children, and obey;
For bleſs'd are they who daily hear
My words and keep my way.

33 11 Then my inſtruction hear,
That ſo you may be wiſe:
Refuſe it not, ye children dear,
But all my counſels prize.

34 12 For bleſs'd is ev'ry one
That hears me, and who waits
With conſtant diligence upon
The opening of my gates.

35 13 For whoſo findeth me
Finds life, and ſhall obtain
The favour of the Lord, and be
Releas'd from Satan's chain.

36 14 But whoſo dare rebel,
Againſt me, wrongs his ſoul:
All that me hate love death and hell,
And thither ſwiftly roll.

SONG XIII.

Agur's Prayer, &c.

PROV. XXX. 7, 8, 9.

7 TWO things have I deſir'd of thee,
O Lord, before I die;
And that thou wouldſt vouchſafe them me
Inceſſantly I cry.

8 2 Far from me vanity and lies,
In mercy, Lord, remove:

9 With food convenient me ſuffice,
Attended with thy love.

Ver. 3 I aſk not for abundant wealth,
Leſt I ſhould thee deny;
Nor poverty, leſt I, by ſtealth,
Should ſeek a falſe ſupply.

SONG XIV.

A Check to youthful Vanities.

From Eccl. xi. 9.

9 REJOICE, ye young voluptuous tribe,
In youthful heart's delight:
Whate'er your fancies can deſcribe,
Purſue with all your might.

2 But while you tread this pleaſing path,
Conſider as you go,
This is the dreadful road to death,
And everlaſting wo.

3 Remember, though in youthful bloom,
That you muſt ſhortly die:
And to the dreadful wrath to come
How much expos'd you lie.

4 O then, before it be too late,
The voice of Wiſdom hear!
For, lo! before Chriſt's judgment ſeat
You quickly muſt appear.

5 There ev'ry ſinful word and thought,
And action you have done,
However ſecret, muſt be brought
Before the radient ſun.

6 Now, to prepare for that great day
Your utmoſt care demands:
Seek pardon now, without delay,
And yield to God's commands.

SONG XV.

The Glory of the Latter Days.

From Isa. ii. 2,—5.

2 THUS ſaith the Lord, In the laſt days,
The mountain of my houſe
I will above all mountains raiſe,
And 'ſtabliſh for my ſpouſe.

2 Yea, high it ſhall exalted be
Above the loftieſt hills;
And thither ſhall all nations flee
When God his word fulfils.

3 3 And many peoples then ſhall ſay,
Come, all with one accord,
Up to the houſe of God this day,
And let us hear his word:

4 For he will teach us his pure ways,
And we will walk therein,
Though we have made ſuch long delays,
And have been ſlaves to ſin.

5 For out of Zion ſhall go forth
The law to ev'ry place;
And from Jerus'lem, through the earth,
The goſpel of his grace.

4 6 Among the nations Chriſt ſhall judge,
And tyrants ſhall be broke:
He ſhall redeem the ſervile drudge
From ſin's and Satan's yoke.

7 The warriors then their ſwords ſhall take
And beat them to plough-ſhares;
And uſeful pruning-hooks ſhall make
Of their neglected ſpears

Ver. 8 For nation ſhall not lift a ſword
Againſt a nation more;
Nor once the art of war one word
Be learnt from ſhore to ſhore.

5 9 O Jacob's houſe, with one accord,
(Redeem'd from ev'ry wo)
Now, in the light of God our Lord
And Saviour, let us go.

SONG XVI.

The Kingdom of Chriſt.

From Isa. ix. 6, 7.

6 TO us behold, a child is born;
To us a ſon is given:
Glory his temples ſhall adorn,
Bright ſhining down from heav'n.

2 Upon his ſhoulders ſhall be laid
The government, and he
Shall be with glorious pow'r array'd,
And ſpotleſs Majeſty.

3 His name the Wonderful ſhall be,
And Counſellor moſt wiſe;
The everlaſting Father he,
The mighty God likewiſe;

4 The Prince of peace, whoſe pow'r ſhall make
Both heav'n and earth agree;
And Satan's yoke in pieces break,
And ſet his captives free.

7 5 And of his government's increaſe,
And peace ſhall be no end,
On David's throne: nor ſhall he ceaſe
To rule and to defend.

Ver. 6 To 'ſtabliſh truth and judgment there,
And juſtice here below:
All ſhall his righteouſneſs revere,
And to his ſcepter bow.

7 The zeal of God, the Lord of Hoſts,
Shall this perform alone
And all the earth's remoteſt coaſts
Shall worſhip at his throne.

SONG XVII.

The glorious Qualifications of Chriſt and his peaceful Kingdom.

From Isa. xi. 1,—13.

1 FROM Jeſſe's ſtem a rod ſhall ſpring,
And from his roots ſhall grow
A glorious branch, a mighty King,
Subduing ev'ry foe.

2 2 The Spirit of the Lord ſhall reſt
Upon his ſacred head;
And wiſdom, infinitely bleſt,
Shall all his ſoul o'er ſpread.

3 Yea, underſtanding all divine,
With counſel, pow'r, and might,
He ſhall with boundleſs knowledge ſhine,
In pure eternal light.

4 And with the Lord's moſt holy fear,
Inherent, not beſtow'd:
Thus glorioufly ſhall he appear,
With ev'ry grace endow'd.

3 5 With underſtanding quick ſhall he
His judgments juſt diſpenſe
Rend'ring to all impartially
A righteous recompence.

Ver. 6 He'll judge the poor with righteouſneſs;
With equity reprove:
He ſhall the ſuff'ring meek redreſs,
And all their griefs remove:

7 He with his word the earth ſhall ſmite,
And all his foes diſmay:
He, with his lips ſhall them requite,
And all the wicked ſlay.

5 8 The holy girdle of his loins,
Pure righteouſneſs ſhall be;
And faithfulneſs ſhall gird his reins,
From all corruption free.

6 9 The wolf, made gentle, with the lamb
Shall dwell both night and day:
The leopard fierce ſhall then be tame,
And with the kid ſhall play.

10 The fatling calf and lion young,
Shall cordially agree;
Nor once the tender infant wrong,
Who ſhall their leader be.

7 11 Behold, the cow and bear ſhall feed
In perfect harmony:
Their young ones in the pleaſant mead
Together down ſhall lie.

12 Yea, the voracious lion then
Shall no more tear the flocks;
But leave his fleſh-devouring den,
And eat ſtraw like the ox.

8 13 And with the aſps and vipers then
The ſuckling child ſhall play;
And on the cockatrices den
His tender fingers lay.

Ver. 14 Nor ought ſhall fright, hurt, or deſtroy,
9 In all God's holy hill:
But peace, pure unity, and joy,
Shall ev'ry boſom fill.

15 For with the knowledge of the Lord
Shall all the earth abound;
Ev'n as the ſea's deep channels ſtor'd
With waters are profound.

10 16 And in that day ſhall be a root
Of Jeſſe, which ſhall ſtand
Fair as a tree of heav'nly fruit,
An enſign to the land.

17 And thereto ſhall the Gentiles ſeek,
With earneſtneſs of mind;
And all the humble, poor, and meek,
Shall his ſalvation find.

11 18 And in that day, that glorious day,
The Lord ſhall ſet his hand,
His great ſalvation to diſplay
Through his beloved land.

19 And he the ſecond time ſhall ſave
The remnant of his flock;
Nor one among the nations leave
Where they are drove and broke.

12 20 An enſign he ſhall alſo ſet
His people to unite:
13 Iſr'el and Judah ſhall forget
Their former feuds and ſpite.

21 His out-caſts he ſhall gather in,
And re-aſſemble them:
War ſhall no more 'twixt them begin,
Nor envy more enflame.

SONG XVIII.

A general Thankſgiving for Goſpel Salvation.

From Isaiah xii. 1,—5.

Ver. AND in that day, that joyful day,
When God his church ſhall raiſe;
His people thankfully ſhall ſay,
O Lord, I will thee praiſe!

2 For though with me thou angry waſt,
Becauſe I went aſtray;
But now thou comfort'ſt me, and haſt
Thine anger turn'd away.

2 3 Behold, the Lord my Saviour is,
I will not be afraid
Though earth and hell againſt me riſe,
My truſt is in his aid.

4 The Lord Jehovah is my ſtrength,
And he is now my ſong;
And he is now become at length
My great ſalvation ſtrong.

3 5 Therefore his ſaints, with joys unknown,
Shall waters draw moſt pure
From his ſalvation's wells, and none
Shall after thirſt endure.

Part II.

4 6 And in that day the joyful theme
Of all the ſaints ſhall be,
Praiſe ye the Lord! call on his name;
His wondrous works ſhew ye!

7 Among the people mention make
Of his exalted height;
And of his name with rev'rence ſpeak,
And his majeſtic might.

Ver. 8 Sing to the Lord, for he hath done
5 Things excellent and great:
His works thro' all the world are known;
Let all his praiſe repeat.

9 O ye that in mount Zion dwell,
Cry out and ſhout to God;
For the great One of Iſrael,
With you makes his abode.

SONG XIX.

A Song inciting to Confidence in God.
From Isa. xxvi. 1,—9.

1 IN that day ſhall this joyful ſong
Be ſung in Judah's land;
We have a city great, and ſtrong,
Built by Jehovah's hand.

2 Salvation alſo will our God
Appoint for guarding walls,
And bulwarks ſure, for our abode,
Againſt what danger calls.

2 3 Set open wide the ample gates,
And let the righteous in;
The nation that keeps truth, and waits
To be made pure from ſin.

3 4 God will them keep in perfect peace
Whoſe minds on him are ſtaid:
And whoſo truſteth in his grace
Shall always find his aid.

Part II.

4 5 Truſt ye for ever in the Lord,
Nor yield to doubts at length;
For in the Lord Jehovah's word
Is everlaſting ſtrength.

Ver. 6 Behold, he brings the mighty down,
5 And thoſe that dwell on high:
The lofty city, with a frown,
He makes in ruins lie.

6 7 That ſo the poor thereon may tread,
And all who are oppreſt;
For God lifts up the drooping head,
And gives the weary reſt.

7 8 Behold, the way the juſt man goes
Is ever more upright:
The Lord himſelf his courſe well knows,
And therein takes delight.

8 9 We, in the way, the perfect way,
Of thy pure judgments, Lord,
For thee have waited, day by day,
And truſted in thy word.

10 For our deſire is to thy name,
The thoughts whereof is ſweet;
And this doth all our ſouls enflame,
While we thy praiſe repeat.

9 11 Thee, with my ſoul, have I deſir'd,
In ſeaſons of the night;
And I thy face, by grace inſpir'd,
Will ſeek by morning light.

12 Lord, when thy judgments all abroad
Throughout the earth appear;
Thy people then will learn, O God,
Thy righteouſneſs to fear.

SONG XX.

GOD's *gracious and righteous Dealings acknowledged and praiſed.*

From ISAIAH XXVI. 12,—21.

Ver.
12 LORD, thou for us wilt peace ordain,
For thou for us haſt wrought
All our works in us, and made plain
What we could ne'er have thought.

13 2 Tho' other lords too long have been
Our maſters, Lord; but now
We would no more be ſlaves to ſin,
But to thy ſceptre bow.

14 3 Lo, they are dead; they ſhall not live,
Nor vex us any more:
Thou didſt to them a viſit give,
Which hath deſtroy'd their pow'r.

4 Yea, thou haſt made their memory
To periſh from the ground;
As chaff before ſtrong tempeſts fly,
Not one of them is found.

PART II.

15 5 Thou haſt increas'd the nation, Lord;
And thou art glorified:
Thou haſt increas'd it by thy word,
And made its borders wide.

6 Yea, to the world's remoteſt ends
Thou haſt its coaſts remov'd:
The Lord his people ſtill defends
Who are of him belov'd.

Ver. 7 Come ye, my people, ſaith the Lord,
20 And in your chambers hide;
And ſhut your doors againſt the ſword,
Until the ſtorm ſubſide.

8 As for a moment ſhut you in,
Nor fear the trying hour;
With patience wait, nor once begin
To doubt my ſaving pow'r.

21 9 Behold, the Lord ſhall quickly come
Forth from his ſecret place,
And make the nations dread their doom,
Who have abus'd his grace.

10 Lo, he ſhall make the earth diſcloſe
The blood of all his ſaints,
That hath been ſhed by cruel foes,
He hears their juſt complaints.

11 Their perſecutors he will make
To tremble on that day;
Before his preſence they ſhall quake,
And melt like wax away.

SONG XXI.

CHRIST'S *Humiliation, Death, and Reward.*

From ISA. liii. 1,—12.

For a Sacramental Occaſion.

1 WHO hath believed our report?
Or who hath ſeen reveal'd,
The Lord's ſtrong arm, not waxen ſhort?
Nor is his pow'r conceal'd.

2 2 Behold, Meſſiah, he ſhall grow
Before him as a plant;
Yea, as a tender branch, when, lo!
Its roots due moiſture want.

Ver. 3 He hath no form nor comelineſs;
And when our eyes behold,
With carnal views, his outward dreſs,
Our hearts to him are cold.

3 4 By men rejected and deſpis'd,
A man of ſorrows he,
With griefs acquainted, and chaſtiz'd
For our iniquity.

5 From him (aſham'd) we turn'd our face,
And we eſteem'd him not!
We, all his ſuff'rings and diſgrace,
Ungratefully forgot.

4 6 Yet ſurely he hath born our grief;
Our ſorrows on him lay:
He ſuffer'd all for our relief
On that afflictive day.

7 While we eſteem'd him as if God
With him had angry been:
As if on him he laid his rod
For his own guilt and ſin.

5 8 But, ah! for our tranſgreſſions he
Was wounded, yea, and bruis'd
For thoſe iniquities that that we
By juſtice were accus'd.

9 For the chaſtiſment of our peace
On him alone was laid:
His ſuff'rings purchas'd our releaſe;
His death our ranſom paid.

PART II.

Ver. 10 All we like ſheep have gone aſtray:
6 We've turned ev'ry one
To his own choſen crooked way,
And from the Lord have gone.

11 And on his head, the Lord hath laid,
All our iniquities:
He all our dreadful debts hath paid;
'Tis finiſh'd, lo! he cries!

7 12 Afflicted and oppreſt was he,
Yet did he not complain;
But as a lamb, that patiently
Submiteth to be ſlain.

13 And as a ſheep is dumb before
The ſhearer, ſo was he:
While they his garments from him tore,
He bore it patiently.

8 14 From priſon and from judgment-hall
Behold him taken too;
Led forth, cut off; but, ah! who ſhall
His generation ſhew?

15 For, from the land of mortal life
Was he cut off and ſlain;
For our tranſgreſſions, guilt, and ſtrife,
That we might life obtain.

9 16 He with the wicked made his grave,
And with the rich in death;
And he, his enemies to ſave,
Pour'd out his lateſt breath.

Ver. 17 For he no violence had done,
Nor in his mouth was found
The leaſt deceit, for ſpotleſs ſhone
His innocence around.

10 18 Yet him the Lord was pleas'd to bruiſe,
And put his ſoul to grief;
When both for Gentiles and for Jews,
He poured out his life.

19 But when his ſoul a ſacrifice
Is offer'd up for ſin,
A num'rous ſeed ſhall thence ariſe;
Great vict'ry he ſhall win.

20 For, lo! the pleaſure of the Lord
Shall proſper in his hand;
And all his people, thus reſtor'd,
Shall bow to his command.

11 21 He of the travel of his ſoul
Abundant fruit ſhall ſee,
Extending ev'n from pole to pole,
And ſatisfied ſhall be.

22 My righteous Servant, ſaith the Lord,
Shall many juſtify:
Knowing how they muſt be reſtor'd,
Bears their iniquity.

12 23 I therefore will to him divide
A portion with the great,
And ſpread his vaſt dominion wide,
And high exalt his ſtate.

24 He alſo ſhall divide the ſpoil
With his moſt potent foes,
To recompence his death and toil,
And ſave the ſouls he choſe.

Ver. 25 He with tranſgreſſors number'd was;
The ſins of many bore;
And interceſſion made for grace
To thoſe who ſhed his gore.

SONG XXII.

The glorious Victory of CHRIST *over all his, and his Church's Enemies.*

From ISA. lxiii. 1,—5.

1 WHO's this that up from Edom comes
With garments dipt in blood;
From Bozrah's gate, whoſe air aſſumes
The majeſty of God?

2 Behold, in greatneſs of his ſtrength,
And glorious in array!
Chearful he travels all the length
Of that unbeaten way.

3 Who can it be! I'm in diſtreſs
His glories to diſcry!
'Tis I that ſpeak in righteouſneſs,
Mighty to ſave am I.

2 4 Then Lord, thy myſtic dreſs diſcloſe;
Why's thine apparel red,
And all thy garments ſtain'd like thoſe
That in the wine-preſs tread?

3 5 The wine-preſs I have trod alone,
And fully made an end;
For of the people there were none
That could aſſiſtance lend.

6 I'll therefore tread them in my wrath,
And trample on the ſlain;
In fury cruſh my foes to death,
And all my raiment ſtain.

Ver. 7 For, lo! the dreadful day of doom
4 To recompence the proud;
The year of my redeem'd is come,
Salvation ſhout aloud!

5 8 Thro' heav'n and earth I caſt mine eye,
But helpers there were none;
Therefore mine arm the victory,
Completely gain'd alone.

[9 *Thus in the great Meſſiah's name,*
The Jewiſh prophet ſung,
While heav'n inſpir'd the ſacred flame
Upon his hallow'd tongue.

10 *And ſhall not we of Gentile race,*
Of his ſalvation ſing,
Who feel the pow'r of ſov'reign grace,
And conqueſts of our King?]

SONG XXIII.

The Triumph of Faith.

From Hab. iii. 17, 18.

17 WHAT tho' the fig-tree bloſſom not,
Nor fruit be in the vine;
The olive wither, die, and rot,
And all its juice reſign!

2 What though the richeſt fruitful field
Should prove a barren ground;
And neither graſs for cattle yield,
Nor bread for man be found!

3 What tho' the goodly flocks ſhould die,
And ev'ry fold be void;
The ſtalls unoccupy'd ſhould lie,
And all the herd deſtroy'd!

Ver. 4 Yet in the Lord my God will I
18 With confidence rejoice;
Of his ſalvation ſing on high,
With chearful heart and voice.

SONG XXIV. *The Beatitudes.*

From MATTH. v. 3,—10.

3 BLESS'D are the poor in ſpirit; theirs
The kingdom is of heav'n;
As denizons, and lawful heirs,
By free donation giv'n.

4 2 Bleſs'd are the humble ſouls that mourn
For ſin, and are diſtreſt;
For certain comfort ſhall return
To them in endleſs reſt.

5 3 Bleſs'd are the lowly and the meek,
Who all to God commit;
For though this earth they little ſeek,
They ſhall inherit it.

6 4 Bleſs'd are they who for righteouſneſs,
Do hunger, thirſt, and pine;
For they ſhall, after all diſtreſs,
Be fill'd with grace divine.

7 5 Bleſs'd are the merciful; for they
Shall alſo mercy find;
And in the laſt deciſive day
Their Judge ſhall then be kind.

8 6 Bleſs'd are the pious, pure in heart,
For God their eyes ſhall ſee,
Spotleſs and pure in ev'ry part;
And ſpotleſs they ſhall be.

Ver. 7 Bleſs'd are the peace promoters all,
9 Who ſeeds of peace have ſown;
The Lord ſhall them his children call,
And take them for his own.

10 8 Bleſs'd are they who for righteouſneſs
Are perſecuted here;
For heav'nly thrones ſhall they poſſeſs,
And crowns of glory wear.

SONG XXV.

The LORD'S *Prayer.*

From MATTH. vi. 9,—13.

9 OUR Father, who in heav'n ſupreme
Eternally doth reign;
For ever hallow'd be thy name,
And attributes divine.

10 2 Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done
In earth as 'tis in heav'n.
11 And let our bread, by thee alone,
To us be daily giv'n.

12 3 Forgive our num'rous debts, O Lord,
As others we forgive,
When by thy Spirit and thy word,
Our ſouls are made to live.

13 4 And let us not be drawn or led
Into temptation's way;
But from all evil, where we tread,
Deliver us we pray.

5 For kingdom, pow'r, and glory, Lord,
Belongs alone to thee
For ever; and with one accord,
Amen, ſo let it be.

SONG XXVI.

CHRIST's *Call to the Weary and Heavy Laden.*

From MAT. xi. 28,—30. *Long Metre.*

Ver.
28 ATTEND the dear Redeemer's call,
Ye heavy laden ſinners all;
Behold, to you aloud he cries,
With love and pity in his eyes.

2 Come all to me who are oppreſt
With guilt, and I will give you reſt:
Only believe, and you ſhall be
From all your bonds of guilt ſet free.

29 3 Take ye my yoke upon your neck,
Aud learn of me, for I am meek
And lowly both in heart and mind;
So reſt ye to your ſouls ſhall find.

30 4 My yoke is eaſy, burden light;
My laws are equal, juſt, and right:
My work is pleaſure, free from pain,
And my rewards eternal gain.

SONG XXVII.

CHRIST's *Caution againſt Covetouſneſs.*

From MATTH. xvi. 26.

26 WHAT profit ſhall a man obtain,
If he this ſpacious world could gain,
And graſp it all from pole to pole,
Yet loſe his own immortal ſoul?

2 What would his mighty heaps avail,
When ſickneſs ſhould his health aſſail?
Or when the pow'rful hand of death,
Should ſeize him and demand his breath?

LUKE xii. 19,—21.

Ver. 19 3 Think on the man who vainly ſaid,
Take eaſe, my ſoul, for there's uplaid
For thee great ſtore for many years,
To baniſh all corroding fears.

4 Eat, drink, be merry, and enjoy
Thy treaſure long, without annoy:
Plenty ſhall ſtill thy table crown;
In ſpacious bowls thy ſorrows drown.

20 5 But, ah! how ſoon this ſcene retir'd,
Thou fool, ſaid God, thy ſoul's requir'd;
And all theſe heaps thou counteſt thine,
Shalt thou this very night reſign.

21 6 And ſuch are all who gold like duſt
Heap up, and therein put their truſt,
And have no riches toward God,
Who life and all on them beſtow'd.

SONG XXVIII. *The laſt Judgment.*

From MAT. XXV. 31,—46.

31 WHEN Chriſt to judgment ſhall deſcend
In glory, and with all
32 His holy angels that attend
Obedient at his call.

2 Then ſhall he ſit upon his throne
Of glory, and convene
The nations all, yea, ev'ry one
That e'er on earth have been.

3 Before his face, amazing wide,
Shall they in order ſtand,
Ev'n as a ſhepherd doth divide
His ſheep and goats by hand.

Ver. 4 The righteous and the wicked then
Shall he in order place,
Like ſheep and goats, clean and unclean,
Diſtinguiſh'd by his grace.

33 5 The righteous then on his right hand
Shall he in order ſet:
The wicked on his left ſhall ſtand,
Nor more together get.

34 6 Then to the righteous this glad doom,
The righteous Judge ſhall give,
Ye bleſſed of my Father come,
The kingdom now receive,

7 Which was for you of old prepar'd,
Ev'n ere the worlds were made;
And now 'tis your divine reward,
To reign with Chriſt your Head.

35 8 Me when I hungry was ye fed,
And gave me drink when dry;
36 When I was naked me ye clad,
And did my wants ſupply.

9 When I a ſtranger was, then ye
Receiv'd me in with care:
Sick and in priſon, then ye me
Paid kindly viſits there.

37 10 The righteous then, with one accord,
Shall modeſtly reply,
38 When ſaw we thee in need, O Lord,
And did thy wants ſupply!

39 11 We can remember no good thing
That e'er we did to thee;
But thou thy favours, heav'nly King,
Beſtow'ſt upon us free.

Ver. 12 The King ſhall anſwer them again,
40 For as much, friends, as ye
Eas'd my leaſt brother, when in pain,
Ye did it then to me.

41 13 Then ſhall he turn to his left hand,
And to the wicked ſay,
Ye curſed, hence at my command,
With vengeance haſte away,

14 To everlaſting fire prepar'd
For Satan and his crew;
This is the portion and reward,
All that remains for you.

42 15 For I was hungry, and ye gave
No meat to eaſe my pain:
I thirſty was, and drink did crave
Of you, but all in vain.

43 16 I was a ſtranger in diſtreſs,
And me ye took not in:
And when in cold and nakedneſs,
Ye clothed not my ſkin.

17 Sick, and in priſon, but you ne'er
So much as came to me;
Nor ſhed a ſympathizing tear
For all my miſery.

44 18 Then ſhall they impudently ſay,
When ſaw we thee diſtreſt,
And turn'd our eyes from thee away,
Nor then thy wants redreſt?

Ver. 19 Then ſhall he anſwer them again,
45 Yea, for as much as ye
Relieved not my brethrens pain,
Ye did it not to me.

46 20 And theſe to everlaſting fire
Shall preſently be driv'n;
But, lo! the righteous ſhall aſpire
To endleſs joys in heav'n.

SONG XXIX.

The Sufferings of Chriſt.

From MATTH. xxvii. 26,—37.

For a Sacramental Occaſion.

26 COME, let us view the matchleſs pain,
And ſuff'rings of our Lord;
Againſt him, lo! the Jews obtain
The cruel Roman ſword.

2 Although the Romans thought it hard,
The innocent ſhould die;
The Jews a murderer prefer'd
Before the Lord moſt high,

3 And, lo! the Roman governor,
Their wiſhes to fulfil;
His back with cruel ſcourges tore,
Then gave him to their will.

27 4 Then to the ſoldiers he was giv'n,
To mock, and jeer, and ſcoff;
Who from the peerleſs Prince of heav'n
His garments they ſtript off.

28 5 Then put on him a ſcarlet robe,
And ſcorn him to his face:
And thus the maker of the globe
Was treated with diſgrace.

Ver. 6 Then plated they a crown of thorns,
29 And put it on his head;
Then, with the moſt inſulting ſcorns,
In his right hand a reed.
7 Then mockingly they bow the knee,
And him with ſcorn abuſe;
All crying out, moſt veh'mently,
Hail, hail, King of the Jews!
30 8 Then did they ſpit on him, and took
Out of his hand the reed;
And therewith cruelly they ſtruck
Upon his ſacred head.
31 9 Again they ſtrip him of the robe,
With a tumultuous cry;
Put on his clothes, then with a mob
Lead him to crucify.
32 10 And having laid on him the croſs,
He fainted to the ground;
But ſtraightway to repair that loſs,
They a Cyrenian found;
11 Whom they compell his croſs to bear
Up to mount Calvary;
And there the fatal tree they rear
Whereon he was to die.
33 12 And when to Golgotha they came,
The ſcull-place of the dead,
The Lord of life they put to ſhame,
And ſcornfully upbraid.
34 13 They gave him vinegar and gall
To aggravate his pain
The which he taſted, but withal
Refus'd to drink again.

Ver. 14 At laſt the ſoldiers crucify'd
35 The great Redeemer dear:
And then his garments they divide
By lots among them there.

15 And thus the prophecy of old,
Which was of him reveal'd,
And by the holy prophet told,
Was punctually fulfil'd.

16 My garments they among them ſhare,
And for my veſture they
Caſt lots, that ſo it might appear
Whoſe it ſhould be that day.

36 17 And ſitting down they watch'd him there,
To feaſt their cruel eyes;
More ſavage than wild Indians are
They mock'd his agonies.

37 16 His accuſation too they ſet,
In writing o'er his head,
In various languages 'twas writ,
That all who paſs'd might read,

19 JESUS OF NAZARETH THIS IS,
As all who paſs may ſee
And know, whoever readeth this,
KING OF THE JEWS IS HE.

38 20 With him two thieves they crucify'd,
On each ſide plac'd they one,
That whoſoever him eſpy'd
Might think he worſe had done.

39 21 And thoſe that paſs'd him by revil'd,
And at him wag'd their heads,
As if he had the world defil'd,
With moſt attrocious deeds.

Ver. 22 Ah! thou, ſay they, that doſt deſtroy
40 God's houſe, and in three days
Build'ſt it again, that pow'r employ,
And leave the croſs likewiſe.

23 If that thou be the Son of God,
Now from the croſs come down;
Diſplay thy mighty pow'r abroad,
And we thy name will own.

41 24 The chief prieſts mocking him likewiſe,
With ſcribes and elders ſaid,
42 He ſaved others, but his lies
Are now at laſt betray'd:

25 For, lo! himſelf he cannot ſave
From death's afflictive ſting:
Let Iſr'el's King the croſs now leave
And we will own him King.

43 26 In God he truſted, let him now
Deliver him, if he
Will have him; for he did avow
Himſelf God's Son to be.

44 27 Yea, ev'n the thieves now crucify'd
With him, while on the croſs
Caſt in his teeth the ſame, and cry'd
Save now thy ſelf and us.

[28 *All this and more than tongue can tell*
Did our dear Lord endure,
To ſave our guilty ſouls from hell,
And heav'n for us procure.]

SONG XXX.

The Reſurrection of CHRIST.

From MATTH. XXVIII. 1,—20.

Ver.

1 EARLY the firſt day of the week
Two holy women came,
With humble aſpect, mild and meek,
Who lov'd the Saviour's name;

2 2 To ſee his ſepulchre they came,
With haſty feet that day:
And, lo! an earthquake rent the tomb
Wherein his body lay.

3 Becauſe an angel of the Lord,
Commiſſion'd from on high,
The ſtone had roll'd, as with a word,
From where the Lord did lie.

3 4 His face was like the dazzling light,
His raiment white as ſnow,
4 Which gave the keepers ſuch a fright,
They ſeem'd as dead with woe.

5 5 The angel to the women cry'd,
Fear not, ye daughters dear;
Jeſus ye ſeek, once crucify'd,
And who was bury'd here.

6 6 He is not here, but ris'n again,
As he to you hath ſaid.
Come ſee the place, to eaſe your pain,
Wherein the Lord was laid.

7 7 Go now and his diſciples tell,
He's riſen from the dead:
And what you've ſeen go now reveal
To them with utmoſt ſpeed.

Ver. 8 Tell them that he before them goes
To Galilee, and there
Shall they behold him: let them loſe
No time; go this declare.

9 Lo! I have told you; no more doubt,
But take my faithful word:
Your former unbelief caſt out,
And glorify your Lord.

8 10 So they departed quickly from
The ſepulchre with fear,
And with great joy; but ere they came
Where the diſciples were,

9 11 Lo! Jeſus meets them by the way,
And kindly does them greet:
Then all in ruptures ſtraight fell they
And worſhip'd at his feet.

10 12 Then ſaid the Lord, Fear not nor dread,
Go tell my brethren dear,
To go to Galilee with ſpeed,
And they ſhall ſee me there.

16 13 This done th' elev'n diſciples went
To Galilee ſtraightway,
Up to a mountain's high aſcent,
Where he had bid them ſtay:

17 14 And there they ſaw him with their eyes,
And worſhipped him there;
But ſome, through frailty and ſurprize,
In doubtful plight yet were.

18 15 Then Jeſus came and ſpoke to them,
And ſaid, All pow'r is giv'n
Over the church, as Head ſupreme,
To me in earth and heav'n.

Ver. 16 Go therefore teach all nations round
19 The world, I you command;
And let them hear the goſpel ſound,
Through ev'ry diſtant land.

17 Baptizing them through ev'ry coaſt,
In that great triune name,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt;
Whoe'er receives the ſame.

20 18 Teaching them all things to obſerve,
Which I've commanded you;
And, lo! I'm with you, to preſerve
You to the end, Adieu.

SONG XXXI.

The Song of the Virgin Mary.

From LUKE i. 46,—55.

46 MY ſoul doth magnify the Lord,
My ſpirit doth rejoice,
47 In God my Saviour, whoſe ſweet word
Exalts my feeble voice.

48 2 For he his hand-maid's low eſtate
Regarded hath; now all,
From age to age, ſhall this repeat,
And ſhall me bleſſed call.

49 3 For he that mighty is hath done
Great things for me indeed;
And holy is his name alone,
Who hath advanc'd my head.

50 4 For, lo! his mercy is on all
That fear his holy name,
From age to age that on him call,
Not one is put to ſhame.

Ver. 5 Strength with his arm the Lord hath
51 And hath diſpers'd the proud, [ſhew'd,
And all his enemies ſubdu'd,
While they were boaſting loud.

52 6 The mighty from their ſeats hath he
With his ſtrong hand put down;
And raiſed thoſe of low degree
To honour and renown.

53 7 He with good things hath fill'd the poor,
And ſent the rich away
Empty and hungry from his door,
Quite deſtitute of prey.

54 8 He hath his Iſr'el help'd indeed,
With his great mercy ſure;
55 Promis'd to Abr'am and his ſeed
For ever to endure.

SONG XXXII.

The Nativity of CHRIST.

From LUKE ii. 7,—14.

7 BEHOLD the prophecy fulfil'd
Foretold of antient years:
A Virgin ſhall conceive a child;
The promis'd Son appears!

2 But how ungrateful were mankind!
His mother, how diſtreſt!
None but a ſtable could ſhe find!
In manger he muſt reſt!

8 3 While careful ſheperds watch'd their
At midnight's ſilent hour, [flocks,
Leſt rav'ning wolf, or crafty fox,
The tender lambs devour.

Ver. 4 Behold, an angel from on high
9 Appear'd before their eyes;
And glory ſtreaming from the ſky
Struck them with ſad ſurprize.

5 But, lo! the angel ſtraight affords
The frighted ſwains relief;
And with theſe ſweet and joyful words
Expell'd their doubts in brief:

10 6 Fear not, ſaid he, glad news I bring
To you and all forlorn,
Lo! CHRIST the Saviour, Lord and King,
For you this day is born.

11 7 To David's city go with ſpeed,
And there, behold, you'll find
The woman's ancient promis'd ſeed,
The Saviour of mankind.

12 8 And this ſhall be to you a ſign
You there ſhall find array'd,
In ſwaddling clothes, the Babe divine,
And in a manger laid.

13 9 This ſaid, behold, a glorious throng
Of angels in array
Appear'd, with this melodious ſong,
To uſher in the day;

14 10 Glory to GOD the higheſt King,
And heav'nly peace on earth:
Good-will to men with joy we bring
At great IMMANUEL's birth.

[11 *O then let men with pleaſure join*
This ſweet celeſtial quire:
And this great ſcene of love divine
With thankful hearts admire.]

SONG XXXIII.

The Song of Simeon.

From Luke ii. 29,—32.

Ver.
29 NOW letteſt thou thy ſervant, Lord,
Depart from earth in peace,
According to thy faithful word,
The promiſe of thy grace.

30 2 For now mine eyes are ſatisfy'd
With thy ſalvation bright,
31 By thee prepar'd, and now diſplay'd
In all thy people's ſight.

32 3 A light the Gentiles to illume,
The way of life to ſhew;
And to diſpel their dreary gloom:
Thine Iſr'el's glory too.

SONG XXXIV.

The Folly and Madneſs of Man by Nature, exemplified in the Parable of the Prodigal Son.

Luke xv. 11,—24. *

11 HOW full of pride and diſcontent
Is man's corrupted mind?
12 On his own ruin madly bent,
He leaves his bliſs behind.

2 Thus in the Prodigal of old,
Sufficient proof we ſee,
Whoſe luſts and paſſions uncontroul'd,
Brought on his miſery.

* Although I have paraphraſed a little in this, and the following Song, and have added ſome ſtanzas by way of illuſtration and application; yet, I hope, it will appear, to the learned eſpecially, that I have not deviated from the divine pattern.

Ver. 3 Unſatisfy'd to live at home
Where plenty he embrac'd;
Abroad he was reſolv'd to roam
And there new pleaſures taſte.

4 His filial portion he demands,
And ſoon obtains the ſame:
Then gives a looſe to wild deſires,
And feeds the am'rous flame.

13 5 Straight then away for foreign lands,
Without controul he flies;
And there what appetite demands,
He never once denies.

14 6 But ſoon his ſtock, tho' large, was gone,
And there a famine roſe:
He now perceives himſelf undone,
Involv'd in wants and woes.

15 7 At laſt to feed the loathſome ſwine,
He bends his haughty mind;
16 And fain with them on huſks would dine,
Nor thus ſupplies could find.

17 8 But to himſelf at laſt he came,
And, lo! he ſtands aghaſt;
While conſcience, burſting out like flame,
Shews him his follies paſt.

9 Alas! ſaid he, I've no excuſe,
My madneſs I deplore:
I left my father's plenteous houſe,
Where there was bread in ſtore.

10 How many hired ſervants there
At wealthy tables dine,
While I muſt ſtarve on empty air,
Or live on huſks with ſwine.

Ver. 11 But this I on myſelf have brought;
No better I deſerve,
Since I my ruin madly ſought,
And now I pine and ſtarve.

18 12 Ah! thus I can no longer live,
Without a quick ſupply:
Unleſs ſome ſuccour I receive
I muſt deſpair and die.

13 But ſhould I yield to dire deſpair,
I ſink to endleſs woe;
I'll then with humble heart prepare,
And to my father go.

14 Father, I'll ſay, my ſin I own,
Againſt both heav'n and thee:
Moſt juſtly I deſerve thy frown
And that eternally.

19 15 Unworthy to be call'd thy ſon,
I beg a ſervant's place:
I own I have myſelf undone,
And bear the juſt diſgrace.

PART II.

20 16 Now ſee the Prodigal at laſt
Brought home by ſore diſtreſs;
And all his guilt and follies paſt
He doth with ſhame confeſs.

17 But ſoon the father with his eye
Beheld the wretch undone;
And with paternal ſympathy,
Ran, met, and kiſs'd his ſon.

Ver. 18 Go kill the fatted calf, ſaith he,
22 And let a feaſt be made;
For this my ſon was loſt, you ſee;
He lives that once was dead.

23 19 Take off theſe rags of foul diſgrace,
Polluted, rent, and torn;
And with the beſt, the coſtlieſt dreſs,
His naked fleſh adorn.

24 20 Upon his finger put a ring,
His heavy heart to chear;
Let all the houſe rejoice and ſing,
And muſic charm each ear.

APPLICATION.

[21 *O glorious emblem, gracious God,*
Of thy forgiving grace,
When ſinners are by thee ſubdu'd,
And brought to ſeek thy face!

22 *Thou takeſt off their guilt and ſhame,*
And their polluted dreſs,
And put'ſt that ſpotleſs robe on them
Of Jeſu's righteouſneſs.

23 *Yea, thou put'ſt on them that pure ring*
Of thine eternal love;
And mak'ſt thy ſaints on earth to ſing
With thy bright choirs above.

24 *The greateſt rebel that can be,*
Who feels himſelf undone,
And in diſtreſs returns to thee,
Thou tak'ſt him for a ſon.

Ver. 25 *But woe to him who never ſees*
The error of his ways,
Till death ſhall on his body ſeize,
And end his mortal days.]

SONG XXXV.

The Phariſee and Publican.

LUKE xviii. 10,—14.

10 UNTO the temple, it is ſaid,
Two men went up to pray;
But two of characters more wide
Could hardly be than they.

2 The one a Phariſee; for grace,
By men almoſt ador'd:
A Publican the other was,
Whoſe name was ev'n abhor'd.

11 3 Now ſee the boaſting Phariſee,
Who ſeems to lothe at ſin,
12 Adorn'd with outward ſanctity,
But all impure within.

4 Boldly he ventures near the throne;
His righteouſneſs he pleads;
Tells all what duties he has done,
But nothing that he needs.

5 Thanks God he's not like other men,
Whoſe crimes to all appear:
Nor ev'n as this vile Publican,
Who dare not pray for fear.

13 6 Now ſee the Publican oppreſt,
And griev'd for all his ſins;
He ſtands afar and ſmites his breaſt,
And humbly thus begins.

Ver. 7 Great God, behold, and now extend
Thy mercy unto me;
For I have nought to recommend
My guilty ſoul to thee.

8 I am a ſinner I confeſs,
Polluted, black, and vile;
Yet in my guilty deep diſtreſs
In mercy on me ſmile.

14 9 God heard his penitential cry,
And anſwer'd his requeſt;
Paſs'd all his black offences by,
And eas'd his troubled breaſt.

10 While on the boaſting Phariſee,
He looks with angry frown
The humble Publican doth he
In tender mercy own.

[11 *Hence let us all a leſſon learn*
To ply the throne of Grace;
And make it ſtill our great concern
To know our wretched caſe.]

SONG XXXVI.

The Brazen Serpent.

From JOHN iii. 14,—17.

14 AS Moſes in the wilderneſs
Lift up the ſerpent high,
That dying ſinners in diſtreſs
Might ſee it and not die.

2 So Jeſus muſt be lifted up
Before believing eyes,
Ere they can ſee one beam of hope
Where their ſalvation lies.

Ver. 3 That whoſo doth on him believe,
15 May not deſpairing die;
But may aſſured hope receive
To live eternally.

16 4 For God ſo lov'd the world that he
Gave his beloved Son,
All true believers to ſet free,
And raiſe them near his throne.

17 5 Not to condemn the ſons of men
Was it that Jeſus came;
But that through faith they might obtain
Salvation in his name.

SONG XXXVII.

The true Character of a Diſciple of CHRIST.

From JOHN xiii. 34, 35.

34 ATTEND to what our deareſt Lord
To his diſciples ſaid;
And let the precepts of his word
Up in our hearts be laid.

2 A new commandment from on high
I now injoin you to;
To love each other ev'n as I
Have alſo loved you.

35 3 By this ſhall all men plainly know
That ye to Chriſt belong;
If love through all your actions flow
To mine whom you're among.

SONG XXXVIII.

Apoſtolic Admonition.

From Rom. ii. 4,—11.

Ver.
4 O FOOLISH vain ungrateful man,
And doſt thou ſtill deſpiſe
God's goodneſs, and the goſpel plan
Wherein ſalvation lies?

2 Not knowing that his patience waits
Thy ruin to prevent;
And all his promiſes and threats
Should lead thee to repent?

5 3 And ſhall his dreadful wrath delay
While thou go'ſt on in ſin,
Heaping up wrath from day to day,
Till vengeance ſhall begin?

4 For the juſt judgment of the Lord
Shall be from heav'n reveal'd
Quickly on all who to his word
Will not obedience yield.

6 5 Then will he give to ev'ry man
According to his deeds;
For by that pure and righteous plan
Unerring he proceeds.

7 6 To them who by a patient faith
In doing well ſhall live;
Seeking immortal honour's path,
Eternal life he'll give.

8 7 But unto them who diſobey,
And give their luſts the rein;
Who not to truth but ſin give way,
They only ſhall obtain,

Ver. 8 Anguiſh and tribulation ſore,
9 And all the ills of hell,
Firſt on the Jews the Lord ſhall pour,
And Gentiles that rebell.

10 9 But glory, honour, joy, and peace
On ev'ry ſoul of thoſe,
Both of the Jew and Gentile race,
Who righteous ways have choſe.

11 10 For with the Lord there's no reſpect
Of perſons, Greeks or Jews;
But ſtill the haughty he rejects,
And doth the humble chuſe.

SONG XXXIX.

The unchangeable Love of Chriſt.

From Rom. viii. 35,—39. *Long Metre.*

35 WHO ſhall thy people, Lord, remove
From thy divine unchanging love?
Or what ſhall over them prevail
To make thy ſettled purpoſe fail?

2 Shall tribulation or diſtreſs,
Famine, or cold, or nakedneſs?
Or ſhall the perſecutor's ſword [Lord?
Turn them from foll'wing Chriſt their

36 3 Nay, this we have upon record,
We for thy ſake our deareſt Lord,
Like ſheep are counted for a prey,
And we are killed all the day.

37 4 Yet more than conquerors are we,
Thro' him who lov'd our ſouls ſo free;
For thro' the fire and thro' the flood,
He'll bring us ſafely home to God.

Ver. 5 Yea, this we are perſuaded ſtill,
38 That life, nor death, nor good nor ill;
Angels nor men, nor pow'rs of hell,
Shall theſe our heav'nly hopes expell.

39 6 Nor heighth nor depth, nor ought be-
Shall ever Chriſt and us divide; [ſide,
Or turn away the Love of God
From ſouls made clean by Jeſu's blood.

SONG XL.

The LORD'S *Supper inſtituted.*

From 1 Cor. xi. 23,—28.

23 THIS I received of the Lord,
Which I've deliver'd you:
Yea, it is left upon record
For our example too,

2 That Jeſus Chriſt, that very night
In which he was betray'd,
24 Took bread, in his diſciples ſight,
And bleſs'd, and brake, and ſaid,

3 Take, eat: this is my body broke
For you; and ſee that ye
This do from time to time, my flock,
In memory of me.

25 4 The cup he in like manner took,
The ſupper being o'er,
And unto his diſciples ſpoke
In ſubſtance as before.

5 This alſo the new cov'nant is,
Seal'd in my blood for you:
As often as ye drink of this,
My dying love ye ſhew.

Ver. 6 For ev'ry time ye eat this bread,
26 And drink this cup, think then
Upon the death of Chriſt your Head,
Till he return again.

27 7 But whoſo ſhall profanely come
To this celeſtial feaſt;
And ſhall unworthily preſume
Theſe ſacred ſigns to taſte.

8 Becauſe he cometh not in faith,
According to the word;
He ſhall be guilty of the death
And ſuff'rings of the Lord.

28 9 But let a man examine well
Himſelf, and fully prove
His title; then receive the ſeal
Of his Redeemer's love.

SONG XLI.

The Believer's Choice.

From 2 Cor. v. 1,—10.

1 WE know our houſe on earth that ſtands
Will not long time endure;
But we've an houſe not made with hands
In heav'n for ever ſure.

2 2 For while in this we daily grone,
And ſins and ſorrows prove,
Deſiring to be cloth'd upon
With that which is above.

3 3 Knowing when cloth'd therewith we ſhall
No more be naked found;
Nor toſs'd upon this earthly ball,
Where griefs ſo thick abound.

Ver. 4 For while this tabernacle we
4 Inhabit, ſtill we grone,
Burden'd with ſin and miſery,
And longing to be gone.

5 Not that we would unclothed be,
Or ſeek our bands to burſt,
But cloth'd with immortality
When death hath done its worſt.

5 6 Now he that wrought us for this ſame
Is God the Lord alone,
Who ſends his Spirit us t' inflame,
And make our ſonſhips known.

6 7 Therefore we're confident alway,
As knowing by his word,
That whilſt we're in this houſe of clay,
We're abſent from the Lord.

7 8 For, lo! we walk by faith's bright ray,
And not by carnal ſight;
Becauſe we're children of the day,
And not of gloomy night.

8 9 Therefore we're confident, I ſay,
And willing at his word
To leave theſe houſes, made of clay,
To be with Chriſt our Lord.

9 10 Wherefore we labour night and day,
That whether preſent we
Or abſent, in his ſight we may
At laſt accepted be.

10 11 For this we know, all muſt appear
Before the judgment-ſeat
Of Chriſt, with endleſs joy or fear,
Beyond expreſſion great.

Ver. 12 For ev'ry one ſhall there receive
According to his deeds:
But, O the joy that day will give
Or grief, all thought exceeds.

SONG XLII.

Chriſt's Humiliation.

From PHIL. ii. 5,—10.

5 LET this mind alſo be in you
Which was in Chriſt your Lord,
(Ye, who the Chriſtian avow
According to his word.)

6 2 Who in the form of God was found,
And was indeed the ſame;
Nor thought it rob'ry to reſound,
And equal God ſupreme.

7 3 Yet did ſo far his glory veil,
To take a ſervant's place,
And to aſſume the nature frail
Of man's poor mortal race.

8 4 And being thus in faſhion found
Of feeble mortal man,
How did his matchleſs grace abound
In our ſalvation's plan!

5 Himſelf he humbled to the death,
Ev'n of the curſed croſs;
And there reſign'd his mortal breath
To purchaſe life for us.

9 6 Wherefore God hath exalted him,
And given him a name,
Which is of all the moſt ſublime,
And over all ſupreme.

Ver. 7 That at the name of Jeſus all,
10 Of high and low degree,
Should at his feet with rev'rence fall,
And bow to him the knee.

8 Yea, ev'ry tongue he'll make confeſs
That Jeſus Chriſt is Lord,
The Father's glory to expreſs,
Who thus mankind reſtor'd.

SONG XLIII.

Believers being raiſed with CHRIST *are bound to live above the World.*

From COL. iii. 1, 2, 3.

1 IF therefore ye with Chriſt be rais'd,
Who did your lives redeem,
Let earthly things no more be plac'd
As ought in your eſteem.

2 But ſeek thoſe things which are above,
Where Chriſt your Lord is gone:
Where now he manifeſts his love
Amidſt his Father's throne.

2 3 Let your affections then be ſet
On things that are above;
And earthly objects hence forget
That would attract your love.

3 4 For ye are dead indeed to ſin,
And to this earthly clod;
And yet your life, to men unſeen,
Is hid with Chriſt in God.

5 And, lo! when Chriſt your life appears,
Ye ſhall appear with him
In glory: then renounce your fears,
And Chriſt alone eſteem.

SONG XLIV.

CHRIST *the laſt and beſt Revealer of* GOD'S *Will.*

FROM HEB. i. 1,—5.

Ver.
1 GOD, who at ſundry times of old,
And divers ways reveal'd
His will to men, and darkly told
What was to be fulfill'd:

2 Hath now to us in theſe laſt days
Spoken by Chriſt his Son,
Who knows his purpoſes of grace,
And counſels ev'ry one.

2 3 Whom he appointed hath the heir
Of all things; and by whom
He made the worlds, and at whoſe bar
All muſt receive their doom.

3 4 The brightneſs of his Father's face
He is, and ſtill ſhall ſhine
The glorious image of his grace
And perſon all divine.

5 Upholding all things by the word
Of his almighty pow'r:
Himſelf th' eternal ſov'reign Lord,
Whom heav'n and earth adore.

6 He having purg'd our ſins ſat down
At God's right hand on high:
Co-equal partner of his throne,
And glorious Majeſty.

Ver. 7 Far better made (by God ordain'd)
4 Than angels in array:
He by inheritance obtain'd
A better name than they.

5 8 Such are the glories of the Son,
His kingdom ſo ſecure;
The Father ſaith, O God, thy throne
For ever ſhall endure.

SONG XLV.

The Danger of neglecting the great Salvation purchaſed by CHRIST.

From HEB. ii. 1,—4.

1 MOST certainly we therefore ought
Thoſe things to mind and keep,
Which Chriſt from heav'n to us hath brought
Leſt we ſhould let them ſlip.

2 2 For if the law by angels ſpoke
Was ſtedfaſt, firm, and ſure,
In ſo much that each precept broke
Did endleſs wrath procure;

3 3 How ſhall we then eſcape if we
This great ſalvation ſlight,
Firſt ſpoken by the Majeſty
Of Chriſt the Lord of might;

4 And afterward confirm'd by thoſe
Who heard him, and were ſent,
Ev'n his apoſtles, whom he choſe
And rais'd for that intent:

4 5 To whom he alſo witneſs bore
That they were ſent by him,
With ſigns and wonders, and great pow'r,
That we might them eſteem?

SONG XLVI.

The Apoſtolick Benediction.

HEB. xiii. 20, 21.

Ver. 20 NOW may the God of peace who brought
Chriſt Jeſus from the dead,
That Shepherd great, his ſheep who bought
By dying in their ſtead,

21 2 Make you complete in all that's good,
Working in you his will;
And by whoſe grace you are renew'd
His precepts to fulfil.

3 Through Jeſus Chriſt, who freely bore
Your ſins with grief and pain:
To whom all glory be and pow'r,
For ever more. Amen.

SONG XLVII.

CHRIST'S *Reſurrection, the ſure Pledge of theirs who believe on him.*

From 1 PET. i. 3, —6.

3 BLESS'D be the God and Father dear
Of Jeſus Chriſt our Lord,
Who made his mercy thus appear,
And ruin'd man reſtor'd.

2 Who hath begotten us again
Unto a lively hope,
By breaking death's relentleſs chain,
And raiſing Jeſus up.

Ver. 3 Sure pledge that we ſhall alſo riſe
4 To heav'n's inheritance;
Who in his glorious ſacrifice
Have plac'd our confidence.

4 It is reſerv'd for ev'ry child
Of God till the laſt day:
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And fadeth not away.

5 5 And they are kept by the great pow'r
Of God's free ſov'reign grace,
Through faith, until the joyful hour
That glory ſhall take place.

6 6 We therefore now rejoice herein,
Truſting we ſhall prevail;
Though ſometimes, thro' remaining ſin,
Temptations us aſſail.

SONG XLVIII.

The amazing Love of CHRIST *diſplay'd in our adoption.*

From 1 JOHN iii. 1, 2, 3.

1 BEHOLD, what love and matchleſs grace
The Father has beſtow'd
On us, the ſeed of Adam's race,
To call us ſons of God!

2 Therefore the world now knows us not,
Becauſe it never knew
Him, who hath us again begot,
And form'd our ſouls anew.

Ver. 3 And are we now the ſons of God?
2 Yet doth it not appear,
While we are in this clay abode,
How we his form ſhall bear.

4 But when he comes, we're ſure of this,
We ſhall be like him made;
For we ſhall ſee him as he is,
And ſhall be like our Head.

3 5 And whoſo hath this glorious hope,
Can never reſt in ſin;
But ſtrive each vicious luſt to drop,
And be made wholly clean.

SONG XLIX.

The Worſhip of Heaven.

From Rev. i. 5,—8.

5 TO him that lov'd us, and who dy'd
To waſh us in his blood,
And us ſo highly dignify'd,
As kings and prieſts to God.

6 2 All glory, honour, pow'r, and praiſe
Eternally be giv'n,
By all the vaſſals of his grace,
Both in this world and heav'n.

7 3 On flying clouds, behold he comes,
Him ev'ry eye ſhall ſee:
The guilty nations at their dooms
Shall then perplexed be.

Ver. 4 And thoſe who pierc'd him then ſhall
With guilt and fear oppreſt: [wail,
Their boaſted courage then ſhall fail,
And trembling ſieze their breaſt.

8 5 I am the firſt and laſt, ſaith he,
Th' Almighty is my name;
Who was, and is, and ſtill ſhall be,
Eternally the ſame.

SONG L.

The Angelic Hoſt praiſing CHRIST *the* LAMB *of* GOD.

From REV. iii. 11, 12, 13.

11 ATTEND the ſweet harmonious ſong
Of angels round the throne:
Ten thouſand thouſand in a throng,
But all their theme is one.

12 2 For with united voice they cry,
O, worthy is the Lamb!
Once ſlain, but now exalted high,
Our higheſt praiſe to claim.

3 For he is worthy to receive
Riches and pow'r divine;
And honours more than we can give
For ever, Lord, are thine.

13 4 Then all in heav'n and earth combin'd
The ſacred ſong to raiſe;
And with harmonious hearts conjoin'
The Saviour's name to praiſe.

Ver. 5 With ardent zeal, behold each one
Strives moſt to raiſe the fame,
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And bleſs the Saviour's name.

6 All bleſſing, glory, thanks, and praiſe
Is their perpetual theme,
To him, and with unwearied lays
They praiſe the Saviour's name.

SONG LI. *Long Metre.*

John's Viſion of the laſt Judgment.

From Rev. xx. 12,—15.

12 JOhn ſaw the dead both ſmall and great
Conven'd before Chriſt's judgment ſeat;
Then were the books laid open wide,
Whereby the pris'ners muſt be try'd

2 But, lo! another book was there,
Wherein the juſt recorded were;
The book of life, where all their names
Were written fair as bright ſun-beams.

3 Now ev'ry one his doom receives,
As writen in theſe ſacred leaves;
According as their lives have been,
Whether a life of faith or ſin.

13 4 The ſea likewiſe gave up the dead
That were in all its channels laid:
And death and hell, at once reſign'd,
The dead that were in them confin'd.

Ver. 5 All muſt obey the dread command,
And all before the Judge muſt ſtand;
And righteous judgment there was ſeen,
According as their works had been.

14 6 Then was the awful ſentence paſt,
And death and hell at once were caſt
Into the dreadful lake of fire,
Ever to lie, but ne'er expire.

15 7 And whoſoever were not found
Writ in the book of life, were bound
And caſt into that fiery lake,
Their final portion there to take.

13 JY 55

THE END.

INDEX

OF THE

Paſſages of Scripture verſified in the preceding *Scripture Songs*.

Song		Page
I.	From Gen. i. 1,—31.	357
II.	Gen. ii. 18,—24.	363
III.	Gen. iii. 1,—15.	ibid.
IV.	1 Sam. ii. 1,—10.	366
V.	Job xix. 25.	368
VI.	Prov. i. 20.	ibid.
VII.	Prov. i. 24.	369
VIII.	Prov. iii. 1.	370
IX.	Prov. iii. 13.	372
X.	Prov. iii. 27.	373
XI.	Prov. v. 20.	375
XII.	Prov. viii. 22.	ibid.
XIII.	Prov. xxi. 7, 8, 9.	377
XIV.	Eccl. xi. 9.	378
XV.	Iſa. ii. 2.	379
XVI.	Iſa. ix. 6, 7.	380
XVII.	Iſa. xi. 1,	381
XVIII.	Iſa. xii. 1.	383
XIX.	Iſa. xxvi. 1,—9.	385
XX.	Iſa. xxvi. 12,—21.	387
XXI.	Iſa. liii. 1,—12.	388
XXII.	Iſa. lxiii. 1,—5.	392
XXIII.	Hab. iii. 17, 18.	393
XXIV.	Matt. v. 3,—10.	394
XXV.	Matt. vi. 9,—13.	395

Song		Page
XXVI.	From Matt. xi. 28,—30.	396
XXVII.	Matt. xvi. 26.	ibid.
XXVIII.	Matt. xxv. 31,—46.	397
XXIX.	Matt. xxvii. 26,—37.	400
XXX.	Matt. xxviii. 1,—20.	404
XXXI.	Luke i. 46,—55.	406
XXXII.	Luke ii. 7,—14.	407
XXXIII.	Luke ii. 29,— 32.	409
XXXIV.	Luke xv. 11,—24.	ibid.
XXXV.	Luke 10,—14.	413
XXXVI.	John iii. 14,—17.	414
XXXVII.	John xiii. 34, 35.	415
XXXVIII.	Rom. ii. 4,— 11.	416
XXXIX.	Rom. viii. 35,—39.	417
XL.	1 Cor. xi. 23,—28.	418
XLI.	2 Cor. v. 1,—10.	419
XLII.	Phil. ii. 5,—10.	421
XLIII.	Col. iii. 1, 2, 3.	422
XLIV.	Heb. i. 1,— 5.	423
XLV.	Heb. ii. 1,—4.	424
XLVI.	Heb. xiii. 20, 21.	425
XLVII.	1 Pet. i. 3,—6.	ibid.
XLVIII.	1 John iii. 1, 2, 3.	426
XLIX.	Rev. i. 5,—8.	427
L.	Rev. iii. 11, 12, 13.	428
LI.	Rev. xx. 12,—15	429

LE JY 55